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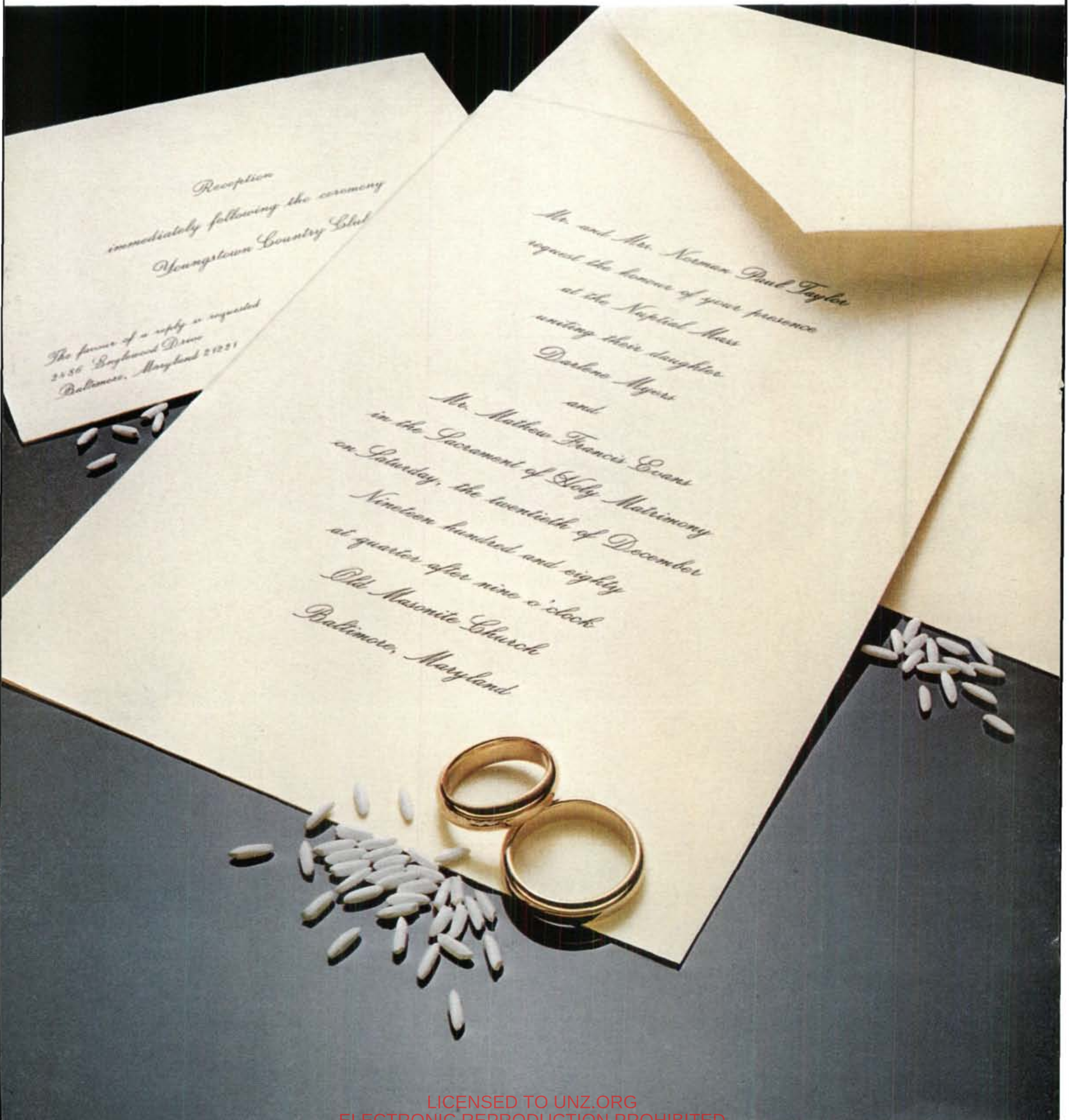

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—A very funny play by Alan Ayckbourn, about four married couples of assorted ages and appetites. A superlative cast is well directed by the author and Peter Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Biography: A Game—Max Frisch's Swiss comedy, translated by Michael Bullock. (4/16/79) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, April 29.)

Bosoms and Neglect—Marian Mercer, Kate Reid, and Paul Rudd are the entire cast of this comedy by John Guare. Directed by Mel Shapiro. Previews Friday, April 27, through Wednesday, May 2. Opens officially on Thursday, May 3. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Break A Leg—A new comedy by Ira Levin, starring Julie Harris, Jack Weston, and René Auberjonois. Directed by Charles Nelson Reilly. Previews through Saturday, April 28. Opens officially on Sunday, April 29. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Comédie Française—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will end Sunday, May 13. Molière's LE MISANTHROPE: Tuesday, May 1, at 7; Wednesday and Thursday, May 2-3, at 1; Friday, May 4, at 8; and Saturday, May 5, at 2 and 8. Through Wednesday, May 9. . . . ¶ Feydeau's LA PUCE À L'OREILLE (A FLEA IN HER EAR) will follow, starting Thursday, May 10. Simultaneous-translation sets are available. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Dispatches—A misguided effort by Elizabeth Swados to base a musical on Michael Herr's volume of reports from Vietnam. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Don Juan Comes Back from the War—This play by the Hungarian dramatist Odön von Horváth, who died in 1938, is set in Bavaria right after the First World War, and his Don Juan is a soldier just returned from the Western Front. In spite of a generally deplorable production, some of the atmosphere of defeated Germany seeps through, and von Horváth's highly individual style is at least indicated. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 6.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play (first seen earlier this year at the Theatre of St. Peter's Church) by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79, and also in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eubie!—A captivating old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. This music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-six. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Goodbye People—A rewritten version of Herb Gardner's 1968 play, with Herschel Bernardi, Melanie Mayron, and Ron Rifkin. Directed by Jeff Bleckner. Previews through Sunday, April 29. Opens officially on Monday, April 30. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, May 1, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

G. R. Point—Michael Moriarty and an exemplary cast tell a simple and affecting story about the horror of Army life in Vietnam. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Kingfisher—Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose have a fine time showing off in this insubstantial but amusing comedy about a writer deciding, after fifty years, to marry a woman whom he once upon a time wished only to make love to. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 13.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Final performances of the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, presented in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, April 29: UTOPIA, LIMITED. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, May 2-6: THE GRAND DUKE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

My Old Friends—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (22

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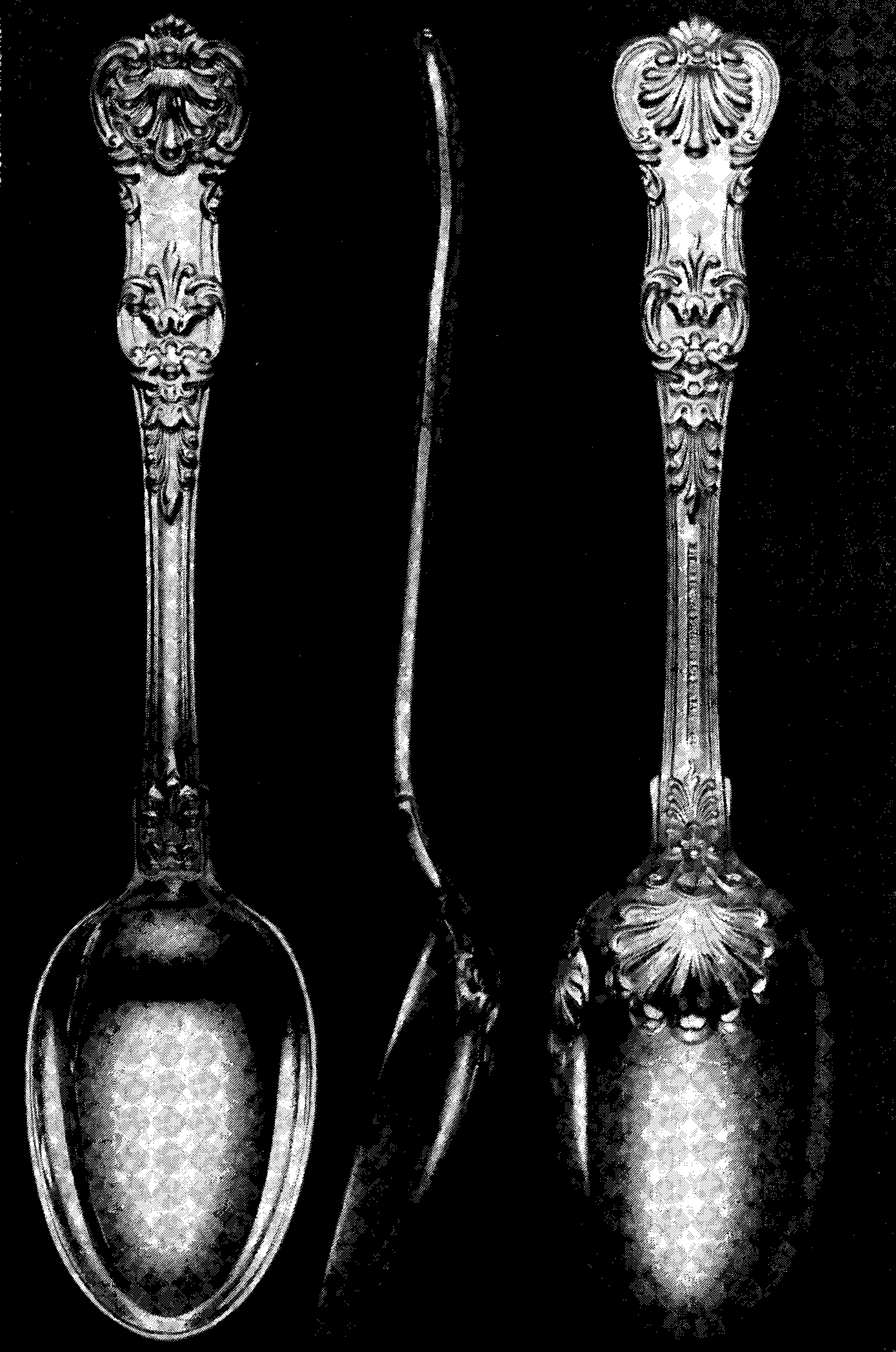

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play is far better than its original production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Saravá—Can a woman find happiness with two concurrent husbands, especially if one is a ghost? Not according to this oversized and overheated musical, which stars Tovah Feldshuh. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is very good. (4/2/79) (78th Street Theatre, 236 W. 78th St. 595-5240. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spokesong—A sunny-minded young proprietor of a bicycle shop in Belfast falls in love with a stern woman who teaches school, is taken advantage of by an unpleasant brother, and is given advice by a droll figure who twinkles about on a unicycle. Written by Stewart Parker, and starring John Lithgow and Joseph Maher. (3/26/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweeney Todd—A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A two-speed musical with Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tunnel Fever or the Sheep Is Out—A play by Jonathan Reynolds. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whoopee!—A musical that is over half a century old, and looks and sounds its age. Poor little Charles Repole is its hapless star, in the role once played by once-famous Eddie Cantor. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—A brilliant performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark about a young man who believes he has the right to choose death over life. A grim-sounding topic, but the playwright has invested it with humor and warmth. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Wings—Constance Cummings gives a superlative performance as an old lady who has suffered a stroke and is determined to regain her place in the world. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Woods—A play by David Mamet, with Chris Sarandon and Christine Lahti. Opens Wednesday, April 25. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Zoot Suit—A big, deafening show, full of canned music and canned sentiments. The subject matter is the social injustice practiced upon Chicanos in Southern California in the nineteen-forties. The tone is radically antifeminist. (4/2/79) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Stacy Keach. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRACULA**: Raúl Juliá co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. Starting Tuesday, May 1, David Dukes will replace Mr. Juliá for two weeks. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FAMILY BUSINESS**: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,896 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE**: Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. Starting Tuesday, May 1, Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs and three other black principals will take over. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, in their hundred-and-ninth year, tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening per-

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Instead of the old fashioned belt-drive system, the RT-707 is driven by a far more accurate and efficient AC Servo direct-drive motor. This motor generates its own frequency to help correct even the slightest variation in tape speed. Which all but eliminates wow and flutter. And because it doesn't generate heat like the belt-driven "dinosaurs" it doesn't need a fan. So all you'll hear is music with a clarity and crispness not possible on any 7-inch, or many 10-inch tape decks.

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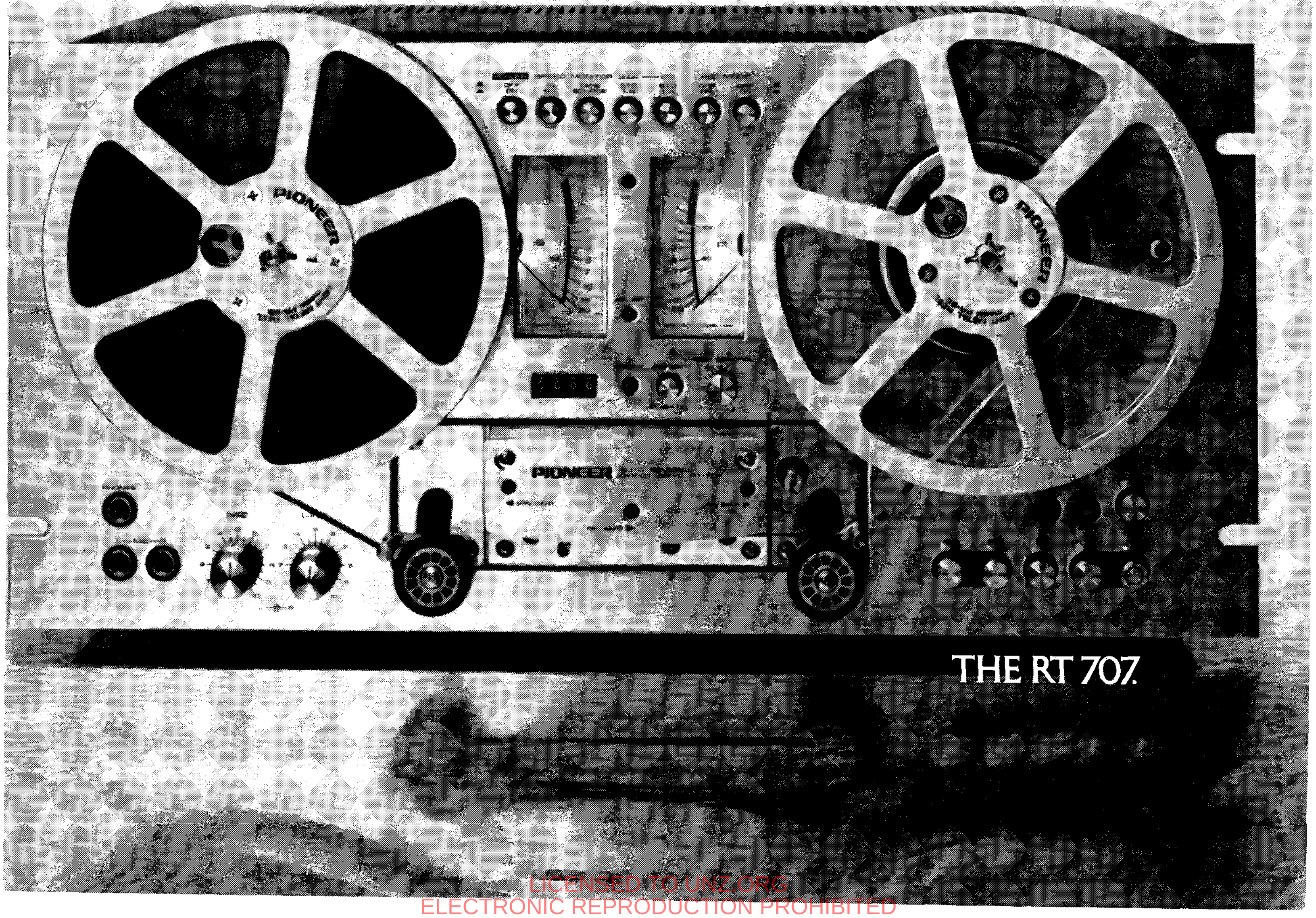

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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formance on Thursday, April 26, may be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Town Hall, 113 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting Friml's "The Vagabond King." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, April 28, at 8; Sunday, April 29, at 2; Wednesday, May 2, and Friday, May 4, at 8; Saturday, May 5, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 6, at 2. For information about tickets, call 255-8235.)

Black Theatre Festival U.S.A./An Arts Revival at Lincoln Center—Opening performances of a month-long festival celebrating black theatre, dance, and music. **MITZI E. NEWHOUSE THEATRE.** Tuesday, May 1, at 8 (a benefit performance), and Wednesday, May 2, at 2:30 and 8: The Urban Arts Corps presenting "When Hell Freezes Over I'll Skate," Vinnette Carroll's musical entertainment based on the works of black poets. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 3-4, at 8: The Detroit City Dance Company and the Rod Rodgers Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday, May 6, at 8: Karamu House from Cleveland in "Langston," a musical theatre piece about Langston Hughes. . . . **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER.** Sunday, May 6, at 4:30: A concert entitled "Roots," with Odetta, Oprah and Sweet Honey in the Rock, and Ladji Camara and His African Music and Dance Ensemble. (For information about tickets, call 787-9310.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, July 1—Tuesday evening, May 1: "Agon," "Apollo," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 2: "Interplay," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Apollo," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "Interplay," "Pas de Deux," "Calcium Light Night," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Agon," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Concerto Barocco," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Symphony in Three Movements." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, April 25: "Theme and Variations," "Three Preludes," "Pierrot Lunaire," and "Shadowplay.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, April 26-27, and Saturday matinée and evening, April 28: "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Monday evening, April 30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 265-0902): A program of divertissements danced by John Curry, the Olympic skating champion in his first dancing role, Natalia Makarova, Anthony Dowell, Cynthia Gregory, Fernando Bujones, Marianna Tcherkassky, Martine van Hamel, and other members of the American Ballet Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday evenings, May 1-3: "The Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Les Sylphides," "Miss Julie," "Désir," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Les Sylphides," "Contredances," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Shadowplay," "The Tiller in the Fields" (New York première), "Pas de Deux Holberg," and "Voluntaries." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 9.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday April 25, and Saturday, April 28: "Book of Beasts," "Nightshade" (première), and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 26: "Piece Period," "Dust," and "Cloven Kingdom.". . . ¶ Friday, April 27, and Sunday, April 29: "Diggity," "Private Domain," and "Airs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 20—Wednesday evening, May 2 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 921-8977): "Night Creature," "Fanga" (a solo work performed by Pearl Primus), "Butterfly," and "District Storyville" (company première). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "Gazelle," "Fire Sermon" (company première), and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Toccata," "Love Songs," "Tilt" (company première), and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Streams," "Tilt," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ *Saturday evening, May 5: "Night Creature,"* "Love Songs," "Butterfly," and "District Storyville." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Ballet Hispanico of New York—A program of traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, as well as contemporary jazz-influenced works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, and a benefit performance on Monday, April 30, at 8:15. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 6. For information about tickets, call 362-6710.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This is SoHo, and the dark, brooding, cobblestone streets around here are among the most fashionable in the city. **RASHIED ALI,** *an impressive drummer and* the proprietor of this place, is on the bandstand through Saturday, April 28, with a quartet, the Funkyfreeboppers, that usually features guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** and tenor saxophonist **FRANK WRIGHT.** Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. Singer Yvonne Constant is on hand for the eight-thirty show, and Betty Glenn, who is a singer, too, does the ten-thirty show. Through Saturday, April 28. On Tuesday, May 1, singer Ruth Hastings will come in for a three-night visit. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream septet, the Rising Sun, perform through Saturday, April 28; on Sunday, April 29, Janet Lawson, a young bop-inspired singer, will work with her quintet; and on Thursday, May 3, the jubilant trumpeter **TED CURSON** will come in with a quintet that will feature **NICK BRIGNOLA** on tenor saxophone. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: singer and songwriter **STEVE GOODMAN,** whose two shows on Wednesday, April 25, have been designated SRO; on Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, drummer **TONY WILLIAMS** and his quintet; on Monday, April 30, Paul Stookey, formerly of Peter, Paul & Mary; on Thursday, May 3, **JUDY COLLINS** (whose rescheduled appearance is sold out); and on Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, Lenny and Squiggy (from television's "La*verne & Shirley"). Shows Sundays through* Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. The musicians are pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **WALTER BOOKER** through Saturday, April 28. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Nightly homage to Brazil's Tin Pan Alley, which, with composers like Jobim, Bonfa, Gil, and Gilberto, is more like a *rua d'ouro.* The room is chic and urbane, cleverly done up with mirrors, plants, and subtle lighting—it all some*how suggests a nighttime view of Rio.* A capable trio and a singer perform bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** holds court, which includes his two aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE,** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ The Bemelmans Bar belongs to pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS,** in tuxedo and *ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a* highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and commandeers the great instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Nightly, except Sundays, until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A pioneer punk-rock club and still one of the most important outlets for the current energetic wave of new-wave rock. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

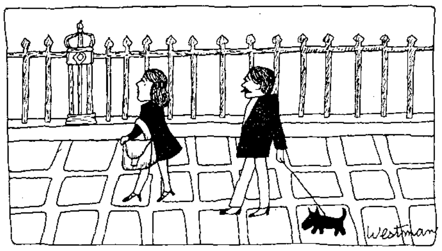
Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, performs with pianist Gerald *Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays* through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are now given over to stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL,** who perform from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** works with a trio in this New Orleans-style restaurant. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer, holds forth in this singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive. He works from nine to two Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 29, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head a quintet featuring **CHARLIE ROUSE** on tenor saxophone. They'll begin at eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A bizarre, narrow entrance—it has corrugated-metal walls like a factory's and a heavy embossed-metal floor that makes one think of a battleship deck—leads to a comfortable-verging-on-plush downstairs reformed-disco jazz room. Guitarist **JIM HALL** and valve *trombonist* **BOB BROOKMEYER,** *who are perform*ing here as a duo through Saturday, April 28, often take their solos at the same time, and, when they do, they sound as if they're making



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The "limited edition" perfume... Imported from Paris... One ounce $185 lush figure-eight glides around each other. On Tuesday, May 1, flugelhornist **ART FARMER** will bring his quartet. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Tuesdays through Saturdays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays here have been allotted to **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a neglected, all but unknown jazz guitarist. He works with two other fine players—**DON FRIEDMAN**, a pianist and composer, and **HARVIE SWARTZ** on bass. On Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with **HOD O'BRIEN** on piano, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman begin at seven. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. Guitarist **AL GAFA'S** trio performs up here through Saturday, April 28; on Tuesday, May 1, pianist Marty Napoleon and *his* trio will take over. Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist **DILL JONES** alternates with the current trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big, second-floor loft space with live and taped new-wave rock and rock and roll, and dancing to both. Visiting Hurrah is like attending a large, relaxed party in SoHo where one doesn't know the other guests. On Wednesday, April 25, Père Ubu, a group from Cleveland, trades sets with the Feelies, a bouncy, clean-cut quartet; on Friday, April 27, the Contortions, who are known for their onstage bitterness, will be here; and on Sunday, April 29, the Jam will perform. Live music nightly after eleven; taped music from nine. Dancing.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere. It may not look like *everybody's* living room, but there are a working fireplace, couches, chairs, and pillow furniture: one just stretches out while the musicians—competent unknowns and some famous ones, too—perform on the stand. The guest artist on Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, will be **CLAUDIO RODITI**, a crisp trumpet soloist, and on Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, the guest will be tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine; Sundays, from eight-thirty. Soft drinks and snacks.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland-style quintet. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner piano-bass depot. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **GENE TAYLOR**, are working Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining. No music on Sundays or Mondays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A dense concentration of Texas accents, Lone Star beer bottles, and good, solid country and rock music. The standouts on the current schedule include singer and songwriter **TOM T. HALL**, who will be present on Thursday, April 26, and rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY**, who will perform Monday through Thursday, April 30-May 3. Sundays are set aside for Kinky Friedman's Texas-Jewish-cowboy soirées. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. Pianist Confrey Phillips is present through Saturday, April 28; on Monday, April 30, singer **JOE WILLIAMS** will take over with his backing trio. Nightly, except Sundays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

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MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The Heartbreakers, a New York Dolls spinoff quartet, will perform here Friday and Saturday, April 27-28. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **SYLVIA SYMS** winds up her tribute to composer Cy Coleman on Saturday, April 28; on Tuesday, May 1, Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (of composer Arthur Schwartz), will move in for two weeks. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The wonderful rhythm-and-blues band **STUFF** will be playing Mikell's through Thursday, April 26, and even standing room will be hard to come by. Music from ten until two. Dining.

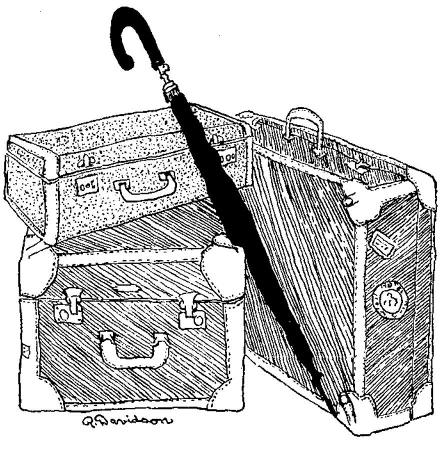
ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown hangout with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, who worked with King Oliver a season or two ago and who is about to pounce on his eightieth year. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Jimmie Mack, a husky-voiced rock singer, performs here Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28; Thursday through Saturday, May 3-5, **GEORGE GERDES**, a witty folk-rock performer, will sing with his band. Most Mondays are claimed by Grover, Margret & Za Zu Zaz, a swing quartet, and Wednesdays by the Wide-spread Depression Orchestra, a very youthful ten-piece swing band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room. **SY OLIVER** directs a septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—For the mere price of a ginger ale—in the bar area—one can watch various young singers and comedians perform onstage in the adjacent room. On Tuesday, May 1, singer **THELMA CARPENTER** will arrive to do the eleven-o'clock show for a couple of weeks. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining. Mondays are show-case nights.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly unadorned. The **BRECKER BROTHERS**—trumpeter **RANDY** and saxophonist **MIKE**—who are the proprietors of this club, will be performing with their quintet Thursday through Sunday, April 26-29; on Monday, April 30, pianist and arranger **DAVE MATTHEWS** will head up his twelve-piece organization; and on Thursday, May 3, saxophonist and singer **YUSEF LATEEF** will arrive with his quartet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.



STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Singer Tony Williams and the Platters (yes, they're still around) will perform here Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The Carlos Franzetti quartet is in evidence through Saturday, April 28; Tuesday through Saturday, May 1-5, tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER** will bring in his quintet. Sundays belong to saxophonist Ronnie Cuber. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup, made up mostly of good soloists and their quartets: on Wednesday, April 25, guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**; Thursday through Sunday, April 26-29, guitarist Lenny Breau; on Monday, April 30, saxophonist **RICKY FORD**; on Tuesday, May 1, saxophonist James Vass; on Wednesday, May 2, bassist Bob Cunningham; and from Thursday, May 3, saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN**. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a show-case for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. On Thursday and Friday, May 3-4, the rock band Desmond Child & Rouge will be on hand. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, the **SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE BAND** will be playing live on Friday and Saturday, April 27-28; on Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, trumpeter Hugh Masekela will be here with his quintet. Shows at ten and midnight. On Monday, April 30, an eight-hour tribute to the late Charles Mingus will be held, beginning at eight, upstairs and downstairs, and will feature **SLIDE HAMPTON, TED CURSON, TOMMY FLANAGAN, JOHN HANDY, CLIFFORD JORDAN, RED MITCHELL, DON PULLEN, DANNIE RICHMOND,** and many others. On Sundays at seven, Bob January directs a dance band in the Top of the Gate, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work in the sidewalk lounge on Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson's quintet finishes up on Sunday, April 29; on Tuesday, May 1, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** will bring in his quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Most of the patrons of this comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant make a special point of coming—they don't just stroll by and decide to drop in. After all, this isn't a Village club, which thrives on a casual passerby clientele; this is a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way (unless one is a trucker or in the slaughterhouse business) corner. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Armen Donelian. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE'S** Ellington-minded combo plays through Sunday, April 29, and on Wednesday, May 2, **CLYDE BERNHARDT** and his Harlem Blues and Jazz Band will begin a five-night stint. Mondays are turned over to pianist Joe Albany. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SALUTE TO NOËL COWARD—Performed by Michael Sedgwick, Brooks Baldwin, and Lynne Stuart. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, at 6. Free.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG TRIBUTE—Brooks Kerr, piano, leading a group of instrumentalists (Jimmie Maxwell, Sonny Greer, and Vic Dickenson among them) in a program of songs from the Armstrong repertoire dedicated to Mrs. Armstrong. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington

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Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Count Basie and His Orchestra—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 26, at 8.

Andy Kaufman—With Tony Clifton. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, April 26, at 8:03.)

Roy Ayers Ubiquity—Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, April 27, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 280-2417 or 280-3611, from noon to 5.

Cecil Taylor—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, April 27, at 11, solo piano; and Saturday, April 28, at 11, the Cecil Taylor Unit.

James (Son) Thomas—Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. 473-6072. Saturday, April 28, at 8.

The Tubes—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 28, at 8 and midnight. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Hamiet Bluiett and the Telepathic Orchestra—With poet Quince Troupe and Diane McIntyre's Sounds in Motion Dancers. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Ellington in Song—The Duke Ellington Society's annual concert, this one performed by Joe Williams, Joya Sherrill, and a rhythm section led by Ellis Larkins. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, April 29, at 2:30. Tickets at the box office on the day of the concert.)

Susan Reed's Trio—Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Sunday, April 29, at 4:30.

Armen Donelian & Essence—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Sunday, April 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-5026.

Jane Bloom Quintet—Third Street Music School Settlement. Monday, April 30, at 8.

Collective Black Artists Concert—Dizzy Gillespie with the CBA Ensemble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Old Time Country Music Festival—Final performances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—Friday, May 4, at 8:30: Ola Belle Reed & Family and Arm & Hammer String Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 8:30: Kyle Creed and the Sullivan Family.

Arthur Blythe and **Hilton Ruiz**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, at 11.

Boomtown Rats—Palladium. Saturday, May 5, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—A recent extended stay in New Mexico has resulted in an enrichment of the colors this artist uses. The new works include stark adobe interiors with the sun pouring in through a small window in a thick wall, and flat landscapes under the big sky. Three of the comic linen-maché figures she is best known for are also on hand. Through Saturday, May 5. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Patricia Broderick / Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—An elfin quality pervades these works in oil and oil crayon by an artist who has spent a good deal of time in Ireland, and shows it. Through Saturday, April 28. / Oil paintings, mostly of well-heeled, prominent-looking people taking their ease, plus a few landscapes and a scattering of drawings. Through May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Carmen Cicero—Painted-paper collages, and paintings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

Carroll Cloar—Cottonfields, a baptism, a family gathering, and other paintings recalling the artist's boyhood in the South. Through May 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Niki de Saint Phalle—A new crop of her gaudily painted sculptural fantasies, which she now casts in polyester. Many of the pieces are maquettes for enormous works, on the scale of her celebrated "Nanas," and include playground monsters whose protruding tongues are slides for children. Through May 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Sixty pencil drawings on view for the first time. Through June 9. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

René Genis—Paintings of the countryside and seashore in France, and still-lifes. Through Saturday, April 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

John A. Giordano—Large abstract works on paper, and geometric sculptures. Through Saturday, May 5. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Major works, done between 1929 and the time of his death. They range from the dark, heavy abstracts to the light, airy ones, and include a version of what many consider his masterpiece, the haunting representational portrait of himself with his mother. Through Saturday, April 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Anthony Green—This artist uses distorted perspective the way a photographer might use a wide-angle lens—to show an entire room. In this case, the rooms are settings for paintings of his mother and other members of his family. Through Saturday, May 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Nigel Hall—Wall sculptures composed of painted-aluminum rods. Through Wednesday, May 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Maria Cooper Janis—Seascapes. Through Saturday, May 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Olivia Kahn / Grace Pologe—Abstract and semi-abstract oils and serigraphs based on Italian and Yugoslav architectural forms, plus small abstract ceramic pieces. / Drawings and sculptures, some of them abstract. Through Saturday, April 28. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Opens at 11:30.)

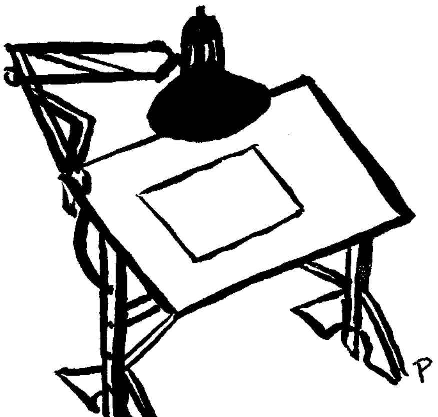
Wolf Kahn—Recent landscapes in oil. Through May 17. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Fifty-four drawings, watercolors, and oils, which are about as disparate as can be, yet all bear the unmistakable stamp of the master who made them. The occasion is the centennial of Klee's birth. Through May 19. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Rodger Mack—Abstract sculptures in which carved stones of varying colors are joined by metal spikes. Through Saturday, April 28. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

George L. K. Morris (1905-75) / **George Bellows** (1882-1925)—Paintings and sculptures by a pioneer American abstractionist. / Lithographs. Through Saturday, April 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Howard Newman—Abstract and figurative bronzes and drawings. Through June 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)



Jules Olitski—Built-up acrylic paintings. Through May 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Maurice Prendergast (1859-1924)—A loan show of ninety-two monotypes by this artist, who was one of the first in this country to take up the craft and was certainly among the most prolific in its use. Through Saturday, April 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Antonio Segui—A series of paintings in which this satirical Argentine artist plays pranks with Rembrandt's famous anatomy lesson. Through Saturday, April 28. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Karen Shaw—Sentences based on a code devised by the artist, collaged and hand-colored on bank statements, ledgers, and receipts. Through Saturday, May 5. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Linda Sokolowski—Landscapes and figures in oil, on canvas and paper. Through May 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud / David Beck—Paintings and drawings of San Francisco. / Box constructions, including a six-foot rhinoceros covered with a leather hide and fitted with doors that open to reveal tableaux of rhinoceros-related activities. Through Wednesday, May 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Group Show—A benefit exhibit of paintings (forty-five) and drawings (twenty-two) by French artists. The works, by La Tour, Boucher, Renoir, and others, are in the collections of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Through Friday, April 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Robert Barnes—Nightmarish oils full of violent action, some of them continuing the Byron-Shelley narrative paintings that this artist showed two years ago and others taking up new themes involving a peacock as one of the characters. Also works on paper. Through Wednesday, May 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Nell Blaine—A boundless energy seems at work in these watercolors and oils of flowers, the Austrian Alps, scenes of Gloucester, country-house interiors. Through Wednesday, May 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Colescott—A new set of rowdy paintings by this West Coast satirist. Through Saturday, April 28. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Piero Dorazio—Abstract paintings characterized by broken bands of color. Through Saturday, May 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester / Berty Skuber—Immense watercolors of flowers and trees painted in the arboretum of San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. / This artist keeps a sort of double-entry diary, one written and decorated by herself, the other by her alter ego. Both are done on a very small scale, and so are the collages on exhibition, which involve color snapshots and pen-and-ink musings and other ornamentation. The diary can be found in a display case, and the collages are on the wall. Through Saturday, April 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—A leading woodblock artist showing recent prints as well as twenty of his limited-edition books, which are shown in cases. One of the books, for example, contains a Bertolt Brecht song and seventeen illustrative woodcuts. Through May 11. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Edward Giobbi—New abstract oils. Through Saturday, May 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Goldring—This artist superimposes a photograph of a window seen from the outside over a drawing of the same window, and then photographs the ensemble. Through Saturday, May 5. (Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St.)

Maurice Golubov—Abstract paintings and works on paper, the earliest dating from 1929 and the latest dated 1978. Through May 10. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Hunt—Abstract metal sculptures. Through May 18. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Yvonne Jacquette—"Night Paintings" done

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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from a great height—the East River, Belfast harbor, and the Flatiron Building intersection among them. The technique is a kind of impressionism but the result, at a little distance, is almost photographic. Through Saturday, May 5. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Johanson—Blueprint-like drawings of houses whose floor plans take the form of orchids, insects, and animals. Through Saturday, May 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

R. B. Kitaj—This Ohio-born artist is one of the members of the School of London, which includes Hockney, Bacon, and Freud. Fifty of his pastels and drawings are on view here, expertly brought off but some of them rather gamy. Through Saturday, April 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jud Nelson—Six popsicles exactly duplicated in marble. Through May 12. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

David Reed—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 5. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Risa—Steel sculptures that are lacquered white and pleated in a way that suggests folding screens. Through Saturday, May 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Rose—Thirteen constructions (free-standing and wall pieces), some full scale, some small scale. Through May 12. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

David Sharpe—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through May 19. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Michelle Stuart—Sites of archeological interest are represented here by large sheets of handmade paper into which earth and rocks from the site in question are ground. Through Saturday, April 28. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Wilson—Paintings, drawings, and objects made in connection with a theatre piece, "Death, Destruction, and Detroit," that Wilson produced in Berlin this season. Through Monday, April 30. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Yarde—Watercolors of the artist's childhood apartment; a number of the paintings recall a single item, such as a radio or a picture on a floral-patterned wallpaper wall. Through May 18. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Wilfred Zogbaum (1915-65)—Cheerful-looking sculptures, some abstract and some fairly representational, made of metal pipe and steel plate, set off now and then by a large round stone. The metalwork is occasionally painted in bright primary colors. Through Saturday, May 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **Kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings of still-lifes by Americans, among them Burchfield, Knaths, and Kuhn. Through Saturday, April 28. . . . **Zarre**, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Natvar Bhavsar, Jeffrey Wasserman, and Tony Bechara; flower still-lifes by James Ruby; paintings of Mediterranean houses by Elena Borstein; and metal sculptures by Michael Malpass. Through Saturday, April 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Vito Acconci / Bruce Boice—An installation stressing stress. In it are aluminum swings held in check by aluminum cables; an aluminum catapult loaded with an aluminum ball; and a tape that keeps repeating, in insinuating tones, "You're wonderful." Through Saturday, April 28. / Large geometric abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Alan Cote—Five large paintings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Walter De Maria—"The Broken Kilometer" is the title of a work composed of five hundred solid cylindrical brass rods that would measure a kilometer if they were placed end to end. They are not. Through June 2. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jacqueline Freedman—Paper, clay, and canvas works that have been treated to any number of alterations (acrylic paint, sanding, oxide washes) to achieve their varying textures. Through Saturday, April 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Howard Goldstein—Abstract paintings of overlapping geometric shapes. Through May 10. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Louise Kramer—Recent sculptures, including a series of walk-through archways formed by open rectangles of corrugated cardboard. Through Wednesday, May 2. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Diana Kurz—Large-scale portraits of nude couples, mostly. Through May 10. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Mario Merz—An exhibit of works by an Italian conceptual sculptor. Through Saturday, April 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Malcolm Morley—Expressionist paintings from the past three years. Through May 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

John Opie—Pleasant Valley, Pennsylvania, is the home of this artist, who has painted the supermarkets, the drive-ins, and the people there. Through May 9. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Milton Resnick—Two shows by an abstract artist: recent works at Hutchinson, 138 Greene St. (through Saturday, May 5), and paintings from the fifties and sixties at Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through May 12).

Halina Rusak—Paintings (of flowers and figures in repeat patterns) meant to be reminiscent of East European folk textiles. Through May 16. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Joel Shapiro—Minimalist drawings and sculptures. Through May 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Alexis Smith—Four serial works, each of which incorporates, on sheets of colored paper, passages from Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain" and found-object collage elements that refer to the novel. Through May 12. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Leon Polk Smith / Stuart Shedletsky—Recent paintings, and a group of paintings from the sixties. / Abstract works on paper. Through Saturday, April 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Alan Turner—This artist zeroed in on a small bit of upstate landscape last summer and painted it over and over on large canvases in various moods and in different styles, and the results make a cheerful spring exhibition. Through Saturday, April 28. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Architectural Drawings—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches. Through Saturday, May 5. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—An exhibit of three-dimensional works (of the sort that is becoming known as "installation sculpture") and of works that incorporate photographs and films. Six artists, among them James Carpenter, James Rifkin, and William Childress. Through Wednesday, May 2. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Japan Today—Everything but the kitchen hibachi. Briefly, this week: an Ozu film at Japan House (May 2), a photography symposium at the International Center of Photography (May 5), crafts and kite-flying at the Bronx Zoo (May 4-6), a lecture on the use of Japanese herbs in cooking at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden (May 6). Ongoing exhibits include the following: **Japan House**, 333 E. 47th St.: An exhibit of a hundred items used by tea masters of the past four hundred and fifty years, together with the tea ceremony itself, which customarily lasts forty minutes and can be observed, by reservation (inquire at the entrance), every day at 11:30 and 2:30. Starts Friday, April 27. (Hours: Daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.) . . . **Cooper-Hewitt Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.: Prints, sword guards, and stencils from the museum's collections. (Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.: A show centered on Japanese technology which includes a catalogue of kimono patterns from 1696 and a 1978 videotape unit. . . . ¶ An exhibit called "Three Centuries of Japanese Prints." (Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway: A show of Japanese prints and paintings of birds and flowers. . . . ¶ A display of the museum's collection of Japanese ceramics, which date from the Stone Age to the present. (Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two hundred photographs of contemporary Japan by nineteen photographers. Starts Saturday, April 28. (Hours: Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.) . . . **Brooklyn Botanic Garden**, 1000 Washington Ave.: The bonsai collection. (Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Janet Culbertson—Five large drawings (six feet by eight) of animals and scenes from nature. Also smaller drawings of rock formations. Through May 25. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays.)

John Digby—Collages assembled from cutouts of Victorian engravings, pieced together with surgical exactness and surrealist juxtapositions. Through Friday, April 27. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Linda Francis / Cristos Gianakos—New abstract geometric paintings and drawings. / Ramps constructed out of wood, Sheetrock, and Masonite. Through Saturday, May 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Yasuo Kuniyoshi (1889-1953)—Twenty-seven pencil drawings, some of them the precursors of full-scale paintings, and several of them centered on his distinctive triangular-headed cows. Through Saturday, May 5. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933)—A show that concentrates on the realist paintings of the designer. There are landscapes of New Jersey and Long Island as well as scenes from his travels to North Africa. Through May 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University,

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Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—The Museum of Modern Art is showing his early works (from the sixties), depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Richard Benson—The tranquil, hilly countryside of Puerto Rico, the abandoned barracks at Fort Adams, Rhode Island, and a formal balcony overlooking a still sea are some of the subjects in these elegant platinum and palladium prints. Through Saturday, April 28. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Charles Clifford / Arnold Genthe—Clifford was commissioned by the Prado in 1856 to record the arms and armor housed there. Fifty examples, all of them precisionist in detail, are on view. / Platinum and silver prints of dancers Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and others, done in the early twenties in the soft-focus pictorial style of the Photo-Secession. Through Saturday, April 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Don Cyr—Recent color prints made with a Polaroid SX-70 and a Diana camera. Through Tuesday, May 1. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6, and Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Earl Dotter—A portrayal of textile workers in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, mostly, by a photographer whose previous efforts centered on Kentucky coal miners. Through Friday, April 27. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 2.)

Mitch Epstein / Emmet Gowin—Color photographs, most of them recently made in India. / Surreal landscapes. Through Saturday, April 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tom Millea—Palladium prints of landscapes and nudes. Through Friday, May 4. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Suzanne Seed / Martial Westburg—Manipulated prints. / Group portraits—the 1924 graduating class at Exeter, the officers and crew of the U.S.S. Mount Vernon in 1918—with a difference. The difference is that the photographer has drawn identical mustaches and rimmed glasses on each face. Through May 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Giorgio Sommer—Sharply defined landscapes and architectural views made by a German-born Italian photographer in the eighteen-sixties and seventies. Through Saturday, May 5. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 9.)

New York Press Photographers—The ninety-six prize-winning news photographs of the 1978 New York Press Photographers Association's annual contest. Through Wednesday, May 2. (New York Telephone Building, 1095 Sixth Ave., at 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: A survey of two hundred photographs of New York City which ranges from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Through June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a big show (a hundred and fifty prints) by big names (fifty photographers are included). Through Saturday, May 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of Ellsworth Kelly's recent works, including eight monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, a series of black-and-white paintings, and wall and floor sculptures. Starts Thursday, April 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of sixty-four sixteenth-century Italian drawings from the Lehman Collection. Through June 17. . . . ¶ Rembrandt etchings and drawings illustrating scenes from the Bible. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of the works bequeathed to the museum by James Thrall Soby, including a number of Surrealist works, chief among them eight paintings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through Tuesday, May 1. . . . ¶ Ten small unpainted maquettes by Frank Stella. Through Tuesday, May 1. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through Tuesday, May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Planar Dimension: Europe 1912-1932" is an exhibit that examines the synthesis of painting and sculpture in works of art on more than one plane. Picasso, Archipenko, Calder, Lissitzky, and others are represented. Through May 6. . . . ¶ A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian, dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through May 6. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The retrospective show of Cy Twombly contains forty-five abstractionist paintings and forty drawings dated 1954 to 1977. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Constructions by four artists: Christo, Joseph Cornell, Lucas Samaras, and H. C. Westermann. Through May 23. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

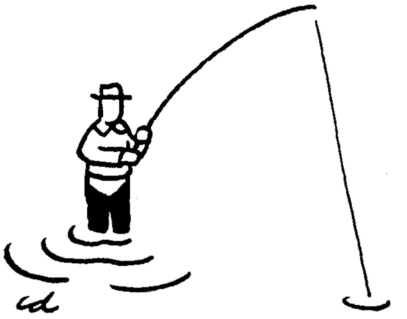
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the paintings, reliefs, and drawings of Ben Nicholson. Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of seventy-three Indian miniature paintings, dating from 1600 to 1660, whose subjects are birds and flowers, landscapes, historical events, and figures. Through June 10. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of eighty-two objects that date from the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.), including painted tiles, stone carvings, dressing-table items, bronze vases, and, among the *ming ch'i*, models of horses, acrobats, dragons, and houses. Through May 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. Extra hours: Monday through Thursday, April 30-May 3, the gallery will permit visitors until 8 P.M.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A selection of porcelains from the museum's collections includes some very early Chinese examples and some choice eighteenth-century pieces, such as part of a Meissen swan service designed for Count von Brühl; pieces from a Sèvres service made for Madame Du Barry; and Chelsea plates. Through May 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show of sixty-three drawings by Fragonard, together with the Frick's own series of Fragonard's oils, "The Progress of Love." Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and graphics of Arik Brauer, an artist associated with the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through Sunday, April 29. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Starts Thursday, April 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Through Sunday, April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Dolls, dolls, more dolls. There's the Shirley Temple doll, the Mr. Magoo doll, the Lyndon Johnson doll, the Queen-Elizabeth-in-her-wedding-dress doll, porcelain dolls from France, wax dolls from England—seven hundred dolls. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of acquisitions from the past twenty-five years includes a coffee pot designed by the Colonial silversmith Peter Van Dyck; a pine chest (1810) decorated with a medallion depicting Robert Fulton, one of his steamships, and the first steam passenger train in America; and Audubon's watercolor "California Condor." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Films by five artists, Friday, April 27, at 8 and 9; films by four artists, Saturday, April 28, at 8 and 9.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Ann-Sargent Wooster (performance and film), Thursday, April 26, at 8:30; Ericka Beckman (film), Tuesday, May 1, at 8:30; Mask Transit (performance group working with masks), Thursday, May 3, at 8:30; Eileen Berger (photographs) and Scott Johnson (sound installation), through Friday, May 4.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Arthur Russell (music), Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 8:30; Robert Longo (painted cast-aluminum reliefs, and drawings), starts Saturday, April 28; Ed Bowes (sixty-minute videotape), starts Saturday, April 28; three programs of films by contemporary artists, Tuesday through Thursday, May 1-3, at 8:30; "The Record as Artwork," an exhibit of more than a hundred and fifty records and record covers produced by such artists as Duchamp, Schwitters, and Beuys, through May 19. . . . ¶ At the **MUDD CLUB**, 77 White St., between Broadway and Lafayette

St. (227-7777), the Kitchen is presenting a series of concerts by composers working with electric or amplified music. On Monday, April 30, Rhys Chatham, Jeffrey Lohn, and others, at 9 and 11.

Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St.—New music and video music presented by the Composers' Forum. Thursday, April 26, Gregory Reeve and Barry Truax, chamber music; and Saturday, April 28, Charlemagne Palestine and Joel Chadabe, video works. Evenings at 8:30. Admission by contribution.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition called the "Altered Photograph," which features works related to photography, and a large number of individual exhibits are on view through June 10. Of special interest: Sunday, April 29, at 3—Kevin Boyle's performance "She Called Me on the Telephone," and John Boone's performance "The Tracks Are Back."

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 25, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Diane Curry, Alan Kays, Pablo Elvira, Richard McKee, and Robert Hale; conducted by David Effron. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 26, at 8: "Dido and Aeneas," with Nelda Nelson, Elizabeth Hynes, and Alan Titus; and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday, April 27, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Elizabeth Haley, Diane Curry, Gerald Grahame, David Holloway, James Billings, and Robert Hale; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 8: "Dido and Aeneas," with Nelda Nelson, Elizabeth Hynes, and Alan Titus; and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 29, at 1: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Jacque Trussel, and Frederick Burchinal; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 29, at 7: "Miss Havisham's Fire," with Rita Shane, Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Elaine Bonazzi, Alan Titus, Ralph Bassett, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727.)

"La Traviata"—The Eastern Opera Theatre's production of Verdi's opera, in English, with Jeanie Ommerlé, soprano, and Douglas Dunnell, tenor. Conducted by Saul Lilienstein and staged by Linda Brovsky. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, April 29, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday, April 26, at 8:30; Friday, April 27, at 2; and Saturday, April 28, at 8:30 (all with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano); and a nonsubscription concert on Wednesday, May 2, at 8:30, as well as subscription concerts on Thursday, May 3, at 8:30; Friday, May 4, at 2; and Saturday, May 5, at 8:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano).

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati directing a performance of Strauss's opera "Die Aegyptische Helena" in concert form, with Gwyneth Jones and Barbara Hendricks, sopranos; Birgit Finnilae, contralto; Matti Kastu and Curtis Rayam, tenors; Willard White, baritone; and the Kenneth Jewell Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 1, at 8.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Carlo Maria Giulini conducting—Thursday, May 3, at 8: A performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Carol Neblett, so-

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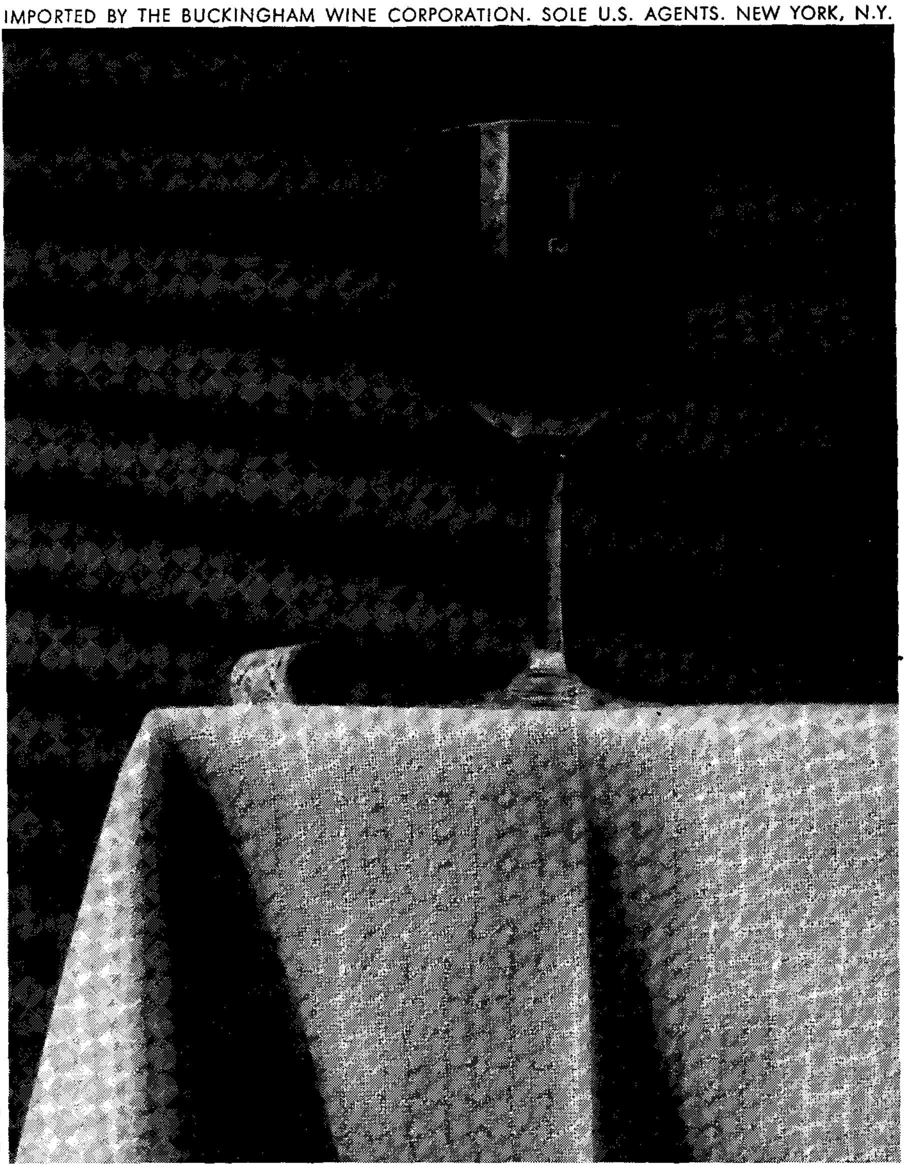

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prano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Temple University Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 8: With Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 8: No soloists.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus—Frederic Waldman directing the final performance of the season, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Lenus Carlson, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, April 29, at 3.)

All-Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra, with Peter Basquin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, April 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the final concert of the season, with David Evitts, baritone, and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

"Christus"—Richard Westenburg directing a chorus of eighty, a children's choir, and a symphony orchestra in a performance of Liszt's oratorio, with Alpha Floyd, soprano, and other soloists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, April 29, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Schola Antiqua—R. John Blackley directing a program of early medieval choral music. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, April 29, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

New York University Choral Arts Society and Bucknell University Chorale—A joint concert, with E. Jon de Revere and Allen W. Flock directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

University of Michigan Men's Glee Club—Leonard Johnson directing. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. 838-3036. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 8.)

RECITALS

Manhattan String Quartet—The last in a series of recitals. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, April 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Harp Ensemble—A harp quartet, in a program of music ranging from baroque to contemporary. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Idil Biret—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Jaime Laredo, violin, and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 26, and Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century European music, this one an Italian program, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

Lakshmi Shankar—A program of North Indian vocal music. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. 473-6072. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Yefim Bronfman, and Yo-yo Ma—Violin, piano, and cello, in an all-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The final concerts of the season, performed by James Buswell, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Robert Routch, horn; and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8, and Sunday, April 29, at 5.)

Lucille Gruber—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 2:30.)

Borodin Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 28, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music from Elizabethan and Jacobean England. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Aulos Wind Quintet—With Virgil Blackwell, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 28, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 29, at 2.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—A recital of sonatas for violin and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 29, at 3.)

New World Consort—A program of songs and dances of the Middle Ages, with Marina Tafur, soprano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, April 29, at 4. For information about tickets, call 874-1371.)

Kenneth Thompson—bass. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 29, at 5:45.)

Leo Brouwer and Robert Aitken—Classical guitarist and flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 29, at 8.)

Ann Carter-Cox—Soprano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Monday, April 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the recital.)

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 30, at 8.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 1, at 8.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program of instrumental music entitled "Music for Spring." (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Wednesday, May 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-5351.)

Bradford Gowen—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

Concert-Party—The last in a series of concerts, this one played by duo pianists John and Richard Contiguglia. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, May 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in this year's series of concerts presenting the Haydn cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, May 4, at 8.)

Andrew Bolotowsky and Joseph Karpienia—Flute and classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 4, at 8:30.)

George Neikrug—Playing Bach's complete suites for unaccompanied cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 2:30.)

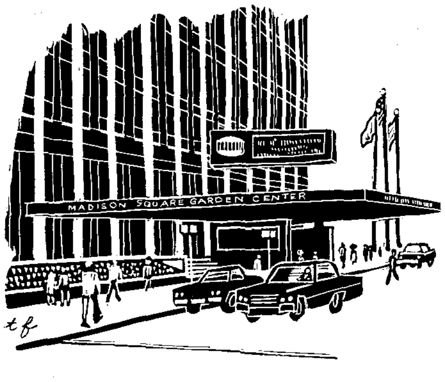
New York Woodwind Quintet—The second of two recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 5, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Monster Concert—Eugene List and thirty-nine other pianists performing a program on ten pianos celebrating the hundred-and-fiftieth birthday of Louis Moreau Gottschalk. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, April 27, at 8:05; Saturday, April 28, at 1:15; and Sunday, April 29, at 2:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Monday and Tuesday, April 30-May 1, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Friday, May 4, at 8, and Saturday, May 5, at 2.



Crew—Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 28.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 28.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 28.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 5.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 5.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup quarterfinal playoffs—Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, April 26, at 7:35, if necessary.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 28, and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 5. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 5.

Running—The Trevira Ten-Mile Twosome will start at eleven on Saturday, April 28, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish back at the same place, though not as neatly.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, April 29, at 2:30. . . . ¶ The United States National team vs. the French National team, Wednesday, May 2, at 9. (For information about tickets to both matches, call 265-8600.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 2. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Dave Smith and May Swenson reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 30, at 8.) . . . ¶ Leslie Ullman reading from her own works. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesday, May 1, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

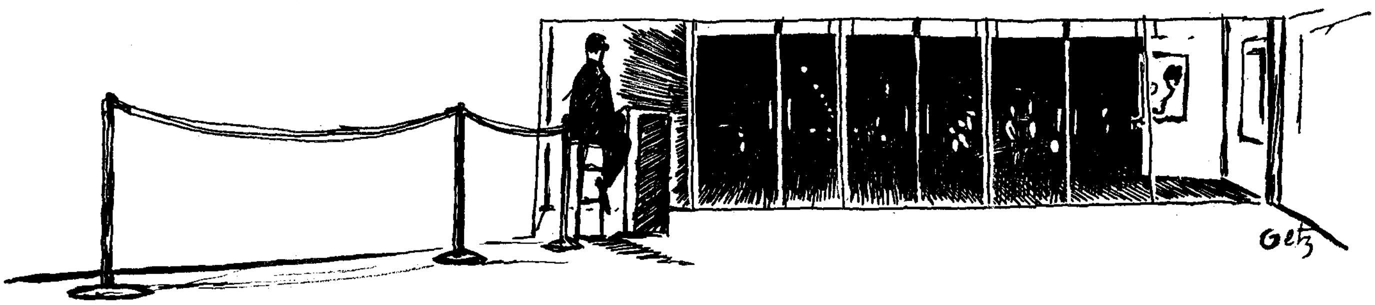
Amateur Needlework of Today—The twenty-first benefit exhibition includes handbags, rugs, pictures, chair covers, ecclesiastical garments, and screens, in petit point, gros point, and crewelwork. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening until 7:30; through Wednesday, May 2.)

Flower Show—The April Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29, noon to 6.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 25, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, April 26, at 2: English and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu;* from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 2: English furniture, decorations, and clocks; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 3, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 28. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, April 27, at 10:30 and 2: Russian works of art, from several owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 2, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from various owners.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 29, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 25. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 29: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."
April 30: Theatre closed.
From May 1: "The Age of the Medici."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Wifemistress."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 26: "The Brink's Job" and "Murder by Death."
April 27-May 3: "The Great Train Robbery" and "Rabbit Test."
From May 4: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 26: "Murder by Decree."
April 27-May 3: "Old Boyfriends."
From May 4: "Last Embrace."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 3: "Hurricane."
From May 4: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Exorcist."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Manhattan."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 3: "Blazing Saddles."
From May 4: "Last Embrace."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 26: "Old Boyfriends."
From April 27: "A Little Romance."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through April 26: "Superman."
From April 27: "An Almost Perfect Affair."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Love on the Run."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 26: "Wifemistress."
From April 27: "Picnic at Hanging Rock."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through April 26: "Cousin, Cousine."
From April 27: "Saint Jack."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through April 28: "Real Life."
From April 29: "The American Game."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Exorcist."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Dawn of the Dead."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 3: "Coming Home."
From May 4: "Last Embrace."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Champ."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Norma Rae."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The French Detective."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The China Syndrome."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 26: "The Great Train Robbery."
April 27-May 3: "Agatha."
From May 4: "Murder by Decree."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Deer Hunter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dawn of the Dead."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 3: "Hurricane."
From May 4: "Firepower."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Love at First Bite."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 3: "Coming Home."
From May 4: "Last Embrace."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."
Theatre 2: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Deer Hunter."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Love at First Bite."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Coming Home."
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "Blazing Saddles." From April 27: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 3: Through April 26: "Despair." From April 27: "Picnic at Hanging Rock."
Theatre 4: Through April 26: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert. From April 27: "Norma Rae."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Hair."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Deer Hunter."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 3: "The Innocent."
From May 4: "A Little Romance."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 3: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.
From May 4: "Last Embrace."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fedora."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Just Like at Home."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."
Theatre 2: "Love at First Bite."
Theatre 3: Through April 26: "Blazing Saddles." From April 27: "Hardcore."
Theatre 4: Through April 26: "Murder by Decree." From April 27: "Norma Rae."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Deer Hunter."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 26: "The Great Train Robbery" and "Comes a Horseman."
April 27-May 3: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert; and "Thank God It's Friday."
From May 4: "Murder by Decree" and "Rabbit Test."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Superman." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through May 3: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."
From May 4: "Last Embrace." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Blazing Saddles." (†)
Theatre 3: Through April 26: "Heaven Can Wait." From April 27: "Picnic at Hanging Rock." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coming Home." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Norma Rae." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through May 3: "Hurricane." (†)
From May 4: "Firepower." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"The China Syndrome." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Love at First Bite." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Dawn of the Dead." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Exorcist." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Deer Hunter." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through April 26: "The Real Bruce Lee."
From April 27: "Old Boyfriends." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 25: "The Late Show" (1977), directed by Robert Benton, with Art Carney, Lily Tomlin, Bill Macy, and Eugene Roche; and "Klute" (1971), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.
April 26: "Picnic" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, and Susan Strasberg; and "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (1968), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Kim Novak, Peter Finch, Coral Browne, Rossella Falk, and Valentina Cortese.
April 27-28: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.
April 29: "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas; and "Electra." (†)
April 30-May 2: Three programs of new Greek films, titles to be announced.
May 3: "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "If I Had a Gun" (1971), in Czech, directed by Stefan Uher.
May 4-5: "Greaser's Palace" (1972), directed by Robert Downey; and "Jabberwocky" (1977), directed by Terry Gilliam, with Michael Palin.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 25: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with

Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Rich and Strange" (1932), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry.

April 26: "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne; and "Pat and Mike" (1952), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray.

April 27: "Kwaidan" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

April 28: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Julius Caesar" (1953), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando, and Edmond O'Brien.

April 29: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "The Painted Veil" (1934), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, and George Brent.

April 30: "M" (†) and "Crime and Punishment." (†)

May 1: "New Tales of the Taira Clan" (1955) and "Story of the Last Chrysanthemums" (1939), both films in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.

May 2: "The Lodger" (1926), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ivor Novello; and "Frenzy." (†)

May 3: "Andrei Roublev" (1969), in Russian, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky; and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964; "Wild Horses of Fire"), in Ukrainian, directed by Sergei Paradjanov.

May 4: "The Day of the Locust" (†); and "Lonelyhearts" (1959), directed by Vincent J. Donahue, with Montgomery Clift, Robert Ryan, Myrna Loy, Dolores Hart, and Maureen Stapleton.

May 5: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 26: "Alice in the Cities" (1974) and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.

April 27-28: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

April 29-30: "Sebastiane" (1978), directed by Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress (X-rated); and "Outrageous!" (1977), directed by Richard Benner, with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren.

May 1: "The Story of Adèle H." (†) and "Bed and Board." (†)

May 2-3: "Misty Beethoven" (1976) and "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann" (1975), both X-rated.

May 4-5: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 25: "Queen of the Gypsies" (1976), in Russian, directed by Emil Loteanu; and "Hamlet" (1966), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintsev.

April 26-28: "General della Rovere" (1959), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Vittorio De Sica; and "The Miracle" (1948), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini.

April 29-30: "Red Beard" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Immortal Story" (1968), directed by Orson Welles, with Jeanne Moreau.

May 1-2: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966), in French, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Philippe Erlanger; and "Under Milk Wood." (†)

May 3-5: "The Exterminating Angel" (†); and "The Garden of Delights" (1971), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 25: "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "Marlowe" (1969), directed by Paul Bogart, with James Garner, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Carroll O'Connor.

April 26-28: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Michael Redgrave, Margaret Lockwood, Dame May Whitty, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

April 29-May 1: "Charlie Chan in Paris" (1935), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Warner Oland as the detective; and "The Ladykillers." (†)

May 2-5: "The Maltese Falcon" (†); and "Beat the Devil" (1954), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through April 26: "The Set-Up" (1949), directed by Robert Wise, with Robert Ryan, Audrey Totter, George Tobias, and Wallace Ford; and "The Reckless Moment" (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with James Mason and Joan Bennett.

April 27-28: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

April 29: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "The Circus" (1928), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Merna Kennedy, and Betty Morrissey.

April 30: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973), in French, directed by Gérard Oury, with Louis de Funès; and "Delusions of Grandeur" (1971), in French, directed by Gérard Oury, with Yves Montand and Louis de Funès.

May 1: "I Stand Condemned" (1936), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Harry Baur and Laurence Olivier; and "Fire Over England." (†)

May 2-3: "The Seventh Victim" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with Tom Conway, Kim Hunter, and Jean Brooks; and "Night and the City." (†)

May 4-5: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973) and "The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1976), both films in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Pierre Richard.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 25: "Ramona" (1936), directed by Henry King, with Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Kent Taylor, and Jane Darwell; and "Clive of India" (1935), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Loretta Young, Ronald Colman, Colin Clive, and C. Aubrey Smith.

April 26: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington.

April 27: "The Glass Key" (1942), directed by Stuart Heisler, with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd; and another feature, to be announced.

April 28: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart; and "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

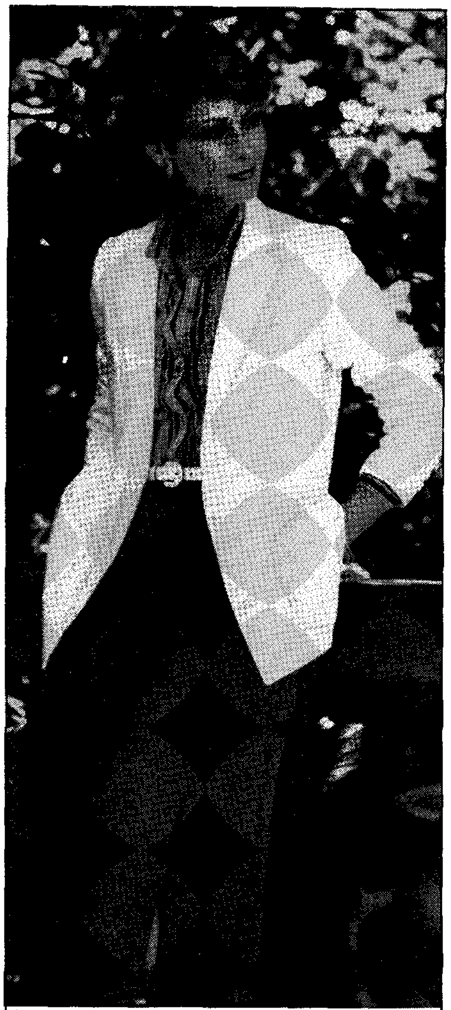
April 29: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "June Bride." (†)

April 30: "Born to Dance" (†) and "Rosalie." (†)

May 1: "The Texan" (1930), directed by John Cromwell, with Gary Cooper and Fay Wray; and "Wheels of Destiny" (1934), directed by Alan James, with Ken Maynard and Dorothy Dix.

May 2: "All the King's Men" (†); and "The Harder They Fall." (†)

May 3: "The Glass Menagerie" (1950), directed by Irving Rapper, with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence and Arthur Kennedy; and "Johnny Belinda" (1948), directed by Jean Negulesco, with



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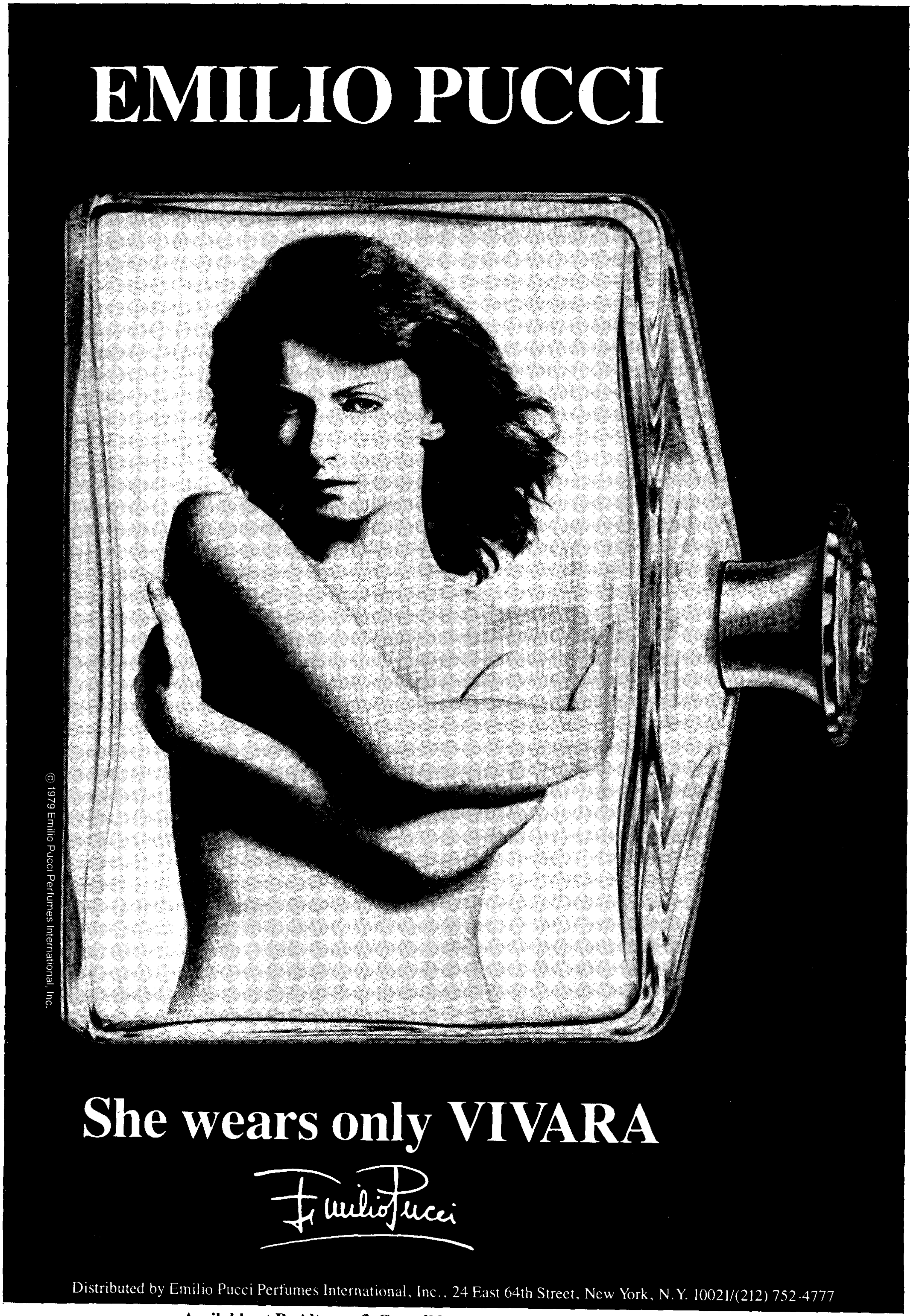

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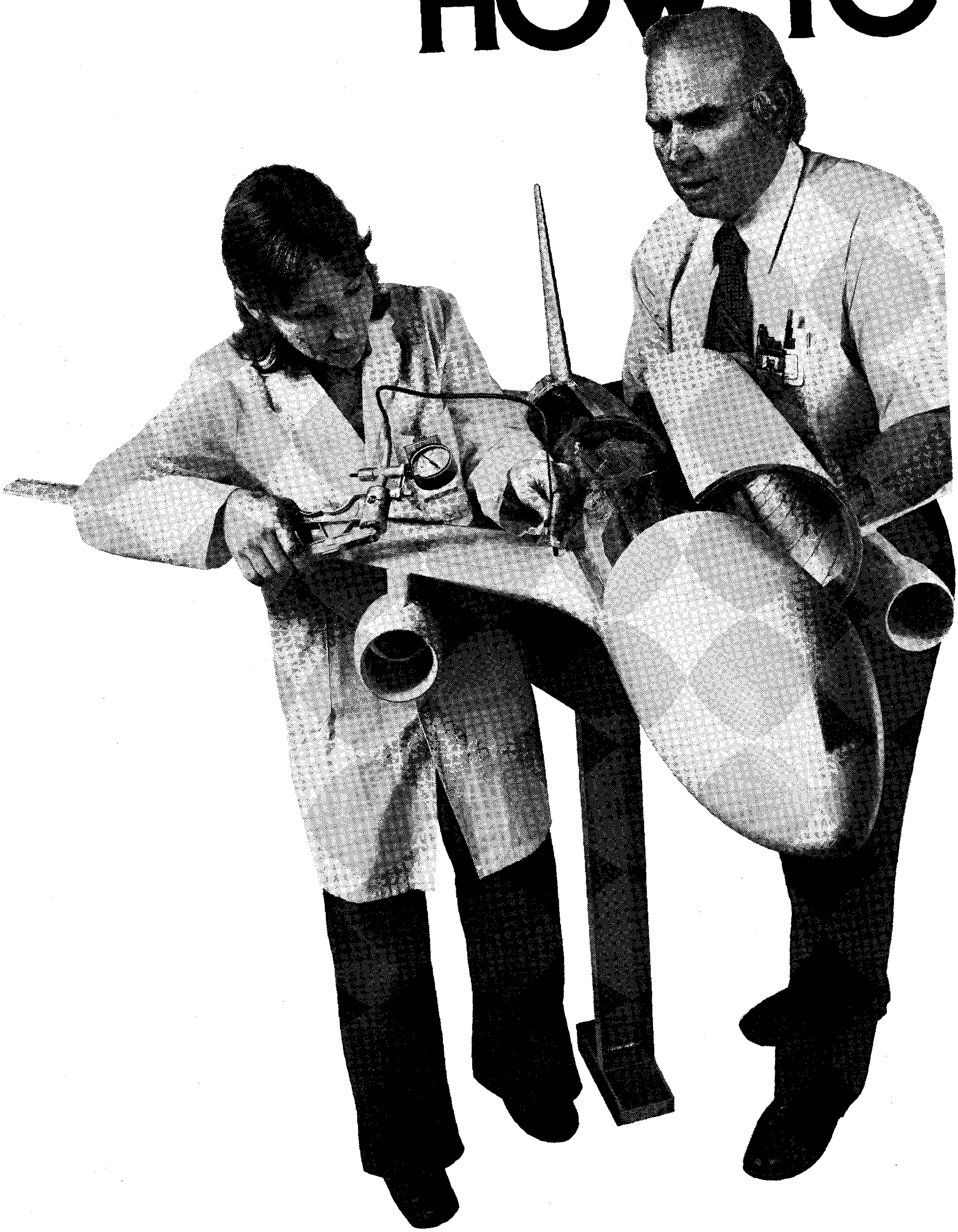
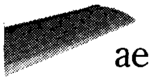


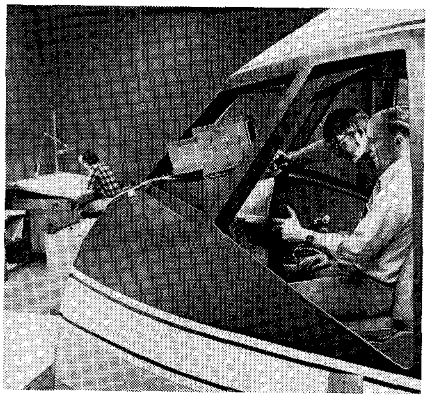
BUILD A BOEING.

The new Boeing 767 won't leave the ground until 1981. But it has already flown 17,000 hours at speeds near the sound barrier at pressures similar to altitudes up to 35,000 feet.

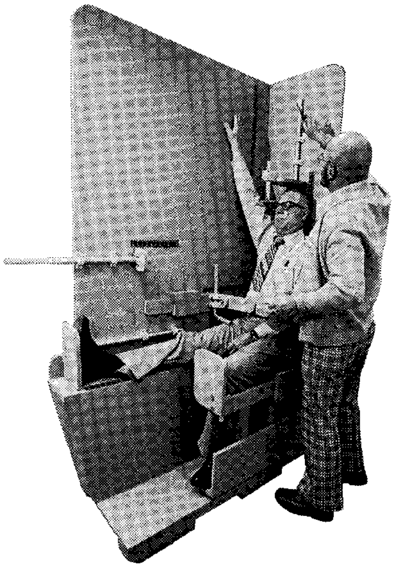
Engineer Dick Day, assistant Carol Hutson, and a team of Boeing people have been putting aerodynamically-perfect scale models of the 767 through an exhaustive series of wind tunnel tests for more than four years.



These tests help verify engineering calculations about fuel efficiencies and the integration of lightweight structural components, as well as predict flying characteristics.



As advanced as this technology may be, it is still people ingenuity that makes it all possible. And that's true in every stage of design and construction of a Boeing jetliner.



For it's all too easy to think a Boeing is built on an enormous, fully-automated assembly line.

Actually, every Boeing on the line is custom-built. A meticulous hand-made construction of literally millions of wires, aluminum panels, struts, ribs, levers, wheels, dials, motors, rivets, pumps, electrical devices and countless subassemblies.

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So even before the 767 gets off the ground, we know it will.

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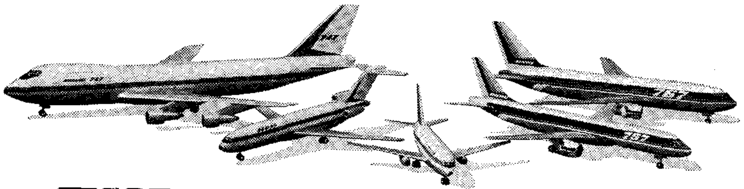

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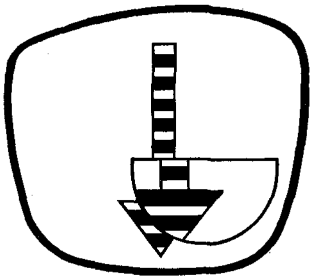

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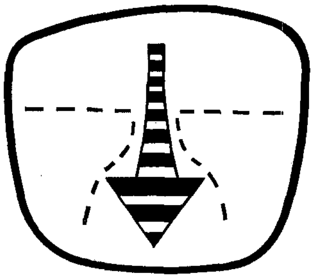

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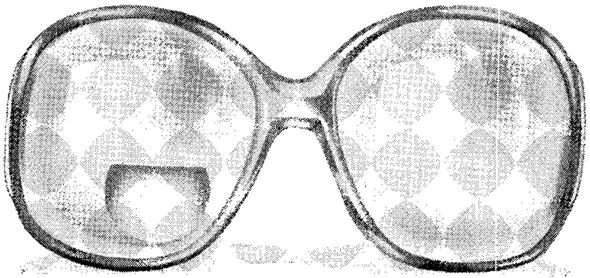

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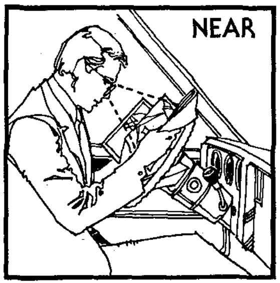

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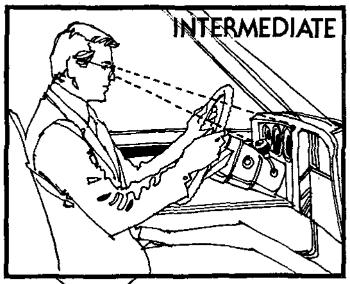

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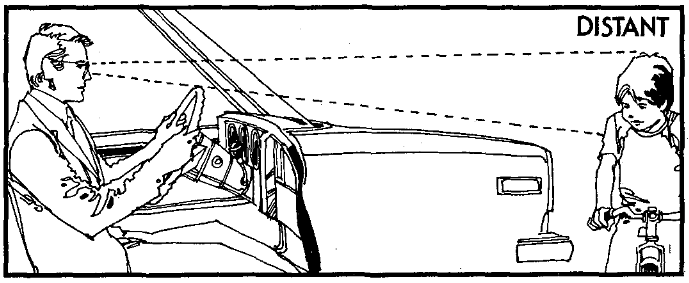

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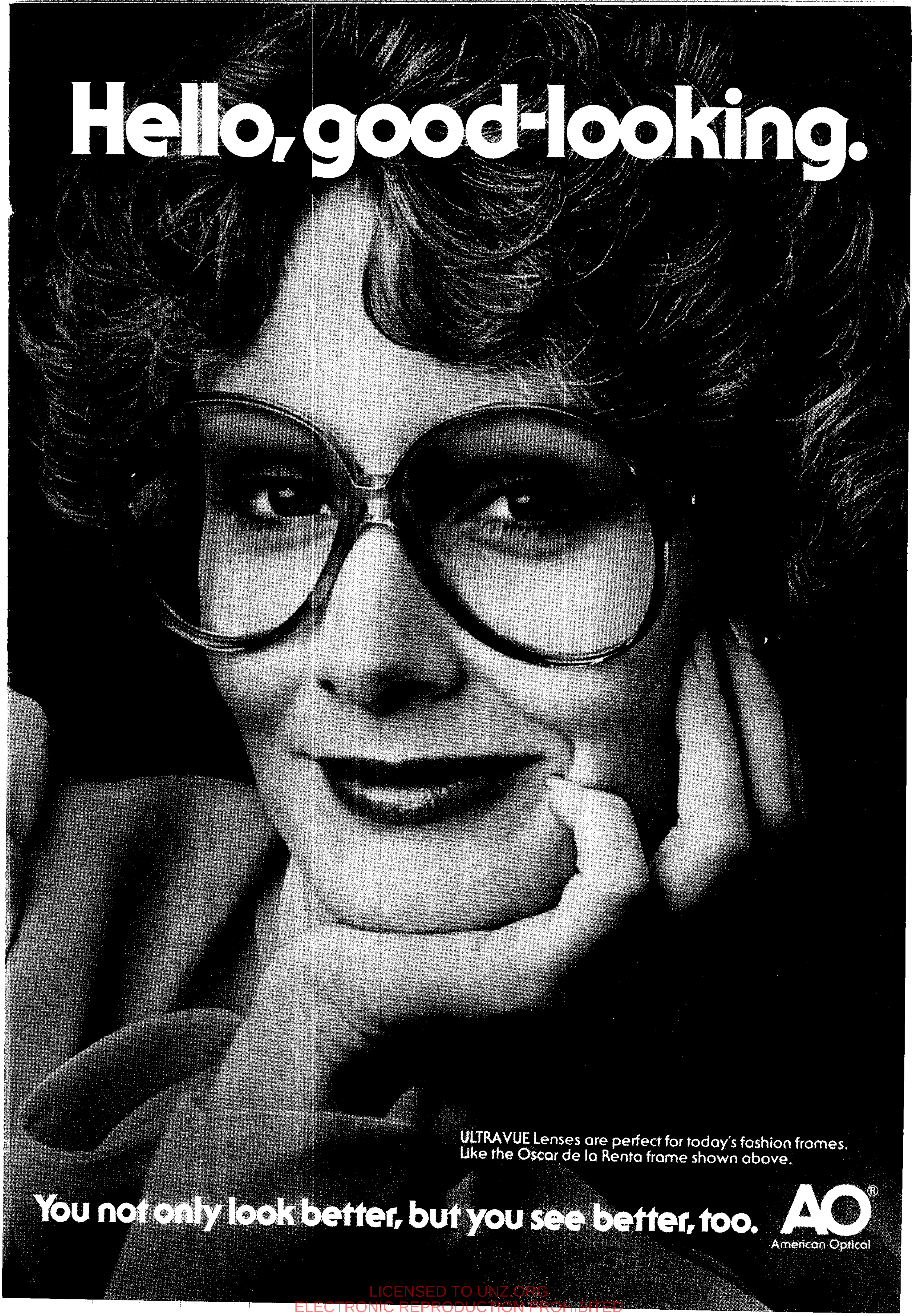
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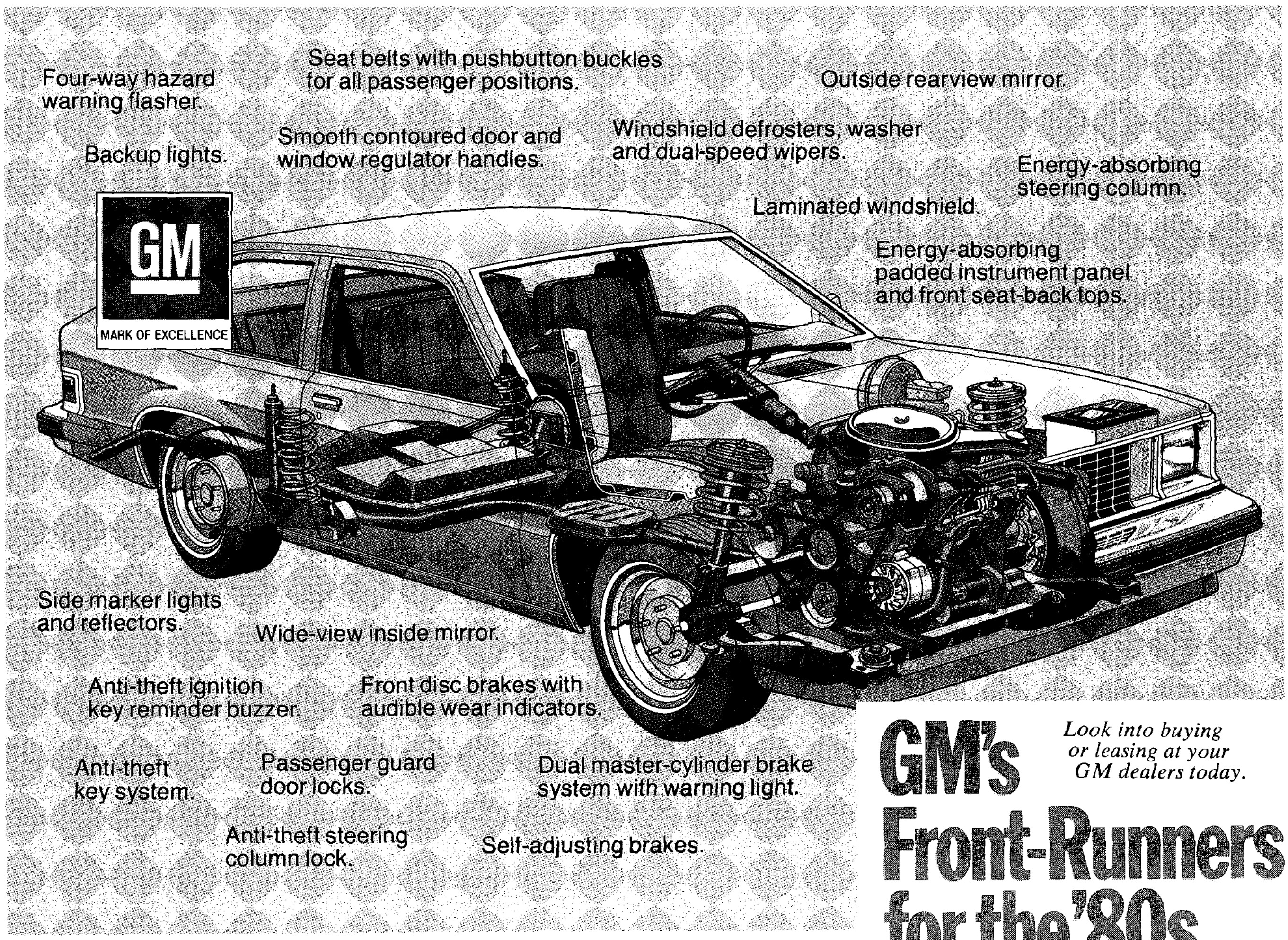
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May 4-5: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Barrymore, John Howard, and Louise Campbell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 26 at 2:30: "The Stranger on the Third Floor" (1940), directed by Boris Ingster, with Peter Lorre; and "Journey Into Fear" (1943), directed by Norman Foster, with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, Agnes Moorehead, and Ruth Roman. . . . ¶ April 26 at 6: "Tattooed Tears" (1978), directed by Joan Churchill and Nick Broomfield. . . . ¶ April 26 at 8:30: "Sudden Fear" (1952), directed by David Miller, with Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, and Gloria Grahame. . . . ¶ April 27 at 2:30: "The Ghost Ship" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with Richard Dix; and "The Seventh Victim" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with Kim Hunter and Tom Conway. . . . ¶ April 28 at noon: "Wagon Master" (1950), directed by John Ford, with Ben Johnson, Harry Carey, Jr., and Joanne Dru. . . . ¶ April 28 at 2:30: "Fort Apache" (1948), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Shirley Temple, and Pedro Armendariz. . . . ¶ April 29 at noon: "Wagon Master.". . . ¶ April 29 at 2:30: "The Ghost Ship" and "The Seventh Victim.". . . ¶ April 30 at noon: "The Making of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969), directed by Robert L. Crawford, commentary by George Roy Hill. . . . ¶ April 30 at 2:30: "Sudden Fear.". . . ¶ May 1 at noon: "The Making of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.". . . ¶ May 1 at 2:30: "The Big Noise" (1944), directed by Mal St. Clair, with Laurel & Hardy. . . . ¶ May 3 at 2:30: "Outrage" (1950), directed by Ida Lupino, with Mala Powers; and "Hard, Fast and Beautiful" (1951), directed by Ida Lupino, with Claire Trevor and Sally Forrest. . . . ¶ May 3 at 6: To be announced. . . . ¶ May 3 at 8:30 and May 4 at 2:30: "The Hitch-Hiker" (1953), directed by Ida Lupino, with Frank Lovejoy and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ May 4 at 6: "The Big Noise.". . . ¶ May 4 at 8: A program of films by Linwood Dunn. . . . ¶ May 5 at noon: "Tarzan and the Mermaids" (1948), directed by Robert Florey, with Johnny Weissmuller. . . . ¶ May 5 at 2:30: "The Young Stranger" (1957), directed by John Frankenheimer, with James MacArthur, James Daley, and Kim Hunter. . . . ¶ May 5 at 5: "Outrage" and "Hard, Fast and Beautiful." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MoMA)—The final programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 25 at 6: "Limite" (Brazil; Mário Peixoto; 1930-31). . . . ¶ April 25 at 8:30: "Tropical Fruit" (Brazil; Joaquim Pedro de Andrade) and "The All-Round Reduced Personality" (West Germany; Helke Sander). . . . ¶ April 27 at 6: "Ghatashraddha" (India; Girish Kasaravalli). . . . ¶ April 27 at 8:30: "Les Rendez-Vous d'Anna" (Belgium/France/West Germany; Chantal Akerman). . . . ¶ April 28 at 6: "The Kingdom of Naples" (Italy/West Germany; Werner Schroeter). . . . ¶ April 28 at 8:30: "Manly Times" (Bulgaria; Eduard Zakhariev). . . . ¶ April 28 at 10:30: "The Consequence" (West Germany; Wolfgang Petersen). . . . ¶ April 29 at 6: "El Super" (United States; Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal). . . . ¶ April 29 at 8:30: "The Consequence.". . . ¶ April 30 at 6: "Les Rendez-Vous d'Anna.". . . ¶ April 30 at 8:30 and May 1 at 6: "Colonel Delmiro Gouveia" (Brazil; Geraldo Sarno). . . . ¶ May 1 at 8:30: "The Kingdom of Naples.". . . ¶ May 2 at 6: "Manly Times.". . . ¶ May 2 at 8:30: "El Super." (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Six film and video installation pieces are on view throughout the third floor of the museum. Continuous showings Tuesdays from 11 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays from 11 to 6; and Sundays from noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—April 26-29: "I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog" (1978), in German, directed by Christian Weisenborn and Erwin Keusch; English subtitles. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/79.). . . ¶ Starting May 3: A program of fourteen short animated films from Japan. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—The final programs in a seven-week, fourteen-film series of operetta films, 1930-40. April 28 at 1 and May 1 at 6: "The King Steps Out" (1936), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Grace Moore, Franchot Tone, and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ April 28 at 3 and May 1 at 8: "Der Kongress Tanzt" (1931), in German, directed by Erik Charell, with Lilian Harvey, Willy Fritsch, and Conrad Veidt; English subtitles.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (72nd Street East; April 27-May 3.)

The Age of the Medici (1973)—A noble three-part history made by the late Roberto Rossellini, full of thought and burning inquiry. It is in the style that Rossellini perfected toward the end of his life—a style in which crucial moments of the past seem to be occurring in the present. We are in Florence, in a world of low-toned, urgent, abstract discourses, and of small-town energy and rows and droppings in. There is gossip about Brunelleschi and Donatello, a resentful mutter from Ghiberti. We feel ourselves to be bang in the midst of the most invigorating family of citizens who have perhaps ever existed. In Italian. (Little Theatre. Part I: "Cosimo de Medici;" May 1-6. Part II: "The Power of Cosimo;" May 8-13. Part III: "Leon Battista Alberti;" May 15-20. Isabella Rossellini, daughter of Roberto, will appear at the 8 P.M. showings on Thursdays. At the 10 P.M. showing Thursday, May 3, Rossellini's 1977 film, "The Messiah," will be shown.)

All the King's Men (1949)—Broderick Crawford's Willie Stark just might make you feel better about the President you've got. Robert Penn Warren's novel about the rise of a bullheaded demagogue (modelled on Huey Long) was turned into a rousing melodrama, full of graft, double-dealing, and strong-arm excitement. Robert Rossen adapted the novel and directed; the film took the Academy Award for Best Picture, with Broderick Crawford also winning Best Actor, and Mercedes McCambridge, as tough Sadie, winning Best Supporting Actress. It's by no means a great film, but it moves along. With John Ireland, Joanne Dru, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 2.)

An Almost Perfect Affair—With Keith Carradine, Monica Vitti, and Raf Vallone; directed by Michael Ritchie. (Trans-Lux East; starting April 27.)

The American Game—A documentary about two seventeen-year-old basketball players: Brian Walker from Indiana, and Stretch Graham from Brooklyn. Directed by Jay Freund and David Wolf. (Cinema II; starting April 29.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Cinema Village; May 1.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through April 26. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through May 3.)

Born to Dance (1936)—The plot of this big, unimaginative M-G-M musical is a halfhearted reprise of "42nd Street" and "On with the Show;" this time Eleanor Powell is the understudy who replaces the star (Virginia Bruce). The scriptwriters, Jack McGowan, Sid Silvers, and B. G. De Sylva, didn't even try for plausibility: they had a dancer stepping in for a singer. Produced by Jack Cummings and directed by Roy Del Ruth, this movie was designed to show off Eleanor Powell, who had just scored a success in "Broadway Melody of 1936;" the chief woman tapper of the period, she had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. Here she falls for a sailor on leave (James Stewart), and in the finale she taps on a battleship; the number is called "Swingin' the Jinx Away." By the time she finishes, you're overpowered and feel you should cheer. Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around. Also Frances Langford, Una Merkel, Reginald Gardiner, Raymond Walburn, and Sid Silvers himself. The score that Cole Porter composed especially for the film includes the great "I've Got You Under My Skin," as well as "Easy to Love;" the other songs were instantly forgettable. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 30.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 26.)

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—With Gil Gerard, Pamela Hensley, and Erin Gray; directed by Daniel Haller. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews 83rd Quad.)

The Champ—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells who learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—appears likely to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Comes a Horseman—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, with Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally. Basically, the plot is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hard-working rancher: now the honest rancher is a woman. The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as the old cowhand, and George Grizzard as the banker. From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark. Directed by Alan J. Pakula. (11/13/78) (Olympia; through April 26.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon

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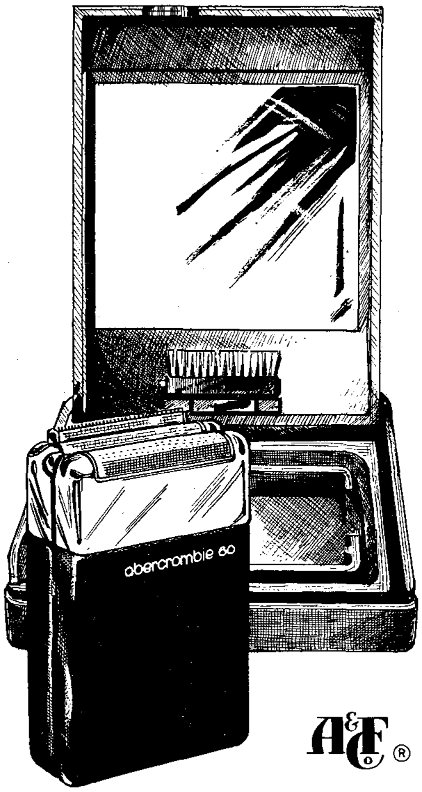

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Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Beekman, and 86th St. East; through May 3.)

COUSIN, COUSINE (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Cinema I; through April 26.)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT (1935)—There's almost everything you can think of the matter with this Hollywood version, directed by Josef von Sternberg, but it has a great Raskolnikov: Peter Lorre. He had only three roles that tapped his full talent—the child-murderer in "M," the hero in "The Face Behind the Mask," and this remarkably suggestive and witty Raskolnikov. Stolid Edward Arnold is embarrassingly miscast as Inspector Porfiry; if Harry Baur, who did the role in the thirties French version, had played opposite Lorre, the film might have caught fire. As the pawnbroker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell adds some distinction, but not much can be said for the Madonna lighting given to Marian Marsh's placid Sonya, or for the standard Hollywood performances of Elizabeth Risdon as Raskolnikov's mother, Tala Birell as his sister, and Gene Lockhart, Robert Allen, and Douglass Dumbrille. There's nothing Russian about them but the long-winded names by which they address each other. Lucien Ballard did the cinematography, in the stylized von Sternberg manner. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 30.)

DAWN OF THE DEAD—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (Gemini 2, U. A. East, and Rivoli.)

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST (1975)—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 4.)

THE DEER HUNTER—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, Festival, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

DESPAIR—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema; through April 26.)

ELECTRA (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting, with an authentic solemn grandeur, and with the handsome young Irene Papas as his heroine. Still, in trying to show how vividly modern this classic drama is, he produces discomfort: we're neither quite here nor quite back there. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 29.)

THE EXORCIST (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (Murray Hill, Gemini 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; May 3-5.)

FEDORA—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) The thin-ice aspect comes up in the fact that Wilder uses show-biz name-dropping and apparent show-biz vulgarities of judgment to give us a witty farce about these very things. William Holden plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (1937)—The Armada is a toy fleet, but the actors are full-scale and stirring—a young, daredevil Laurence Olivier leaps about the battle scenes and makes love to an incredibly pretty Vivien Leigh, while Flora Robson plays a greathearted Queen Elizabeth, and Raymond Massey is Philip II of Spain. It's swashbuckling nonsense (and slow to get under way), but with a fine spirit. Alexander Korda produced, William K. Howard directed, James Wong Howe photographed. (Thalia; May 1.)

FIREPOWER—With Sophia Loren, James Coburn, O. J. Simpson, Eli Wallach, George Grizzard, Anthony Franciosa, and Vincent Gardenia; directed by Michael Winner. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1; starting May 4.)

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

FRENZY (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 2.)

GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. Directed by Michael Crichton, with Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; through April 26. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; April 27-May 3.)

HAIR—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Ziegfeld.)

HARDCORE—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; starting April 27.)

The Harder They Fall (1956)—Directed by Mark Robson. Humphrey Bogart is an unemployed sportswriter who belies his nature by joining a racketeer (played by Rod Steiger) in promoting a witless seven-foot Argentinian who can't fight at all. It's hard to tell whether the character Bogey plays is more disgusted by the puppet's ineptitude at boxing, or by the Rod Steiger character's morals, or by his own participation in it all: no one on screen ever expressed such a scorching lack of affection for himself as Bogey did. The movie is to be seen, though the script (by Philip Yordan, from a Budd Schulberg novel) is pretty on-the-nose stuff, and the direction is foursquare. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 2.)

Hurricane—Directed by Jan Troell, with Mia Farrow, looking very little; Jason Robards as her American naval-officer father, who has quite a case of erotically repressed father love; and Dayton Ka'ne as a young Polynesian chief with whom the Mia Farrow character is in love. The film was shot entirely in Bora Bora, is set (in part) in Pago Pago, and is entirely silly silly. (4/23/79) (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1; through May 3.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through May 3.)

June Bride (1948)—One of those straining-to-be-bright forties comedies in which the super-competent career woman (in this case Bette Davis, as the editor of a woman's magazine called *Home Life*) behaves like a prison matron and battles with a male (Robert Montgomery, as her assistant and former lover) before succumbing to him and giving up her job. In this one, the wrangling pair are covering a wedding in Indiana. Montgomery wears his hat brim turned up to show he's a reporter and keeps snapping off electric lights to put Davis in a soft, loving mood; one couldn't guess from this performance that a few years earlier he had been the best romantic comedian on the screen. One couldn't guess that Davis had much stature, either. The director, Bretaigne Windust, keeps the dialogue tight and stagy. With Fay Bainter, Betty Lynn, Jerome Cowan, Barbara Bates, Tom Tully, and, in a small part, Debbie Reynolds. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 29.)

Just Like at Home—With Anna Karina, directed by Márta Mészáros. In Hungarian. (Cinema Studio 2.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost crucified by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a gang that includes Peter Sellers as a plump, awkward Teddy Boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans. Alexander Mackendrick directed, from a script by William Rose. The cast includes Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Frankie Howard, Jack Warner, and Danny Green. (Regency; April 29-May 1.)

Last Embrace—With Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, Beekman, 86th St. East, Paramount, and Embassy 1; starting May 4.)

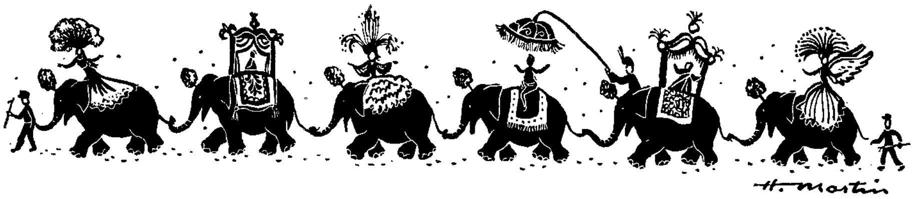
A Little Romance—With Laurence Olivier, Arthur Hill, and Sally Kellerman; directed by George Roy Hill. (Sutton; starting April 27. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting May 4.)

Love at First Bite—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Loews Ciné, Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

Love on the Run—François Truffaut's new film in his autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." He is a man who is apparently difficult, but who adores women. Because of Truffaut's own turn of mind, the character celebrates the ability—possibly more common in Europe than here—to exist, through literature and music, in other places, other times. His presence on screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity with Jean Renoir. Every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. This is a glorious piece of work. In French. (4/9/79) (Coronet.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 30.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimension to the detective genre. This film, the first directed by John Huston, is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Huston used Hammett's plot design and economic dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters who are so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. It is (and this is rare in American films) a work of entertainment that is yet so skillfully constructed that after many years and many viewings it has the same brittle explosiveness—and even some of the same surprise—that it had in its first run. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Sydney Greenstreet as Casper Gutman, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George as Iva, Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the gunsel, Jerome Cowan as Miles Archer, Lee Patrick as Effie, and Ward Bond and Barton MacLane as the cops. Huston was a good enough screenwriter to see that Hammett had already written the scenario, and he didn't soften Sam Spade's character. Bogart played him as written by Hammett, and Hammett was not sentimental about detectives: they were cops who were going it alone—i.e., who had smartened up and become more openly mercenary and crooked. Bogart's Spade is a loner who uses nice, simple people—a man who's constantly testing himself, who doesn't want to be touched, who's obsessively anti-homosexual: he enjoys hitting Joel Cairo and humiliating Wilmer. A flaw: the appalling Warners music (by Adolph Deutsch), rising and swelling to call our attention to the big "I won't, because all of me wants to" speech at the end, almost



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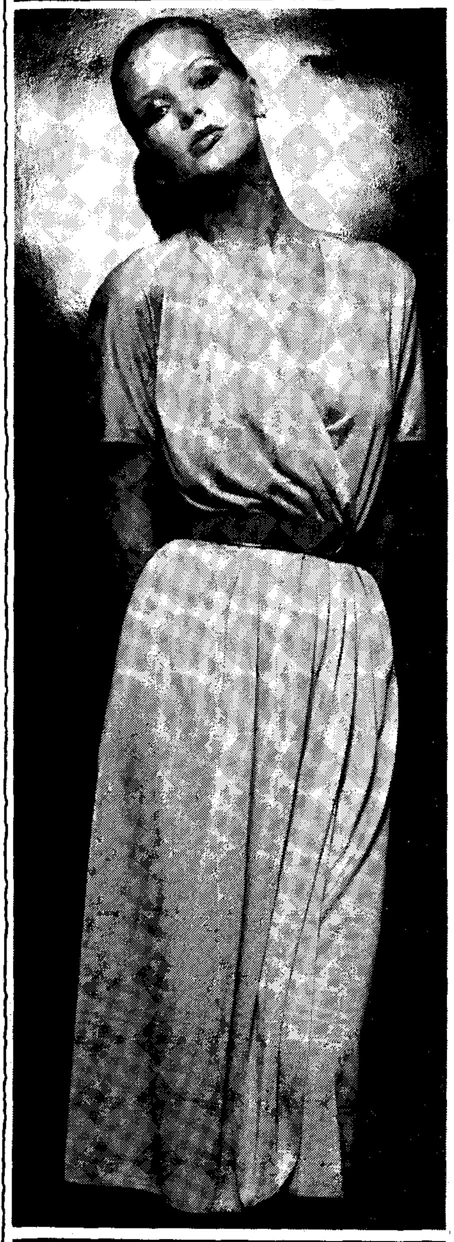

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kills the scene. And a regret: that Huston didn't (or couldn't) retain Hammett's final scene—when Effie realizes what a bastard Spade is. But perhaps the absence of that final scene is part of what made the movie a hit: Huston, by shooting the material from Spade's point of view, makes it possible for the audience to enjoy Spade's petty, sadistic victories and his sense of triumph as he proves he's tougher than anybody. Spade was left a romantic figure, though he's only a few steps away from the psychopathic "nobody ever put anything over on Fred C. Dobbs" of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), which was a box-office failure—perhaps because the audience was forced to see what was inside their hero. Warners had already got its money's worth out of "The Maltese Falcon"—in 1931, with Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels, and again in 1936, as "Satan Met a Lady," with Warren William and Bette Davis. (Regency; May 2-5.)

Manhattan—With Woody Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; directed by Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Murder by Death (1976)—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 26.)

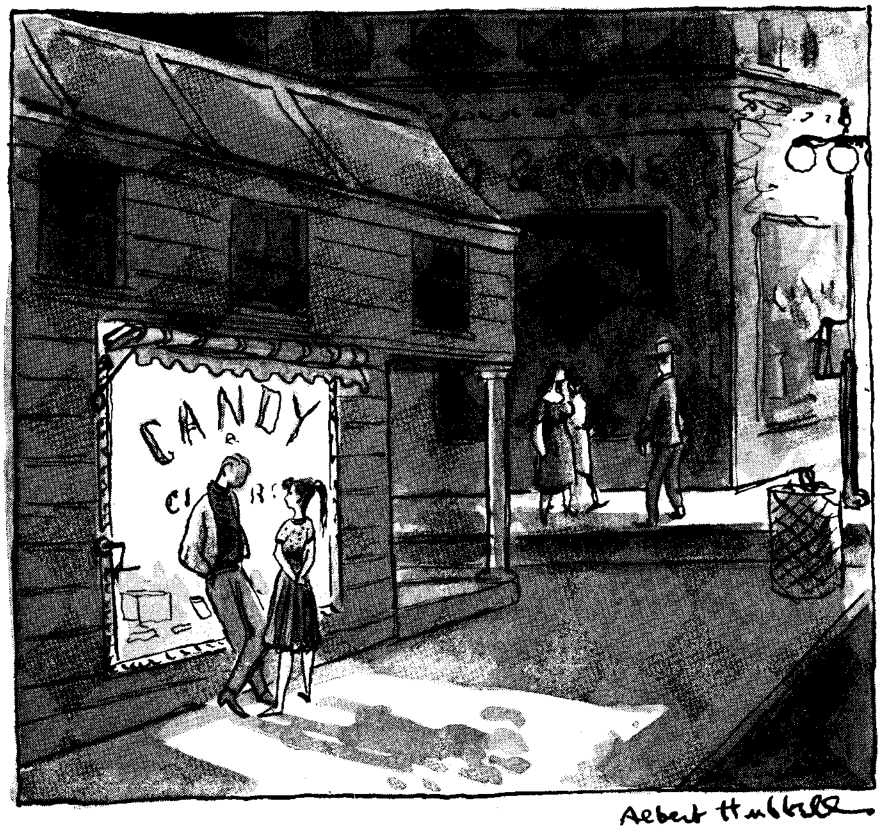
Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but unconvincing. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. (Gramercy, and Loews 83rd Quad; through April 26. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting May 4.)

Night and the City (1950)—Several years before he made "Rififi," Jules Dassin directed this less flamboyant thriller, which is much less well known, but, in some ways, better. Dassin's shocking specialty—a kind of stifled violence that one fears will explode—finds the right milieu in the Gerald Kersh novel, a complex view of the underside of London entertainment. An Anglo-American cast is headed by Richard Widmark, who has one of his best roles as Harry Fabian, "the artist without an art"—a tout with a creative passion for fantastic, shady schemes. The victims of his double-crossing artistry include Googie Withers, Francis L. Sullivan, Gene Tierney, Herbert Lom, and, as the old-time wrestler pitted against Mike Mazurki—Stanislaus Zbyszko. With Hugh Marlowe. Script by Jo Eisinger. (Thalia; May 2-3.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Loews New York 2, and Forum. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting April 27.)

Old Boyfriends—Directed by Joan Tewkesbury (who wrote Altman's "Nashville") and written by Paul and Leonard Schrader. This is a rather distraught and very small-scale film about a woman (Talia Shire) who plods down what the picture calls Memory Lane, in a pastoral mood, picking up her love history by playing fast and loose with three men out of her past. (4/2/79) (Sutton; through April 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy; April 27-May 3. . . . ¶ Victoria; starting April 27.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistresses; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (4/23/79) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Embassy; starting April 27.)



A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man—Based on the James Joyce novel. With Bosco Hogan, T. P. McKenna, Rosaleen Linihan, and John Gielgud; directed by Joseph Strick. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Rabbit Test (1978)—With Billy Crystal, directed by Joan Rivers. (St. Marks Cinema; April 27-May 3. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 4.)

Real Life—With Albert Brooks and Charles Grodin, directed by Brooks. (Cinema II; through April 28.)

Rosalie (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this berserk M-G-M extravaganza, which was vaguely derived from a 1928 Ziegfeld show and was produced and adapted to the screen by William Anthony McGuire, a former Ziegfeld aide, who swamped the cameras with a cast of more than two thousand people. Sometimes there are so many showgirls surrounding Powell that you have to strain to see her tapping away, like a wholesome automaton. Bolger redeems a few moments, and the Cole Porter songs (which replaced the original Romberg and Gershwin numbers) are a prize group, including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over but the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. The cast includes Frank Morgan (as a Ruritanian king), Ilona Massey (making her film début), and Edna May Oliver, Jerry Colonna, Janet Beecher, Virginia Grey, Reginald Owen, Billy Gilbert, and George Zucco. The choreography is by Albertina Rasch. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 30.)

Saint Jack—With Ben Gazzara, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Cinema I; starting April 27.)

Salò, 120 Days of Sodom (1977)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Little Theatre; through April 29.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (Cinema Village; May 1.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Criterion. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through April 26.)

Thank God It's Friday—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (Olympia; April 27-May 3.)

Under Milk Wood (1973)—An affectionate and beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas play for voices, with a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Andrew Sinclair adapted and directed. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; with Peter O'Toole, Elizabeth Taylor, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. (8th St. Playhouse; May 1-2.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Art. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through April 26.)

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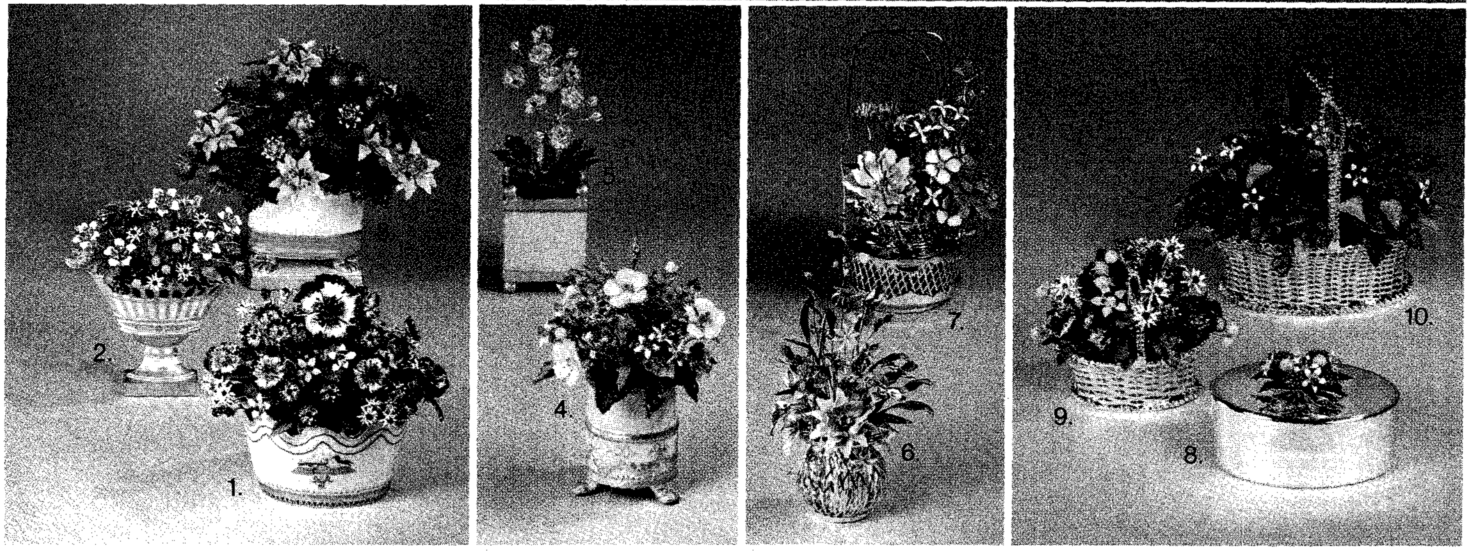


Main illustration: Blue Hour, 8″ h., $250* **1.** Eagle Monteith, 6½″ h., $300* **2.** Green and White Compote, 7″ h., $150* **3.** Apricot Oval, 9″ h., $250* **4.** Spring Bouquet, 5½″ h., $200* **5.** Blue Primrose, 7″ h., $65* **6.** Mandarin Chinese Basket, 9″ h., $200* **7.** Chrysanthemum Chinese Basket, 11¼″ h., $350* **8.** Silver-plated Strawberry Fleurbox, 4⅛″ l., $70* **9.** Field Flower Basket, 4½″ w., $150* **10.** Strawberry Basket, 7″ w., $250* *Suggested retail price, subject to change without notice.

THE NEW YORKER

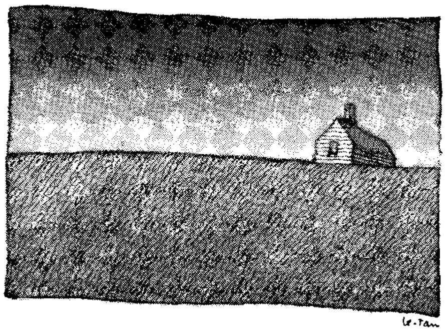
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

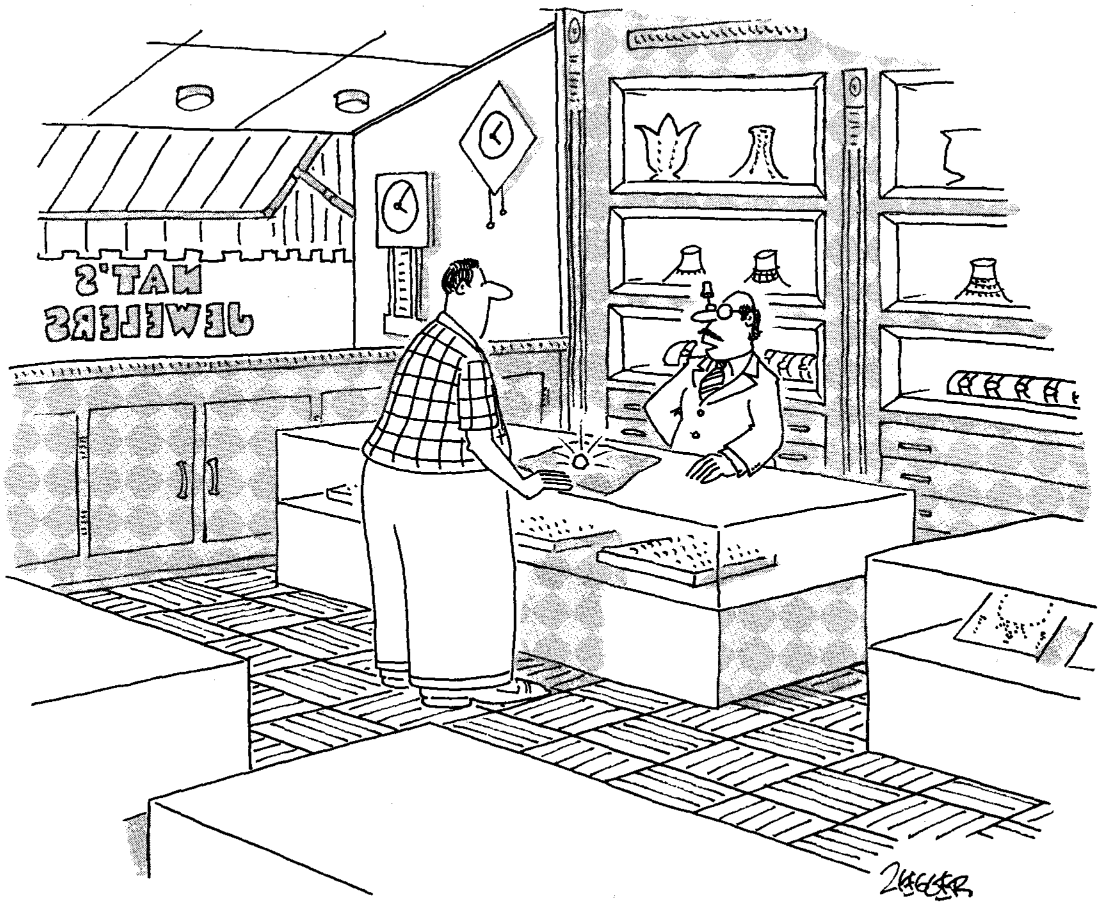
SO Idi Amin Dada, the "President for Life" of Uganda, is gone at last, his beautiful country liberated by a force of Ugandan exiles and Regular Army units from neighboring Tanzania. As the invaders moved into the capital city of Kampala, Amin's voice was heard over a crackling shortwave radio from somewhere in Uganda "denouncing the announcement" that he had been overthrown. After that, he disappeared—into the northern reaches of his country, perhaps, or by plane to Libya or Iraq.

Knowing Idi Amin as we know him now, we recall with incredulity that when he overthrew the government of Milton Obote, in January, 1971, many Europeans and Americans welcomed the event. The autocratic Obote had dealt harshly with Uganda's ancient tribal kingdoms, reputedly in the interests of national unity, whereas Amin was thought to be an affable and modest fellow (he drove his own jeep around Kampala to review his troops, it was noted) who might prove to be a conciliatory influence. Even as the years passed, his peculiar combination of brutality and buffoonery tended to obscure our perceptions of his nature. One tends to remember most vividly his press triumphs: how he consolidated his political position by expelling fifty thousand of his country's people of Indian and Pakistani origin; how he bullied the British and later the American residents of Uganda and, through them, their governments at home; how he humiliated his Foreign Minister, the lovely Princess Elisabeth Bagaya; how he taunted the British government by threatening to become an unwanted guest at a Commonwealth conference. It took a long while to realize that he was in fact one of the modern world's incarnations of evil, the ruler who kills and kills again to preserve his power. Two years ago, Amnesty International estimated that Amin had been responsible, in one way or another, for the death of three hundred thousand of his countrymen. Sometimes the estimate of Amin's victims goes as high as five hundred thousand, in a country whose population is between twelve and thirteen million, but nobody knows for sure. He murdered the country's natural leaders—the educated. He also murdered the peasants—especially those who belonged to the predominantly Christian Acholi and Lango tribes. Every family lost someone; some families lost many. A number of Ugandans were able to flee into exile; the rest lived in terror. They told of a freezer in Amin's house that contained the heads of his most distinguished victims—a chief justice, an archbishop, a few Cabinet members. Amin regularly visited his frozen guests, it was said, and chided them for their disloyalty. The freezer may not have actually existed, but the notion of the freezer is hardly more horrible than the paraphernalia of torture and death which the liberators discovered last week in the headquarters of the State Research Bureau—Amin's dreaded secret police—on Nakasero Hill.

It was inevitable that Amin would clash with Julius Nyerere, the widely respected President of Tanzania. Nyerere gave the deposed Obote sanctuary in Tanzania and made no secret of his disapproval of military dictatorships. (Of the former British territories of eastern and southern Africa—a chain of nations stretching from Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania down through Zambia, Malawi, and Botswana—only Uganda had a government that came to power by a military coup.) Later, he denounced Amin for his savagery and his clownish antics, particularly resenting the fact that the white regimes of southern Africa were using Amin as an example of the failure of black African leadership. After years of border clashes, Amin sent his Army into Tanzania last October and annexed seven hundred square miles of Tanzanian territory. As a group, the other African states remained silent—out of longstanding embarrassment over Amin or out of their inability to do anything about him. Back in 1972, a band of Ugandan exiles supported by the Tanzanians had invaded southern Uganda and had been quickly defeated. This year, it was different. The invading force was stronger, and Amin's Army, having long been plagued by purges and factional rivalries, was far weaker. Even the arrival of two thousand Libyan soldiers, sent by Muammar Qaddafi to aid a fellow-Muslim in distress, had little effect; the Libyans, except those who were captured or lost, were quickly withdrawn.



One of the oddities of the present situation is that Nyerere, of all people, has become the first African leader to succeed in overthrowing the government of another of the continent's states. Among other things, this violates the Organization of African Unity's basic rule about the sanctity of existing national boundaries; the argument is that these boundaries, inherited from colonial times, are so irrational, so disrespectful of tribal, and even geographical, realities, that to interfere with them now would be to invite some sort of wider chaos. Nigeria, though it did not mourn the fall of Amin, complained mildly that the Tanzanian breach of O.A.U. principle could set off a "chain reaction" elsewhere in the continent. That seems unlikely; most African states are restrained from adventurism less by principle than by military weakness. Nyerere himself



"This one might be a bit out of your price range, sir. It costs eighteen zillion dollars."

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argued that in the absence of help from any of his neighbors he had little choice. "If you find a thief in your house," he said, "you follow him to his own house, and if it is made of grass, you burn it down."

Under Idi Amin, there was no nation-building: no new schools, no new hospitals, no new highways. He has left the agricultural economy in ruins, the foreign monetary reserves squandered. There is no Army and not much of a civil service. The country is worse off by far than it was in October, 1962, when Ugandans lit bonfires on the hills of Kampala to celebrate the coming of independence. But now the country has been redeemed. It has a new provisional government, led by Yusufu Lule, a well-known educator and international civil servant, who was elected last month at a gathering of Ugandan exile groups. After the tyranny and posturing of the Amin regime, it must be a pleasure for Ugandans just to hear this man talk. After his arrival in Kampala, Lule, who is sixty-seven, said, "We think we can give the people confidence that they are going to be treated like human beings for the rest of their lives." Concerning his fallen predecessor, the new President said, "It has been alleged Amin has committed crimes against humanity. The evidence will have to be examined. I am not a judge."

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Sapelo

A GEORGIA friend writes:

Thought you might like to know a little about Sapelo, the coastal island on which Jimmy just spent his holiday. Its name, to begin with, stems from a sixteenth-century Spanish mission, San José de Zapala. Franciscan monks were growing exotic things like figs and pomegranates there two centuries before they planted any in California. The island—a peanut-shaped one of twenty thousand acres, which during the President's visit was wholly inaccessible to private citizens without special permission—has played host to a lot of high-level characters in the past. Just after the French Revolution, some Royalists fled to Sapelo. They used to hunt truffles there with pigs on leashes, but they never found any. The mansion the Carters occupied, South End House, was originally put up early in the nineteenth century by one Thomas Spalding, a prominent agriculturist of his day, who was also a writer and a financier. During the War Between the States, Sapelo was largely evacuated, and when the Spalding family returned, a hurricane had left their place a shambles. In 1912, the island—all twenty thousand acres of it—was acquired by Howard E. Coffin, an automobile man from Detroit; he made Hudsons. It was also Coffin who built the Cloister Hotel on nearby Sea Island. He rebuilt South End House and replanted the fields around it and put up a plant to can oysters and shrimps. After shucking oysters all morning in winter and peeling shrimp all morning in summer, his employees would adjourn to a little store and buy a ten-cent can of Portuguese sardines for lunch. The Coffin home was surrounded by huge live oaks swathed in wisteria and had a bowling alley and an indoor swimming pool, and it still has all these amenities. Coffin once gave a Roman-style party for which he asked his guests to don togas. And once, in the nineteen-twenties, he tried to see how long he could subsist on the products of his land and the adjacent water without repeating a main course. He reached forty-two days: goat, crab, deer, quail, turkey, turtle, duck, pheasant, alligator, peacock—I forget what all else.

The Coffin family sold out in 1934 to Richard J. Reynolds, Jr., the tobacco man. In 1953, the south end of the island—where, as might be expected, South End House (nowadays generally just called "the Big House") stands—became the headquarters of the Sapelo Island Research Foundation, which Reynolds set up and endowed, and under whose aegis scientists from the Marine Institute of the University of Georgia are permanently on the scene studying the unspoiled estuarine sanctuary; there's no place like Sapelo for marsh evaluation. In 1969, the State of Georgia bought the northern part of the island from Reynolds' widow and established the R. J. Reynolds Wildlife Refuge there. Reynolds sometimes travelled to the island aboard the Zapala, a hundred-and-twenty-four-foot yacht he owned (it had belonged to Coffin), and sometimes by plane. He had his own airstrip. But there was no airstrip when Colonel Lindbergh visited the island nearly two years after his flight to Paris. He had to land in a cow pasture. The year-round population of the island today is about two hundred. There used to be a village called Raccoon Bluff, and there is one now called Hog Hammock. The resident children go to school on the mainland, a twenty-five-minute boat ride away. If Jimmy chanced to visit one old Sapelo cemetery, he may have noticed two almost adjoining gravestones—one saying "Born in Slavery," the other commemorating a Vietnam vet.

President Carter, by the way, is not the first chief executive to have slept here. Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover beat him to it. Coolidge stayed at South End House in December, 1928, when he was the incumbent President. He is remembered on Sapelo as having been a practically non-stop talker and a lousy shot. So that he could keep in touch with the outside world while he was on his holiday, a single telephone line was run over from the mainland.

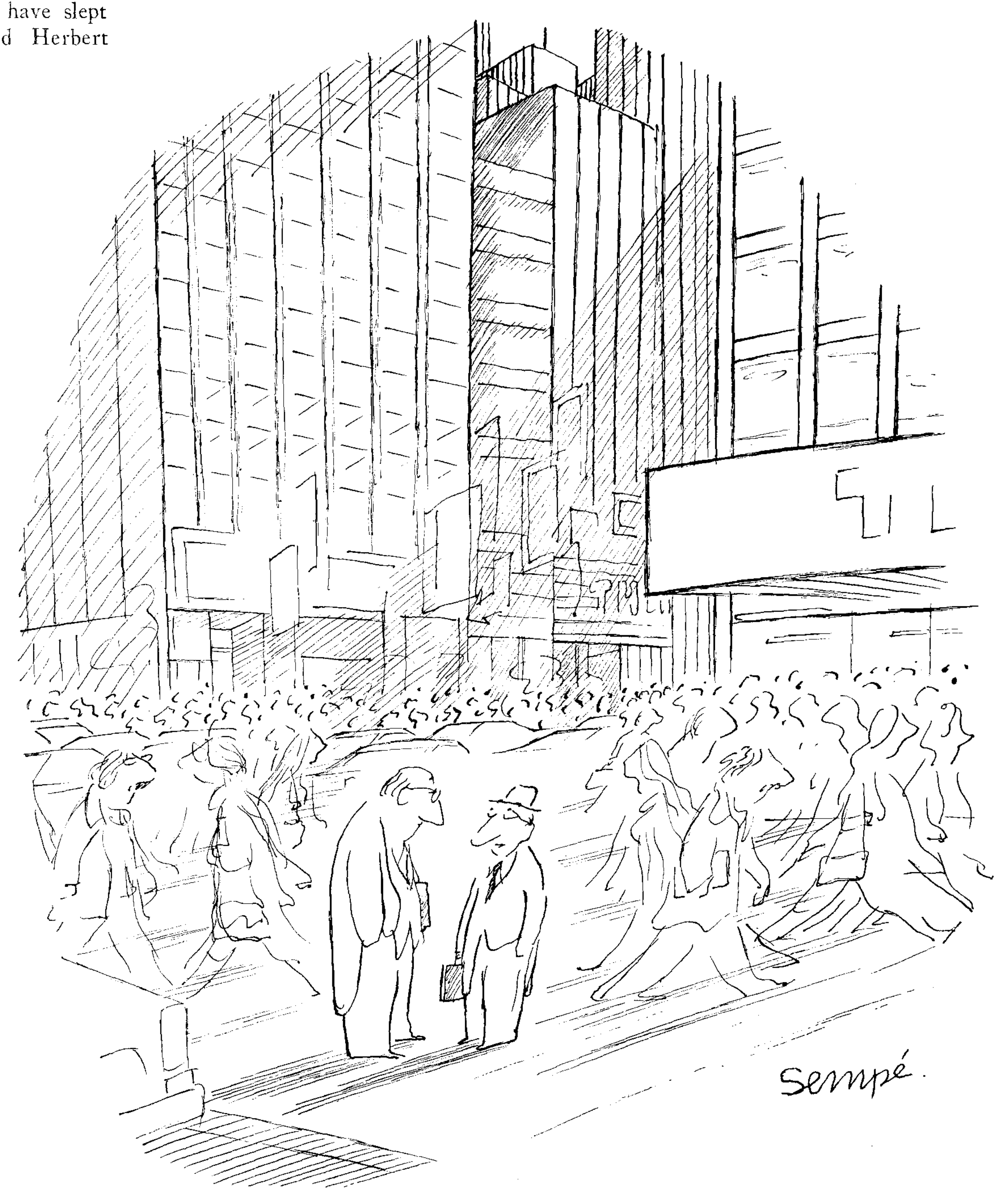
Making Things Happen

THE Reverend Nicolas Stacey was here on a flying visit from England a week or so ago. Without his brolly, he came loping through the rain from a bus to lunch with us at the Algonquin. "Only my head got wet," he said.

We asked what he was up to these days.

"I think I'm on to a really good idea this time," he said. "I'm starting up a travel service called English Church and Country Tours. The clever part is, I'm planning to use American clergymen as recruiting agents here. If they get thirty-eight members of their congregations to sign up for the trip, they'll get two free places or the equivalent in cash. There will be visits to gardens, tea on the lawns of Queen Anne rectories, tours of cathedrals personally conducted by canons, and of colleges, conducted by real live dons. There will be dinners in stately homes as well. My wife is Lord Bridgeman's daughter, and she's something of an expert on the country-house scene. Americans will stay in private houses in the countryside round Chichester, Canterbury, and Cambridge. You know the sort of people who tend to live around cathedral towns—retired admirals with rather pretty Georgian houses, chaps with tweed suits and Labradors, all that sort of thing. We hope that the tours will be immensely personal and that some real friendships will emerge. Putting people up shouldn't be too much trouble for the English hostesses. After all, they already have the sheets."

We were a little relieved to see him pause and draw a long breath. He pushed a shock of black hair away from his eyes and went on, "I'm always coming up with new ideas. I like to make things happen. I started out as a naval officer, but I resigned my commission after I saw what happened at Hiroshima. I was in the 1952 Olympics as what you call a 'track star,' and I shared a room with Roger Bannister. Then I was ordained, and was Rector of Woolwich in the nineteen-sixties, when a group of us were trying hard to revitalize the Church of England. We were the ecclesiastical equivalent of Mary Quant. Some of our group stayed in and went on to be bishops. But when the conservative forces ganged up on us a lot of us dropped



"I could name lots of places where my bon mots are still being quoted."

out and went on to other things. When I was working in my dockland parish, I wrote a daily newspaper column—had to, you see, to pay my curates. But I can't say I didn't have tremendous fun with it, too. I wrote my autobiography at the absurdly early age of forty-one. These days, I still preach sometimes—I did in Canterbury Cathedral last Sunday—but my everyday work is being director of social services for the Kent County Council. I have seven thousand people under me, taking care of the welfare needs of a million souls. But I wouldn't want to go on being a top bureaucrat for the rest of my life. That's why I'm starting English Church and Country Tours."

We wished him luck.

"I must dash," he said, looking at his watch. "I've got to pay my respects to the Bishop of New York."

Interpretation

HEARING from an interpreter friend that the International Association of Conference Interpreters, known by its French acronym of AIIC, was holding its Assembly in this country for the first time, we walked over, on a pigeon-colored evening last week, through that curious frontier at the east end of Forty-third Street to the United Nations Secretariat, which for us still has the feel of a real planetary headquarters.

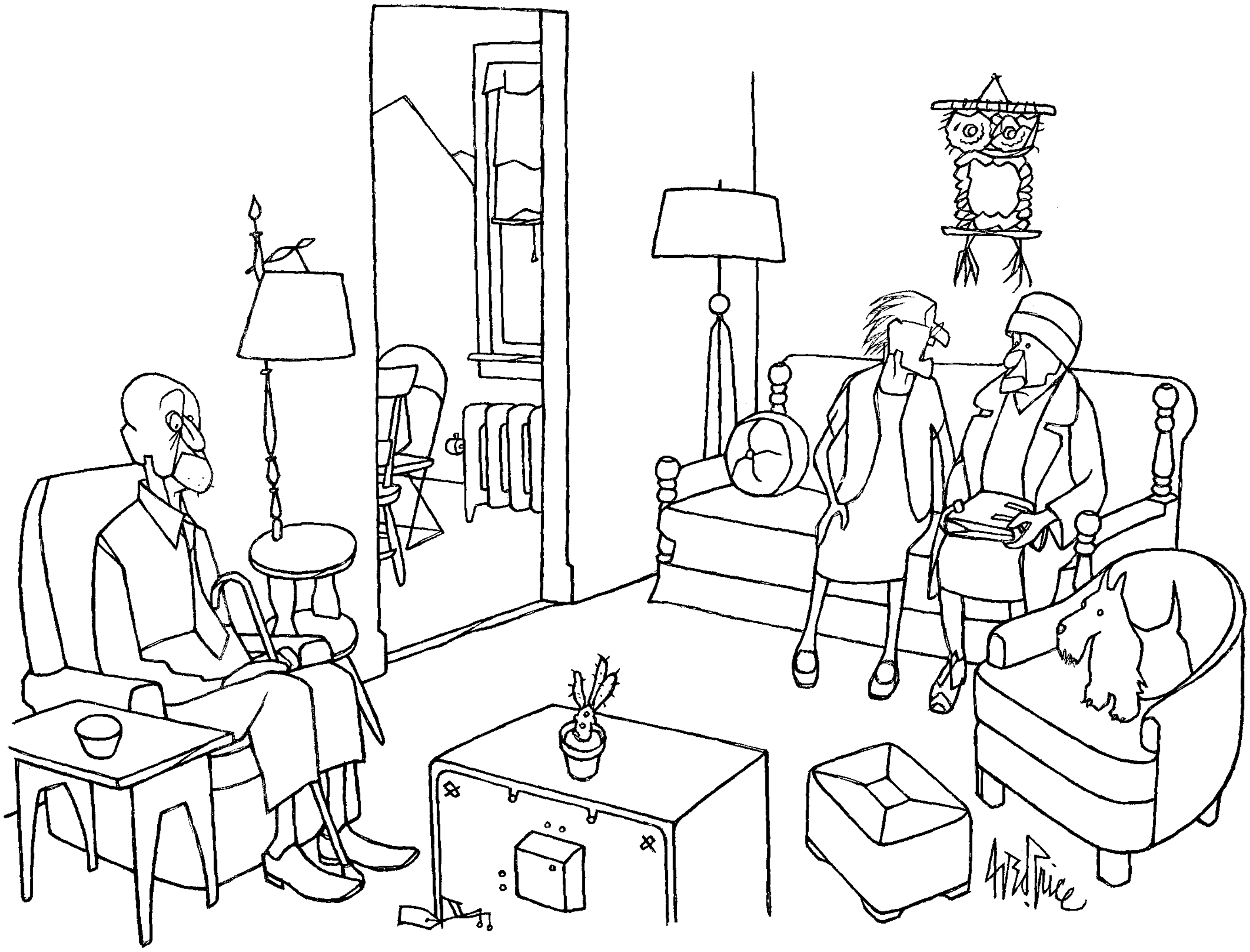
Some time ago, our friend told us a story about his trade which has perplexed us ever since. A colleague of his was once interpreting for two representatives of governments that were at loggerheads. It was an argument to which he quickly saw an accessible solution, but since, in a sense, he did not exist, he could not utter it, and instead had to translate faithfully the rhetorical wrangles of the principals. Interpreters lead something of a paradoxical existence: the better they are, the less they are noticed. It is only their faux pas, they ruefully admit, that get them any attention. They function in a kind of meta-dimension, a no man's land they share with spies, couriers, and international sporting referees. But as their Assembly was about to get under way, and the delegates—a hundred and sixty of them—moved from desk to desk in Conference Room No. 1, exchanging greetings and waving to one another, they looked reassuringly human, not at all anonymous. They were of all ages, shapes, and, of course, languages, but they were clearly all taking pleasure in one another's company.

The ceremony of inauguration of the Assembly—the twenty-third since AIIC came into existence, in 1953—looked on the surface like the opening of any other gathering at the U.N., but it differed sharply in two respects. One was that the plastic earpieces in which the active voices of the interpreters usually crackle, in English, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, or Arabic (the languages used by the United Nations), lay silent on the desks, and the glass faces of the interpretation booths above the dais were dark. The other was that the speeches were all short and crisp, and often witty. In welcoming the delegates on behalf of the Secretary-General, Mr. Guennadi Oudovenko, the U.N. Director of Interpretation and Meetings, reminded his colleagues, in English, of their rather special function. "An interpreter cannot pretend to interpret in the manner that a delegate can pretend to think," he said. Mr. George Klebnikov, Chief of the Interpretation Service at the U.N., then greeted the delegates in French, and Mr. Alexandre Bernstein, the president of AIIC, replied gracefully in the same language. Interpreters, he said, existed to disprove Baudelaire's claim that "*le monde ne marche que par le mal entendu.*" Mr. Bernstein, who has now retired as Chief Interpreter to the United Nations Industrial Development Organization, in Vienna, looks like the popular notion of an interpreter (if such a thing exists): tall, silver-haired, and courteous. He brought the ceremony to a swift, good-humored conclusion, and the hundred and sixty delegates adjourned for a buffet supper upstairs in the Delegates' Dining Room before resuming for the evening session, in which they were to take stock of the state of their profession.

We had talked, prior to the inauguration ceremony, with Mr. Raúl Gáler, a staff interpreter for the United Nations in New York, whose background is not uncharacteristic: he was born in Córdoba, Argentina, and later his father, a Russian, moved to the United States and saw to it that his son learned French. "Originally, interpreters were more or less gifted amateurs," Mr. Gáler told us. "Russian émigrés and other political exiles would do interpreting as a sideline, but they did not have a strict linguistic background—they had acquired languages by circumstance. Now, with so many international bodies meeting all the time, interpreters are much in demand, and we can no longer depend on accidents of background, birth, and travel. Being an interpreter now is much more a matter of being well trained. There are seven schools of interpretation which have so far been approved by our organization—the only one in the United States is the Division of Interpretation and Translation of Georgetown University, in Washington, D.C.—and we are at present considering the credentials of four more. AIIC came into being expressly to define and maintain the standards of proficiency, the working conditions, and the ethics of the conference interpreter. We now have some sixteen hundred members, spread all over the world. The profession used to be very much Europe-centered, but that is changing, and there has also been in recent years what our Committee on Statistics calls a marked 'feminization' of our ranks. The greatest concentration of interpreters is still to be found in Brussels, the headquarters of the Commission of the European Communities, for as the Common Market admits new members it quite often has to admit new languages as well—as will be the case with the pending membership of Greece, Portugal, and Spain. Only about fifteen per cent of our members now are what we call *interprètes permanents*—staff interpreters attached to international organizations. The rest are free-lance, and, of necessity, they travel a great deal, and are used to meeting one another in unlikely parts of the world. As a result, our organization is like a switchboard, and our Assembly the occasion for many reunions."

We had noticed an item on the conference agenda about the future of the profession, and we asked Mr. Gáler what was in the wind.

"I can give you one example," he replied. "At a conference in Buenos Aires last September, we experimented with long-distance interpretation. The conference was interpreted by one attendant group and also by a group that was in New York, receiving the matter of the conference by satellite and transmitting its simultaneous translation by the same means. We proved that such a practice is technically possible, although it proved noticeably stressful to the interpreters involved. Advances in technology unquestionably have an effect on us, but we are more concerned with the human side. A lot of what we have learned about the pro-



"For fifty-eight years, he learned something new each and every day. Yesterday, he blew it."

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fession through long experience has found its way back into the training of new interpreters."

When we went upstairs from the conference room, we found the interpreters fraternizing with undiplomatic enthusiasm beside a long table of food. Being delegates to their own gathering was obviously something of a busman's holiday for them. "I've just met two colleagues I worked with in Japan ten years ago," we overheard one man say. "I'd even forgotten I was there." It was possible to eavesdrop on dialogues being conducted in three different languages, we found. The "feminization" that Mr. Gáler had mentioned was noticeably vivid in the company.

What did interpreters do when they were not working, we asked a woman delegate at our elbow.

"Some do literary translation, and quite a number double as actors," she told us. "But we have all kinds of extralinguistic interests."

Interpreters, we learned from her, are almost inadvertently well informed, for they must regularly read a range of newspapers in their working languages in order to keep their vocabularies current. "Since we quite often work at specialized conferences, we absorb all kinds of information practically by osmosis," she went on. "I think, also, that we talk a lot." She waved her hand at the room, and, indeed, it was in full conversational cry. "When we come out of meetings in the course of which we have been translating other people's words, we tend to erupt in talk as a kind of relief. We enjoy talking to one another. We share, after all, a peculiar experience—one that you can't talk about with just anybody."

We noticed Mr. Bernstein keeping a fatherly eye on the proceedings, and went over for a word with him.

"Conference interpreters are looked on as a new breed of people, but in truth ours is a very old profession indeed," he told us. "It probably dates seriously from the beginnings of the Ottoman Empire, in the fourteenth century, when the Turks began to conquer peoples with whom they had no common language. A large power becomes conscious of the importance of languages only when it discovers that without them it cannot have things its own way. It was the French who then recognized the need for interpreters. They have always been able to take full advantage of their linguistic agility, and in a sense they fathered our profession." He was pausing between sentences to shake hands with colleagues, to nod, to exchange greetings. "We form an odd network of people crisscrossing a great part of the world. We are familiar with many countries, so naturally we always have much in common, much to talk about. Do you know what I would like to see? A kind of *Guide Michelin* compiled by interpreters and covering all the places, familiar and remote, where their work has taken them. They have an energetic curiosity, they are used to making the best of what they find, and they always know extraordinary places to eat."

JACK SCHMIDT, ARTS ADMINISTRATOR

IT was one of those sweltering days toward the end of the fiscal year when Minneapolis smells of melting asphalt and foundation money is as tight as a rusted nut. Ninety-six, the radio said on the way in from the airport, and back at my office in the Acme Building I was trying to fan the memory of ocean breezes in Hawaii, where I had just spent two days attending a conference on Midwestern regionalism.

It wasn't working. I was sitting down, jacket off, feet up, looking at the business end of an air-conditioner, and a numb spot was forming around my left ear to which I was holding a telephone and listening to Bobby Jo, my secretary at the Twin Cities Arts Mall, four blocks away, reading little red numerals off a sheet of paper. We had only two days before the books snapped shut, and our administrative budget had sprung a deficit big enough to drive a car through—a car full of accountants. I could feel the deficit spreading a dark sweat stain across the back of my best blue shirt.

"Listen," I sputtered, "I still got some loose bucks in the publicity budget. Let's transfer that to administration."

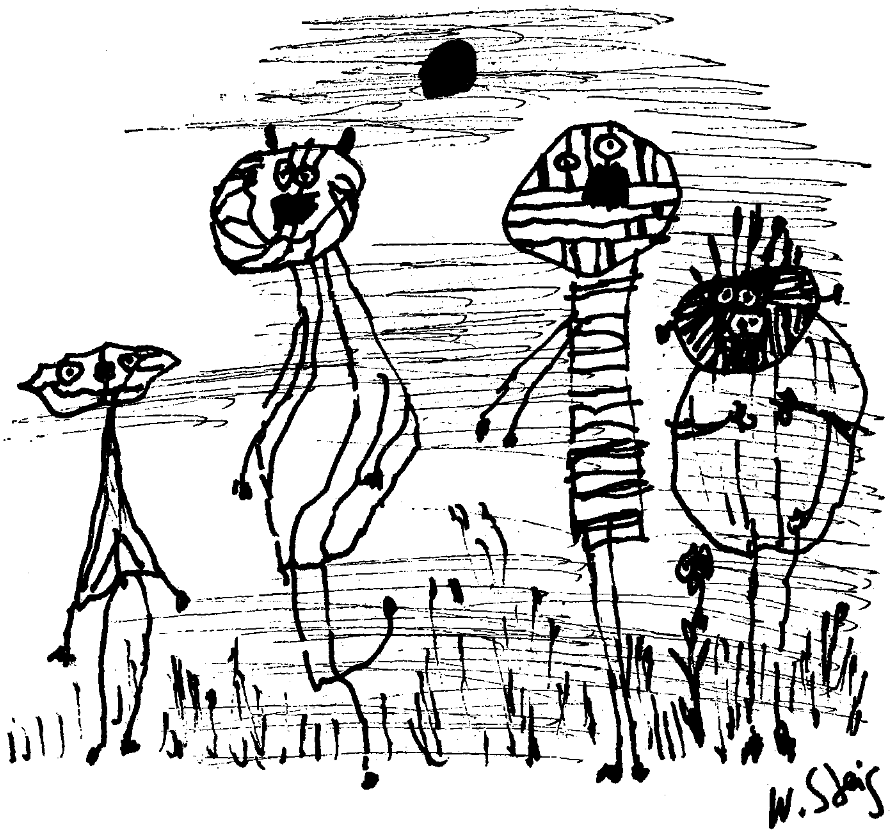
"J. S.," she sighed, "I just got done telling you. Those loose bucks are as spent as an octogenarian after an all-night bender. Right now, we're using more red ink than the funny papers, and yesterday we bounced three checks right off the bottom of the account. That budget is so unbalanced, it's liable to go out and shoot somebody."

You could've knocked me over with a rock.

"Sweetheart," I lied quietly, hoping she couldn't hear my heavy breathing, "don't worry about it. Old Jack has been around the block once or twice. I'll straighten it out."

"Payday is tomorrow," she replied sharply. "Twelve noon."

THE Arts Mall is just one of thirty-seven arts organizations I administer, a chain that stretches from the Anaheim Puppet Theatre to the Title IX Poetry Center in Bangor, and I could have let it go down the tubes, but hell, I kind of like the joint. It's an old National Tea supermarket that we renovated in 1976, when Bicentennial money was wandering around like helpless buffalo, and it houses seventeen little shops—mainly pottery and macrame, plus a dulcimer-maker, a printmaker, a spatter painter, two sculptors, and a watering hole called The Barre. This is one of those quiet little joints where you aren't driven crazy by the constant ringing of cash registers. A nice place to drink but you wouldn't want to own it.



In the Weeds

I hung up the phone and sat for a few minutes eyeballing an old nine-by-twelve glossy of myself, trying to get inspired. It's not a bad likeness. Blue pin-striped suit, a headful of hair, and I'm looking straight into 1965 like I owned it, and as for my line of work, anyone who has read "The Blonde in 204," "Close Before Striking," "The Big Tipper," and "The Mark of a Heel" knows that I'm not big on ballet.

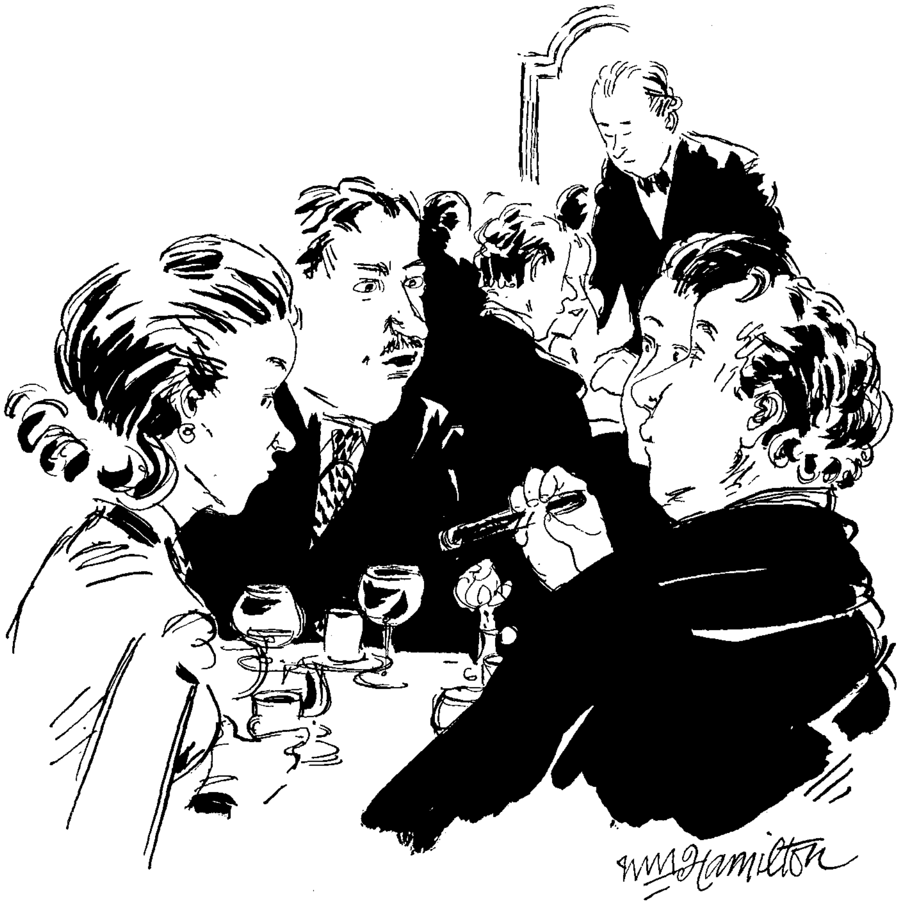
I wasn't real smart at spotting trends, either. The private-eye business was scraping bottom. I spent my days supporting a bookie and my nights tailing guys who weren't going anywhere anyway. My old pals at Jimmy's were trading in their wingtips and porkpie hats for Frye boots and Greek fisherman caps and growing big puffs of hair around their ears. Mine was the only suit that looked slept-in. I felt like writing to the Famous Shamus School and asking what I was doing wrong.

"It's escapism, Mr. Schmidt," quavered Ollie, the elevator boy, one morning when I complained that nobody needed a snoop anymore. "I was reading in the *Gazette* this morning where they say this is an age of anti-intellectualism. A sleuth like yourself, now, you represent the spirit of inquiry, the scientific mind, eighteenth-century enlightenment, but heck, people don't care about knowing the truth anymore. They just want to have *experiences.*"

"Thanks for the tip, Ollie," I smiled, flipping him a quarter. "And keep your eyes open."

I was having an experience myself at the time and her name was Trixie, an auburn-haired beauty who moved grown men to lie down in her path and wave their arms and legs. I was no stronger than the rest, and when she let it be known one day that the acting studio where she studied nights was low on cash and might have to close and thus frustrate her career, I didn't ask her to type it in triplicate. I got the dough. I learned then and there that true artists are sensitive about money. Trixie took the bundle and the next day she moved in with a sandal-maker. She said I wasn't her type. Too materialistic.

Evidently I was just the type that every art studio, mime troupe, print gallery, folk-ballet company, and wind ensemble in town was looking for, though, and the word got around fast:



"Look, Finnegan. The great meals you've had are no greater than the great meals we've had."

• •

Jack Schmidt knows how to dial a telephone and make big checks arrive in the mail. Pretty soon my outer office was full of people with long delicate fingers, waiting to tell me what marvellous, marvellous things they could do if only they had ten thousand dollars (minus my percentage). It didn't take me long to learn the rules—about twenty minutes. First rule: ten thousand is peanuts. Pocket money. Any arts group that doesn't need a hundred grand and need it *now* just isn't thinking hard enough.

My first big hit was a National Endowment for the Arts grant for a walkup tap school run by a dishwater blonde named Bonnie Marie Beebe. She also taught baton, but we stressed tap on the application. We called the school The American Conservatory of Jazz Dance. A hundred and fifty thousand clams. "Seed money" they called it, but it was good crisp lettuce to me.

I got the Guild of Younger Poets fifty thousand from the Teamsters to produce some odes to the open road, and another fifteen from a lumber tycoon with a yen for haiku. I got a yearlong folk-arts residency for a guy who told Scandinavian jokes, and I found wealthy backers for a play called "Struck by Lightning," by a non-literalist playwright who didn't write a script but only spoke with the director a few times on the phone.

Nobody was too weird for Jack Schmidt. In every case, I had met weirder on the street. The Minnesota Anti-Dance Ensemble, for example, is a bunch of sweet kids. They simply don't believe in performance. They say that "audience" is a passive concept, and they spend a lot of time picketing large corporations in protest against the money that has been given to them, which they say comes from illicit profits. It doesn't make my life easier, but heck, I was young once, too. Give me a choice, I'll take a radical dance group over a Renaissance-music ensemble any day. Your average shawm or sackbut player thinks the world owes him a goddam living.

So I was off the pavement and into the arts, and one day Bobby Jo walked in, fresh out of St. Cloud State Normal and looking for money to teach interior decorating to minority kids, and she saw I needed her more. She threw out my electric fan and the file cabinet with the half-empty fifth in the third drawer and brought in some Mondrian prints and a glass-topped desk and about forty potted plants. She took away my .38 and made me switch to filter cigarettes and had stationery printed up that looks like it's recycled from beaten eggs. "Arts Consultant," it says, but what I sell is the same old hustle and muscle, which was a new commodity on the arts scene then.

"What your arts organizations need is a guy who can ask people for large amounts without blushing and twisting his hankie," I told her one day, en route to Las Palmas for a three-day seminar on the role of the arts in rural America. "Your typical general manager of an arts organization today is nothing but a bagman. He figures all he has to do is pass the hat at the board meeting and the Throttlebottoms will pick up the deficit. The rest of the time he just stands around at lawn parties and says witty things. But the arts are changing, Bobby Jo. Nowadays, everybody wants arts, not just the rich. It's big business. Operating budgets are going right through the ceiling. All of a sudden, Mr. Arts Guy finds the game has changed. Now he has to work for the money and hit up corporations and think box office and dive in and fight for a slice of the government pie, and it scares him right out of his silk jammies. That's when he calls for Schmidt."

She slipped her hand into mine. I didn't take her pulse or anything, but I could tell she was excited by the way her breath came in quick little gasps.

"Now anyone who can spell 'innovative' can apply for a grant, government or otherwise," I went on, "but that doesn't mean that the bozo who reads the application is necessarily going to bust into tears and run right down to Western Union. He needs some extra incentive. He needs to know that this is no idle request for funds typed up by somebody who happened to find a blank application form at the post office. He needs to know that you are counting on the cash, that you fully expect to get it, and that if you are denied you are capable of putting his fingers in a toaster. The arts are growing, Bobby Jo, and you and me are going to make it happen."

"You're a visionary, J.S.," she murmured. "You have a tremendous overall concept but you need a hand when it comes to the day-to-day."

"Speaking of ideas," I muttered hoarsely, and I pulled the lap blanket up over our heads. She whispered my initials over and over in a litany of pas-

SAN PIETRO

I

Three weeks now and the fog still clings to the white
bell tower of this dull brown quarter
stuck in a deaf-and-dumb corner
of the Northern Adriatic. Electric
lights go on burning in the tavern at noon.
Deep-fried yellow tints the pavement
flagstone. Cars at a standstill
fade out of view without starting their engines.
And the end of a sign's not quite legible. Now
it isn't dampness that seeps through the ochre and terra-cotta
but terra-cotta and ochre that seep through the dampness.

Shadow draws sustenance from the light
and responds with Christian rejoicing
as a coat is taken down
from its nail. Shutters have spread their wings
like angels plunged headfirst
into someone else's squabbles. Here and there
scab-encrusted stucco peels off,
exposing inflamed red bricks, and skivvies,
drying for three weeks, have gotten
so attached to the open air and their line
that if someone goes outdoors it's with
nothing on under his jacket, barefooted in his slippers.

Two in the afternoon. A postman's silhouette
takes on sharp definition in a hallway only
to become an instant later a silhouette again.
A bell, as it tolls in the fog,
merely repeats the procedure.
So you automatically glance around
in your own direction—like a random stroller
trying for a better look at a pretty girl's ankles
as she rustles past—but you can't see a thing
except scraps of fog. No wind; only stillness.
Indirection. Around a bend
streetlamps trail off like white ellipses,
followed by nothing but a smell of seaweed
and the outline of a pier. No wind.
And stillness like the whinny of Victor
Emmanuel's never faltering cast-iron mare.

II

In winter, dusk, as a rule, comes too early—
somewhere external, out there, up above.
Tightly swaddled in tattered gauze,
the hands of the town clock
lag behind the scattered daylight
fading in the distance.
A lodger out for some cigarettes
ten minutes later returns to his room
via the tunnel his own body has
burrowed through the fog.
The continuous drone of an unseen airplane
conjures up the hum of a vacuum
at the far end of a hotel corridor,
then dies away, blotting up the light.
"*Nebbia*," yawns the weatherman;
momentarily, eyelids close
like a clam when a fish swims by
(with the pupil briefly descending
into its mother-of-pearl darkness).
A light bulb framed by an archway looks like
a youngster absorbed in his reading
under the covers; the covers are gathered,

* * *

sion. I grabbed her so hard her ribs squeaked.

IT was a rough morning. After Bobby Jo's phone call, I got another from the Lawston Foundry, informing me that Stan Lewandowski's sculpture, "Oppresso," would not be cast in time for the opening of the Minot Performing Arts Center. The foundry workers, after hearing what Lewandowski was being paid for creating what looked to them like a large gerbil cage, went out on strike, bringing the sculpture to a standstill. I wasted fifteen minutes trying to make a lunch date with Hugo Groveland, the mining heir, to discuss the Arts Mall. He was going away for a while, Groveland said, and didn't know when he'd be back, if ever. He hinted at dark personal tragedies that were haunting him and suggested I call his mother. "She's more your type," he said, "plus she's about to kick off, if you know what I mean."

On top of it, I got a call from the director of our dinner theatre in upstate Indiana. He had been irked at me for weeks since I put the kibosh on "Hedda Gabler." He had been plumping for a repertory theatre. "Fine," I said. "As long as you make it 'Fiddler on the Roof,' 'The Sunshine Boys,' and 'Man of La Mancha.' " Now he was accusing us of lacking a commitment to new writers. He said I was in the business of exploiting talent, not developing it.

"Listen, pal," I snarled. "As a director, you'd have a hard time getting people to act normal. So don't worry about me exploiting your talent. Just make sure you have as many people in the cast as there are parts. And tell your kitchen to slice the roast beef thin."

So he quit. I wished I could, too. I had a headache that wouldn't. And an Arts Mall with twenty-four hours to live.

"It's a whole trend called the New Naïveté," offered Ollie when I asked him why artists seemed to hate me, on the way down to lunch. "I was reading in the *Gazette* where they say people nowadays think simplicity is a prime virtue. They want to eliminate the middleman. That's you, Mr. Schmidt. Traditionally, your role has been that of a buffer between the individual and a cruel world. But now people think the world is kind and good, if only they could deal with it directly. They think if they got rid of the middleman—the bureaucracy, whatever you want to call it—then everything would be hunky-dory."

"Thanks, Ollie," I said as the elevator doors opened. "Let's have lunch sometime."

It reminded me of something Bobby Jo had said in a taxicab in Rio, where we were attending a five-day conference on the need for a comprehensive system of evaluating arts information. "It's simple, J.S.," she said. "The problem is overhead. Your fat cats will give millions to build an arts center, but nobody wants to donate to pay the light bill because you can't put a plaque on it. They'll pay for Chippewa junk sculpture but who wants to endow the janitor?"

"Speaking of endowments," I whispered hoarsely, and I leaned over and

like the toga of a saint in a niche. The present,
our time, bounces off the rusty brick
of the old basilica with a thump, as if
a white leather ball had been slammed against it
by schoolboys after school.

Shabby façades, chipped and pitted,
with no option of standing in profile.
Only the bare calves of curved balusters
animating the tightly shuttered balconies
on which no one—neither heiress nor governess—
has emerged in two hundred years.
Cornices chosen by monsters wedded
in embrace or simply bored to death.
Columns guttering like stearin,
and the blind, agate splendor
of impenetrable glass behind which lurk
a couch and an upright piano:
ancient secrets that are in fact
best kept dark by daylight.

When the weather's cold, normal sound would rather
bask in the warmth of a throat than risk echo's whimsey.
A fish is tight-lipped; deep inland
a turtledove sings its song. But you can't hear
either one. A canal bridge spanning fresh water
keeps the hazy bank on the other side
from breaking away and drifting seaward.
So then, on breath-coated glass, one can trace the initials
of those whose absence is hard to swallow;
and a cherished monogram trickles down
as the tail of a sea horse. Apply that red
sponge of your lungs and soak up the thick milky
mist—the breath of Amphitrite and her Nereids!
Stretch out a hand—and your fingertips
will touch a torso that's flecked with tiny
bubbles and scented with the iodine of childhood.

III

A swish of ruffles on the washed and ironed
sheet of the bay and, for a moment, colorless air
condenses into a pigeon or a seagull,
but quickly dissipates. Dinghies, longboats,
gondolas, flatbottoms, hauled from the water,
lie scattered like odd shoes on the sand
creaking underfoot. Remember:
any movement is basically
a shift of body weight from one location
to another. Remember: the past won't fit
into memory without something left over;
it must have a future. And remember carefully:
only water, and it alone,
everywhere and always stays true to it-
self, unsusceptible to metamorphoses, level,
present wherever dry land
is gone. And the inflation of living—
with its beginning, middle, thinning calendar,
end, et cetera—shrinks before
colorless, shallow, eternal ripples.

The rigid, lifeless wire of a grapevine
quivers imperceptibly with its own tension.
Trees in the garden blackness,
indistinguishable from a fence resembling
someone without anything or, more important,
anyone left to confess to.
Twilight. No wind. The stillness.
The crunch of coquina, the rustle of crushed,
moldering reeds. A tin can launched skyward
by the tip of a shoe goes sailing
out of sight, and a minute later
there is still no sound of it falling on
wet sand. Or, for that matter, a splash.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Barry Rubin.*)

• •

pressed my lips hungrily against hers. I could feel her earlobes trembling helplessly.

THE mining heir's mother lived in a mansion out on Mississippi Drive. The carpet in the hall was so deep it was like walking through a swamp. The woman who opened the door inspected me carefully for infectious diseases, then led me to a sitting room on the second floor that could've gone straight into the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Mrs. Groveland sat in a wing chair by the fireplace. She looked pretty good for a woman who was about to make the far turn.

"Mr. Smith, how good of you to come," she tooted, offering me a tiny hand. I didn't correct her on the name. For a few grand, I'm willing to be called a lot worse. "Sit down and tell me about your arts center," she continued. "I'm all ears."

So were the two Dobermans who sat on either side of her chair. They looked as if they were trained to rip your throat if you used the wrong fork.

Usually, my pitch begins with a description of the long lines of art-starved inner-city children bused in daily to the Arts Mall to be broadened. But the hounds made me nervous—they maintained the most intense eye contact I had ever seen from floor level—so I skipped ahead to the money part. I dropped the figure of fifty thousand dollars.

She didn't blink, so I started talking about the Mall's long-range needs. I mentioned a hundred thou. She smiled as if I had asked for a drink of water.

I crossed my legs and forged straight ahead. "Mrs. Groveland," I radiated. "I hope you won't mind if I bring up the subject of estate planning."

"Of course not," she radiated right back. "The bulk of my estate, aside from the family bequests and a lump-sum gift to the Audubon Society, is going for the care of Luke and Mona here." At the word "estate," the Dobermans seemed to lick their chops.

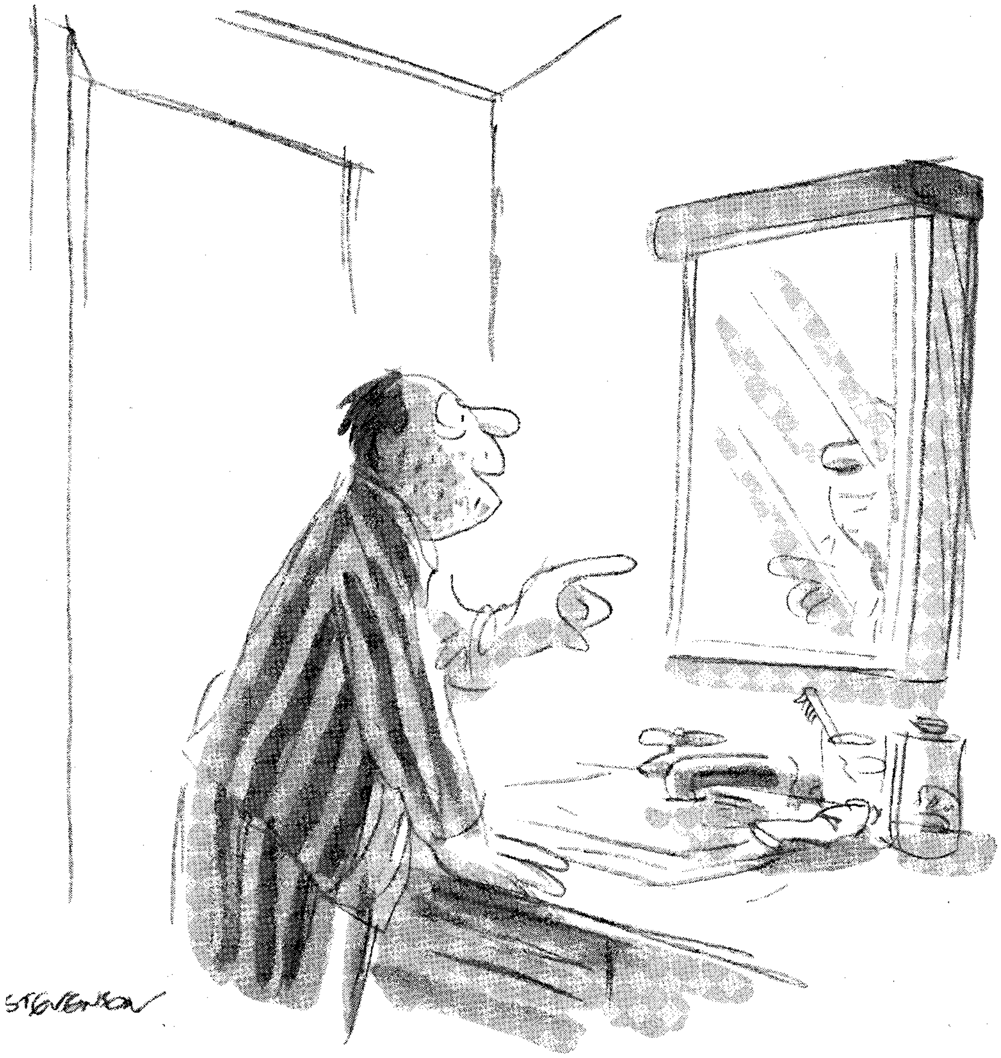
I had to think fast. I wasn't about to bad-mouth our feathered friends of the forest, or Mrs. Groveland's family, either, but I thought I just might shake loose some of the dog trust. I told her about our Founders Club for contributors of fifty thousand or more. Perhaps she could obtain *two* Founderships—one for each Doberman. "Perhaps it would take a load off your mind if you would let us provide for Luke and Mona," I said. "We could act as their trustees. We just happen to have this lovely Founders Club Kennel, way out in the country, where—"

At the mention of a kennel, the beasts lowered their heads and growled. Their eyes never left my face.

"Hush, hush," Mrs. Groveland scolded gently. "Don't worry," she assured me, "they don't bite. Well, hardly ever."

They may not bite, I thought, but they can sue.

Then Mona barked. Instantly, I was on my feet, but the dogs beat me to it. The sounds that came from their throats were noises that predated the Lascaux cave paintings. They were the cries of ancient Doberman souls trying to break through the thin crust



"Not the Ernest Dummerston?"

• •

of domestication, and they expressed a need that was far deeper than that of the Arts Mall, the arts in general, or any individual artist whom I would care to know. The next sound I heard was the slam of a panelled oak door closing. I was out in the hallway and I could hear Mrs. Groveland on the other side saying, "*Bad* Luke, *naughty* Mona!" The woman who had let me in let me out. "They're quite protective," she informed me, chuckling. If a jury had been there to see her face, I'd have altered it.

When I got back to the office, I gathered up every piece of correspondence in our National Arts Endowment file and threw it out the window. From above, it looked like a motorcade was due any minute. I was about to follow up with some of the potted plants when the phone rang. It rang sixteen times before I picked it up. Before Bobby Jo could identify herself, I'd used up all the best words I know. "I'm *out*," I added. "Through. Done. Kaput. Fini. The End. Cue the credits. I've had it."

"J.S.," she began, but I was having none of it.

"I've had a noseful of beating money out of bushes so a bunch of snivelling wimps can try the patience of tiny audiences of their pals and moms with subsidized garbage that nobody in his right mind would pay Monopoly money to see," I snapped. "I'm sick of people calling themselves artists who make pots that cut your fingers when you pick them up and wobble when you set them on a table. I'm tired of poets who dribble out little teensy poems in lower-case letters and I'm sick of painters who can't even draw an outline of their own hand and I'm finished with the mumblers and stumblers who tell you that if you don't understand them it's *your* fault."

I added a few more categories to my list, plus a couple dozen persons by name, several organizations, and a breed of dog.

"You all done, J.S.?" she asked. "Because I've got great news. The Highways Department is taking the Arts Mall for an interchange. They're ready to pay top dollar, plus—you won't believe this—to sweeten the deal, they're throwing in 6.2 miles of Interstate 594."

"Miles of what?" Then it clicked. "You mean that unfinished leg of 594?" I choked.

"It's been sitting there for years. There are so many community groups opposed to it that the Highways Department doesn't dare cut the grass that's growing on it. They want us to take them off the hook. And if we make it an arts space, they figure it'll fulfill their beautification quota for the next three years."

"We'll call it The ArtsTrip!" I exclaimed. "Or The ArtStrip! The median as medium! Eight-lane environmental art! Big, big sculptures! Action painting! Wayside Dance Areas! Living poetry plaques! Milestones in American Music! Arts parks and Arts lots! A drive-in film series! The customized car as American genre! The customized van as Artsmobile! People can have an arts experience without even pulling over onto the shoulder. They can get quality enrichment and still make good time!"

"Speaking of making time—" Her voice broke. She shuddered like a turned-on furnace. Her breath came in quick little gasps.

I don't know what's next for Jack Schmidt after the Arts Highway is finished, but, whatever it is, it's going to have Jack Schmidt's name on it. No more Mr. Anonymous for me. No more Gray Eminence trips for yours truly. A couple of days ago, I was sitting at my desk and I began fooling around with an inkpad. I started making thumbprints on a sheet of yellow paper and then I sort of smooshed them around a little, and one thing led to another, and when I got done with it I liked what I saw. It wasn't necessarily something I'd hang on a burlap wall with a baby ceiling spot aimed at it, but it had a certain *definite* quality that art could use a lot more of. I wouldn't be too surprised if in my next adventure I'm in a loft in SoHo solving something strictly visual while Bobby Jo throws me smoldering looks from her loom in the corner. In the meantime, good luck and stay out of dark alleys.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

•

But the book's strongest writing is about the satisfactions of surviving a hard winter: wooden stoves, good drink, a safe journey home made in a blizzard.—*Martha Duffy in Time.*

With a wooden stove, a good drink is the only answer.

BREATHING ROOM

THE allergy season was almost over. Howard left the dinner on his plate and went to bed. The boy was listless, a sign, but Beadie was tired herself from shopping and didn't pay attention. Reaching for the *Post*, Mel crumpled a page into a ball and, aiming, shot it overhand to Howard, who stared blankly as the paper dropped onto his head and fell to the floor.

When television ended, Beadie roused Mel from the sofa and pushed him toward their bedroom. As they passed through Howard's room, they heard the sound of a croupy cough that might have come from an old man. Mel stopped with his undershirt tangled around his neck. In the dark Beadie looked at Howard's bed. Howard coughed again. His head was under the covers, which muffled the sound, but Beadie could tell he was gasping for air, and she pulled off the sheet and blanket.

She bent down to him, but he pushed her away. His mouth was screwed up, and his eyes were blank with anxiety and alarm. He was trying to raise himself in bed. To take a breath, he opened his mouth and pressed one arm into his mattress and the other against the wall. He looked as if he was suffocating.

Mel said, "Get him up, Beadie."

"Are you all right, Howard?" she asked. "Is it an attack?"

He answered her by shaking his head. The hair over his forehead looked damp, and though he was the normal height and weight for a seven-year-old, and handsome, he looked shrunken and thin: he had opened his pajama top, as if that might help, and the outlines of his rib cage showed as he breathed.

"Get the pills from the medicine chest, Mel. Hurry up. It's a beaut."

Mel moved toward the bathroom. Howard shook his head, crying something that they couldn't make out. When Mel returned with a small white tablet and handed it to Beadie, Howard started to pull up the covers but seemed to think better of it and turned to the wall.

"You have to take it, Howard! You have to," Beadie said. "Take it and it's all over—one, two, three."

"No." He panted as if he had just run up a flight of stairs. "No."

"No," Beadie repeated. "A little asthma is par for the course, but not to take an asthma pill, I have never heard of, Mel. We'll be up all night."

"Howard, take the pill like Mommy says."

"No."

"You have to," Beadie said.

"No."

Howard always had his reasons: he hated the taste of it, he didn't know how to swallow, it didn't work anyway, it made him feel worse. The treatment was unpleasant, but if he didn't take the tablet, the episode would go on until the dawn, or later, and so Beadie lost her temper and insisted that he take it. But he wouldn't.

The pill was ephedrine compound. It was supposed to loosen the phlegm in the tiny bronchioles of Howard's lungs, where mucus was trapped, so that the boy might bring up the sputum, draw some fresh air, go back to sleep, and let everybody get some rest. Dr. Maslow had explained that the attacks were set off by the child's allergic reaction to the most ordinary things—trees, feathers, chocolate, hamsters, something called ragweed. Each week, then, Howard was inoculated against these allergens, but the doctor said you never could tell when he might develop a reaction to something new—like grass, for instance. How could they keep him away from grass? Beadie had asked. A seizure might occur with no warning; they had to be on guard. If an attack was mild, the doctor had said, they could treat it with a cup of coffee, or phenobarbital, or—it was unbelievable—even a cigarette, but Howard wouldn't take those, either, and Maslow warned them that if the seizure got serious and Howard refused the ephedrine, they might have to resort to drastic treatment—separation from the family. One night, Howard gagged and puked to no avail from the Camel they made him smoke, so now at the first cough Beadie went for the white pill.

"What will we do, Beadie?" Mel asked.

"I'll hold his mouth open and you can shove it down."

"Are you crazy? What if he chokes?"

"He's choking now!"

Mel said, "I think we should call the doctor."

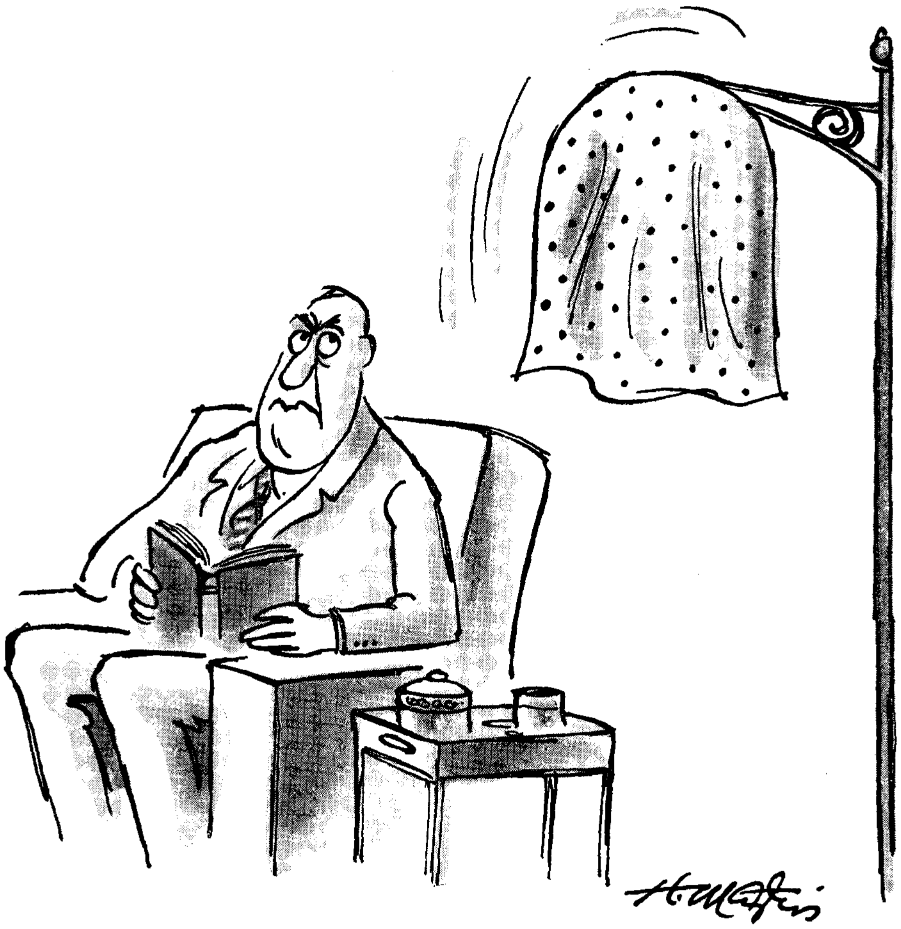
"What for?"

"This has gone on long enough." He turned on the light.

Hiding her eyes, Beadie said, "What are you putting on the light for?"

"Beadie. I'm calling Dr. Maslow."

Howard started to cough again vio-



"Just because some people would rather read than watch 'Mork & Mindy' is no reason to deny some other people the pleasure."

lently, and between seizures he panted like a puppy. His face was red, but his lips were nearly as blue as the fat veins in his neck. It had happened fast. When Beadie moved closer, he pushed her away.

"You shouldn't have thrown that thing at him, Mel," she said. "That paper, at dinner. What did you throw it for? Turn out the light."

"I'm calling Maslow. There must be something to do. He has a complex about the pills."

"Are you crazy, Mel? Look at the hour."

"Beadie, he's choking to death!"

"Don't yell at me. I know. Call. You'll only get the service." She followed her husband to the door and switched off the light. She went back to her son and sat on the edge of his bed. Staring up at her, he looked as exhausted as a prizefighter. Beadie sighed. With Barbara, the daughter, chicken pox came and went in six days flat.

"Howard," Beadie said reasonably, "if you take this pill, it's hard for a second and then it's over. You'll feel better and you can go to sleep. This way, it's—I don't know what. You have to take it. That's all there is to it."

Howard kicked the mattress with his heels, twisting his frame. Beadie got up and went to the bathroom sink, where she filled a glass with water. She still had the tablet in her fist. When she returned to Howard's bedroom, she said, "Daddy's on with the doctor. You want him to come at this hour and wake the whole building? Take the medicine."

"I can't, Mommy."

"He can't," Beadie said. "Howard, don't you want to go to Cousin Stephen's party? Is that what this is all about? A Bar Mitzvah?"

Howard fiddled with his pajama string. Before he could answer her, Beadie addressed him in a new tone of voice. "What's going to happen, Howard—here, I'm taking an example—when you grow up and have to take a pill in the Army for basic training? You're going to tell them, I can't, I don't know how, my parents never taught me? They'll have some laugh. Howard, I'll teach you now. I'll take one, too. Watch me take it."

Howard buried his face in the pillow. Beadie tried another tactic. "All right, Howard, how can you breathe with your face like that when you can't breathe in the first place? Sit up. I won't bother you. Sit up."

Howard looked at her. Beadie set down the glass and helped him pull himself up, his legs dangling over the side of the bed. She sat alongside him. Picking up the glass, she put her arm around his shoulder. When the tumbler touched his arm, he flinched, but with his mother next to him he let down his guard for a moment. Suddenly he had a coughing spell. He doubled up, tipping over onto his side, holding himself in a tight embrace. When the coughing stopped, Beadie acted at once.

She was on her feet before him, and in the instant in which Howard opened his mouth in protest, she stuck the tablet onto his tongue with one hand and shoved the glass to his mouth with the other, so that it clinked against his teeth like a toast. But Howard pushed the glass away with his face, spit out the pill, and shut his jaws so tight the water spilled onto the floor, where the ephedrine was decomposing.

"The carpet," Beadie sighed.

Mel returned and said, "Maslow said there's nothing you can do. If it gets worse, he said to call Caledonian."

"Did you hear that, Howard? The hospital!" Beadie paced the floor and stumbled. "Howard, please," she said, rubbing her foot.

"He said to mash it up and serve it in something sweet," Mel said.

Beadie went past her husband and out to the kitchen, where she searched the pantry shelves for the applesauce. She found it in the Frigidaire, where Mel had stored it because he liked to eat it cold. Off the kitchen in the dinette, which had been turned into another bedroom, Grandma Glickler and Barbara woke up. Grandma called "What's the matter? Trouble?" Barbara yawned and whined, "Ma, I got to get up early tomorrow." Beadie ignored them. She grabbed a tablespoon from the flatware drawer and said, "Bring me a hammer." Rushing from the kitchen, she stopped in the foyer. Struggling to unscrew the lid from the applesauce jar, she rapped it against a corner of wall. "Look at what I'm doing to my paint job," she said to herself.

Barbara appeared, holding the tool. Grandma was behind her, fumbling with the buttons on her housecoat, her dull gray hair trailing to her waist. Grandma and Barbara followed Beadie into the bedroom. Howard sat on the edge of the bed; Mel stood over him. In the whole house there were only sounds of wheezing until Beadie pushed Mel aside, holding up the open jar of applesauce.

"Get me a Kleenex," she said to Mel. "Bring me a pill. And the hammer," she said, wresting it from Barbara. Dropping to her knees, she folded the Kleenex around the fresh pill, smashed it into a powder, and scooped it up with the spoon. She poured over it a glob of applesauce; some of it spilled onto the floor, but no precious bits of pill were lost. Then she rose, holding onto the bed frame. She was breathing as heavily as her son, and she rubbed her back with her hand as she stood before Howard, who was about to turn his head but suddenly appeared to have lost the will to fight them.

"Howard," Beadie said, "it's only applesauce. Would I lie?"

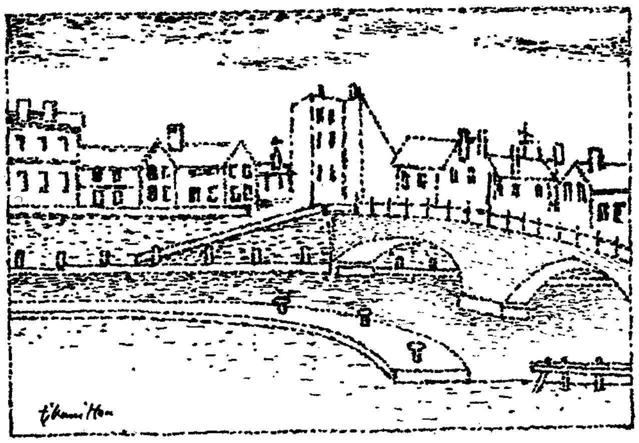
Howard stared at her. He accepted the spoon into his mouth. In the few seconds before he could swallow, the foul taste of the medicine asserted itself, and he gagged. He opened his mouth to spit.

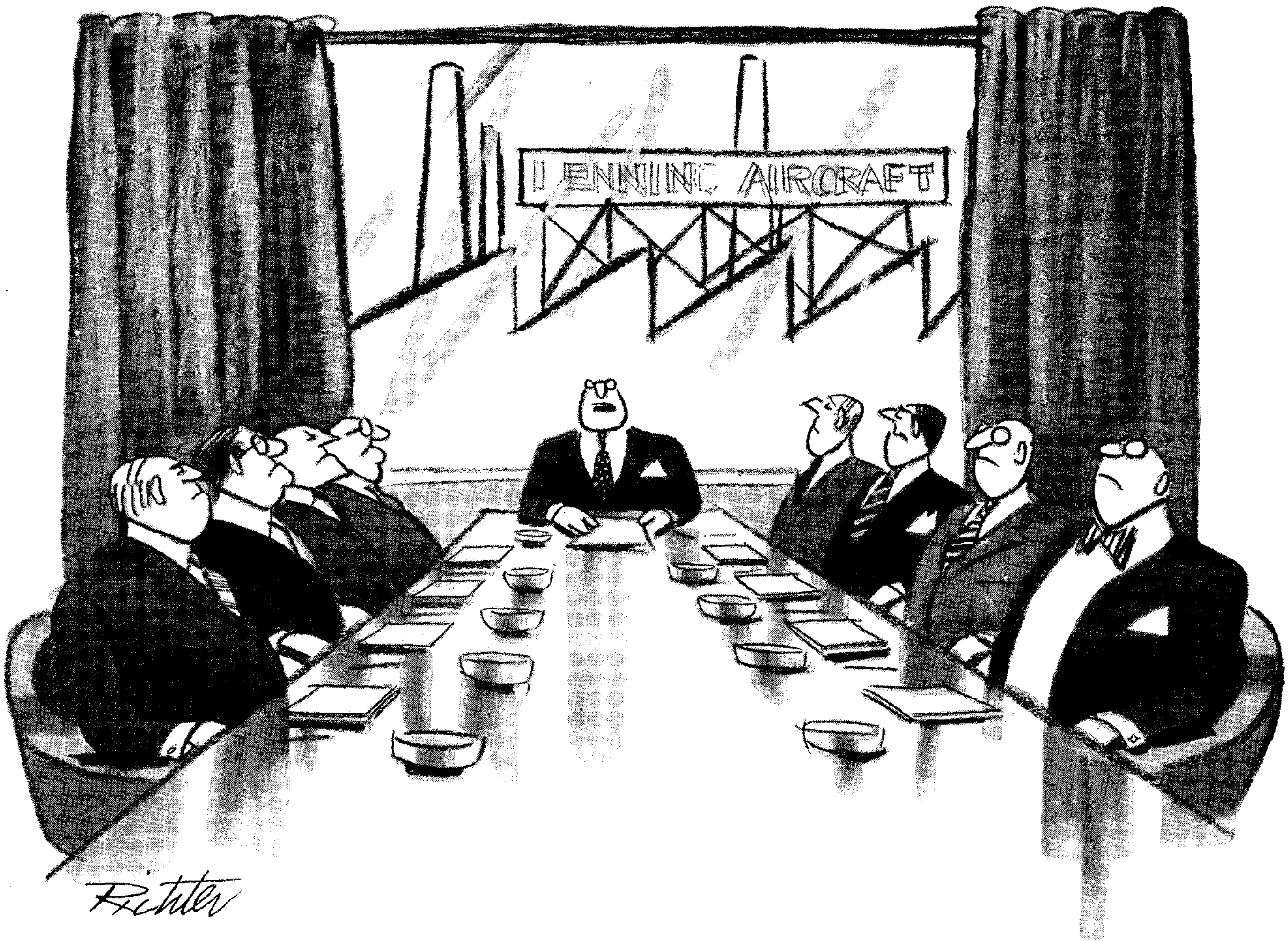
"*No!*" Beadie cried, and Mel lunged, cupping the boy's mouth. Howard rolled his eyes and tried to scream, but with his father's large hand covering his nostrils as well as his mouth, he choked and swallowed. Mel removed his hand, which had left an imprint on Howard's sweaty face, and said softly, "That's it."

Beadie said, "Go to sleep, Grandma. And you, Miss, you want to look pretty tomorrow. Lie down now, Howard, so it works."

Howard stared at his grandmother, who crossed to him. From the bed he sat up to hug her legs and rested his head against her sturdy, bony hip until, with Beadie's eyes upon them, Grandma tucked him under the covers.

Mel went and lay down on their bed. Beadie followed him. She said, "You





"But first our national anthem."

• •

think we should have given him a wheezing pill? We can't do everything."

Mel was on his back, resting his head in his palms.

"Do you think he's ready?" Beadie asked.

"I don't know."

"Howard, are you ready?" she called out. "He's not answering. You think he's ready?"

"Beadie, I don't know. He just took it."

"What did he say—Dr. Maslow?"

"What I told you."

"You think he was mad because of the hour?"

"He wasn't glad," Mel said.

"Maa . . ." Howard called out. This was the crucial moment; they had bungled it more than once. When they got to Howard's bed, he was up on unsteady legs, kicking at the hems of his pajama pants, which were down over his feet. Mel took him by the arm and walked him into the bathroom. He gave him a choice: "The basin or the bowl?" But before Howard had the chance to answer, Mel stood him at the toilet, with one arm around the boy's waist and the other hand on his forehead. Howard held on to his father's arm. Despite the coughing and straining that had gone before, this was the only part of the attack during which he acted as if he really hurt. Mel tilted him toward the bowl, tenderly bending him from the waist so that his head was directly over the opening. Beadie took up her place alongside them.

Howard tried to coöperate. He made the appropriate retching sounds, but they didn't help. He only held more tightly to his father. Mel slackened his grip and swayed him gently to create a rhythm that might draw up the phlegm, careful not to swing him too far from the bowl, and for a moment Howard looked like the lifeless partner in a novelty dance act.

Beadie said, "It's a false alarm." They led him back to his room. She watched him get into bed. There had been nights with as many as four or five false alarms. During one attack, it had seemed as if he would never catch his breath. It turned out he had thrown up in the living room and never told them until they discovered it behind the drapes. Beadie told Mel then that she was afraid he was turning into a problem child, but Mel laughed at her. He took Howard along with him the following Saturday to a client, only to have him stricken on the Sea Beach express. They rushed off the train at Pacific Street, where Howard tried to puke in the men's room. Mel said to Beadie that twenty trains, at least, rumbled in and out of the station but nothing happened.

Howard looked at Beadie from bed. He wasn't asleep, but he wasn't panting or coughing—perhaps the attack was subsiding. Beadie said to him, "Maybe you should sleep sitting up like last time." She propped him up against the wall with a pillow. Trying to get comfortable, Howard burped. "Now?" said Beadie.

"No . . . yes . . . now . . ."

They followed him into the bathroom. He was already retching over the bowl.

"He's breathing better, Beadie."

"It's a false alarm," she said.

They took him back to bed and put a blanket over him up to his chin. Mel tousled his hair. Beadie watched him hard. Howard's face was dry now, and his eyes were bleary—signs that he was tired. Beadie ran her fingers through her own hair and undid a snarl. Suddenly Howard opened his eyes in alarm—they were clear again—and stared at his parents. He gave a healthy gurgle.

"Now, Mel! Now! Be careful—the carpet!"

They all went into the bathroom once again. Howard gagged and strained, pushing, his toes clenched on the tile floor. His stomach heaved. He was red in the face, but there were dark circles under his eyes.

"Come on, Howard," Beadie urged him.

He pulled Mel with him, trying to vomit, but it looked as if he wasn't going to be able to. Mel gave Beadie a pleading look that said he wanted to take the boy back to bed, and Beadie narrowed her eyes, considering it, when all at once Howard shook as if he was coming apart at his spine. There was a sound like eggs boiling in an open pan. He did a dance and went rigid, and then, with no more effort than reciting his name and address, he spit up into the bowl two thimblefuls of mucus and phlegm.

Beadie turned away. Mel wiped Howard's face with a towel. Grandma, who had been hovering in the hallway, came in and escorted Howard to his bed. He said to her a little breathlessly, "Grandma, I want to go to the movies now. 'Taza and Cochise.' " He meant "Taza, Son of Cochise."

Grandma said, "Now you have to go to sleep."

Beadie said, "There'll be plenty of movies tomorrow, Mister—there'll be movies the rest of your life."

HOWARD heard voices in his sleep that woke him. Though his lids were shut, a light hurt his eyes, but he didn't want to turn over in case someone noticed he was up. It was the morning. He wondered if he was in for another attack. He thought it was over, but it might have been starting again. He knew the signs. They'd kill him, coming down with something now. His eyes were caked shut, there was a pain in his back, and his throat was still sore—he felt rotten, weighted down. He could hear them getting ready. When Beadie came into his room, he pretended to be asleep.

"Lazy Mary will you get up," she sang. He opened his eyes. She was in her new dress, her bright hair still in curlers. Howard had to admire her.

He went into the bathroom, where his father moved him out of the way to shave with a safety razor. Barbara came in for the hand mirror, and Grandma appeared in her navy-blue lace dress. Howard couldn't take his eyes off her.

Barbara said, "Look at Howard, Ma—he's still in his pajamas."

Beadie said, "Hurry up and get dressed, Howard. Your clothes are laid out on Daddy's bed."

His eyes were bright, and his cheeks were red. When Grandma went to place her hand at the back of his head, it disturbed a layer of heat before resting on his neck.

"Grandma, my legs hurt," Howard whispered.

"Legs?"

"Up here." He pointed to his thighs.

"Get dressed, Howie. You'll feel better later."

Howard put on his pants and shirt. He watched his mother comb out her hair and spray on toilet water, which freshened the whole room. Mel tied a Windsor knot, and Beadie had to adjust it. Ordinarily, Beadie supervised the way Howard dressed himself, but now she was preoccupied, and he was relieved. He lay down on the bed. He had to cough, and buried his head in the pillow to muffle the sound. He said to himself, "There's no Bar Mitzvah today. Nope."

Beadie said, "Get out of bed with your pants on." She said to Mel, "With a dress like this, they'll think I'm the mother of the Bar Mitzvah boy—you wait and see."

Howard said, "What does it mean, Ma, when they say, 'Today I am a fountain pen'?"

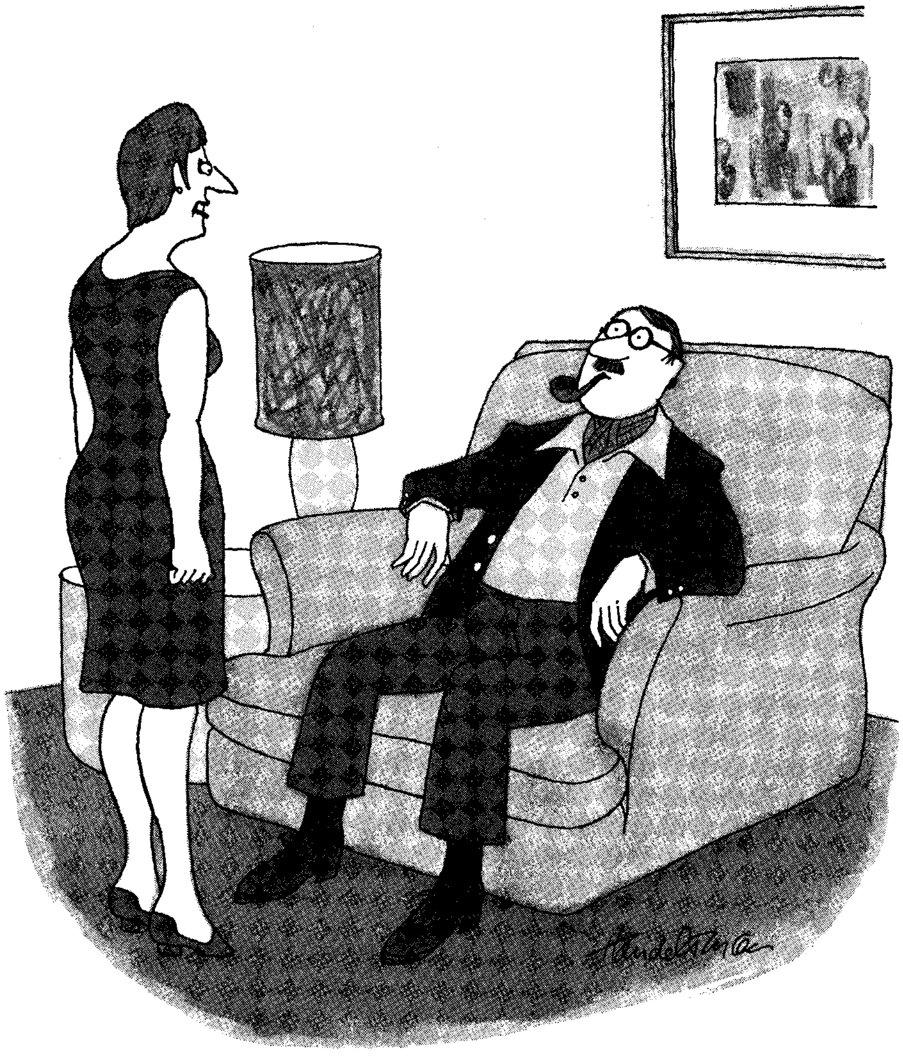
"Ask your father."

"You know, Beadie," Mel said, "it wouldn't hurt if today you said hello to Connie."

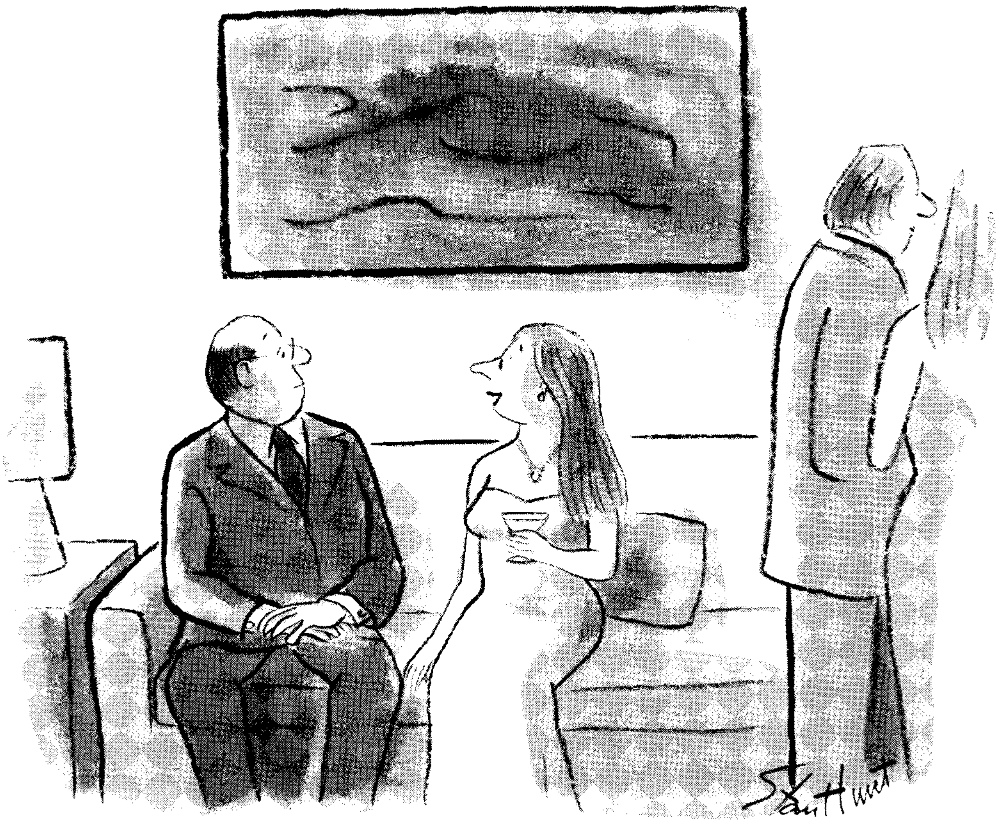
Beadie made no reply. Grandma came in, and Mel pinned above her breast an orchid that came in green tissue paper.

"You can do what you want," said Mel. "It's time to bury the hatchet, that's all."

"In her head, that black-marketeer," said Beadie. "It's getting like Grand Central Station in here."



"Hurt, yes. Resentful, yes. Angry, no."



"*You look plausible.*"

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Howard held on to his crotch. Everyone was underfoot; there was hardly room to breathe.

"Finish dressing, Howard," said Beadie.

Howard wiped his nose with his hand. Mel helped him on with his tie. Barbara applied a coat of lipstick to Grandma's mouth. Howard held himself as if something hurt, and he could tell that Grandma observed this, but when she tried to talk Barbara said, "If you talk, Grandma, it's going to smear."

Mel said, "I'll be down warming up the car." The others waited for Howard at the door. He dawdled after them, his jacket stuck to his back because he was perspiring. When he tried to take hold of Grandma, she had her bag in one hand and was fidgeting at her corsage with the other. Walking, he had pains in his thighs again, and felt a tiredness in his chest.

Mel had moved the car into the street, interrupting a stickball game. Leaning against parked cars, the kids watched, and Howard was embarrassed. He was hotter outdoors than he had been in the apartment.

He settled into the back seat between his sister and Grandma, while Mel addressed the group out the window. "Hit a few for me, men." In the passenger seat up front, Beadie checked her makeup and the car pulled off.

"You're pretty quiet this morning," Mel said to his son, and Barbara said, "He wants to know what it means when they say, 'Today I am a fountain pen.' "

"I'll have to think about that."

Howard had to cough, and tried to hold it back until he couldn't stand it anymore. It didn't sound so bad, and no one noticed. But his bones ached, and he was miserable at the thought of the day ahead: dancing the cha-cha with his mother towering over him, whipping him around the floor; Aunt Rose and Fanny Sitzler cutting in; the food—course after course, with Beadie watching that he ate, when he was already full without having eaten at all. He couldn't imagine what to say, how to complain. No matter what he said, Beadie would answer, "It's not so terrible, Howard." But it was.

He tried to make himself comfortable. He imagined that Grandma, next to him, knowing he felt lousy and scared, had Mel turn the car around to drive them home, where he and she watched television while the rest of the family went to the affair. His favorite serial, a Western, was on, and she looked at it with him; at the end of the episode, over a snack, she answered his questions.

But Grandma was daydreaming, staring into space. Adjusting her corsage, she shifted her weight into the side door, away from Howard, who was moping and trying to get her attention at the same time. She avoided his eye.

The car stopped for a traffic light, and Mel adjusted his rearview mirror. Grandma sat up straight and called to Beadie hoarsely. Howard felt a chill of excitement jump from his stomach to his throat. Here it was! She knew. She was going to tell his mother he was sick. At first, it would be awful; then, home, it would be all right. But when Beadie turned around, Grandma said, "I wouldn't worry, Beadie. To look at you, who would know you had a twelve-year-old daughter?"

Howard looked out of the window on Barbara's side to hide his face from Grandma. The light changed, and the car moved into Prospect Park. Two horseback riders cantered alongside the car until it moved off the service road onto the drive. Howard tried to cheer himself up. Beadie might discover on her own, when she calmed down, that he was sick, or she might become annoyed with his father at the affair and ask to leave early, as she had on Passover. Or it could turn out, too, that once the Bar Mitzvah got started, it might not be so bad. The thought of it terrified him. He felt that the drive to Tuckahoe was the longest in the world, though it also seemed that they were going to arrive in no time at all; and pressed between his sister and Grandma, there was nothing to do but ride on.

—LARRY KAPLAN

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REMAINS

Long after the liner has been put in dry dock,
The wish still steers the rudder of its will.
They are carting away the remains of a novel
Two people worked on for years. In a park,
Old-timers watch the spring leaves rehanging
Their bits and pieces. Someone else, far away,
Through vertical skyscraper windows sees
The street being swept of its autumn leaves.

—HOWARD MOSS

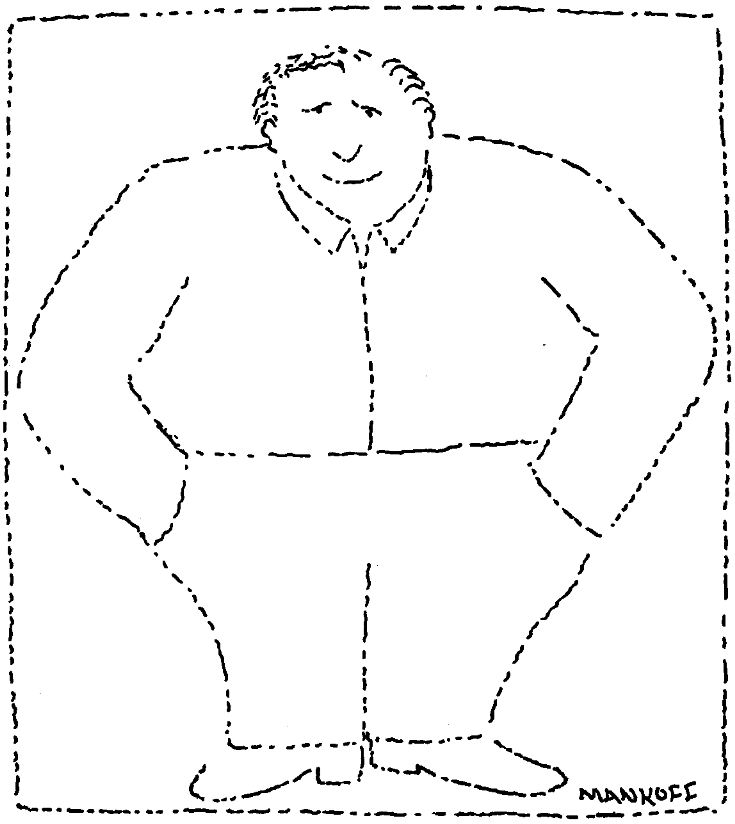
REFLECTIONS

THE SOLAR TRANSITION—II

SOONER or later, the United States and the rest of the world must resolve the energy crisis, which has come about in part because nearly all the energy now used comes from nonrenewable sources. As a nonrenewable source is depleted, it becomes progressively more costly to exploit, so continued reliance on it means an unending and exponential rise in price. This process has a devastating inflationary impact—it increases the cost of living, working special hardship on poor people—and it also aggravates unemployment and reduces the availability of capital. No economic system can withstand such pressures indefinitely. If we are to resolve the energy crisis, then, we can do it only by replacing the present nonrenewable sources—oil, natural gas, coal, and uranium—with renewable ones, for the cost of renewable energy sources is stable. But to say that this is what a national energy policy must do if it is to resolve the energy crisis is a little like saying that all we need to do to cure the ills of earthly life is to enter Paradise. The real question is whether it is possible to get there from here, and, if so, how. The problem is one of transition.

To begin with, one needs to ask what possible sources of energy might support such a renewable system. Three are known: solar energy, breeder-based nuclear power, and fusion power. (Unlike a conventional nuclear reactor, a breeder generates more nuclear fuel as it operates, and could extend the supply of nuclear fuel for thousands of years. In a fusion reactor, energy is generated by bringing about the fusion of two atoms of heavy hydrogen, which is available from surface waters in such huge amounts as to be, in effect, inexhaustible over any reasonable span of time.) To be capable of supporting a renewable system, an energy source must first meet a rather rudimentary test: it must exist. To hope, or even to expect, that a renewable energy source may become available at some time in the future is not enough. We must be certain of it now. This requirement reflects two basic features of the energy crisis: the crucial, irreplaceable role of energy in production, and the need to begin at once to combat the already considerable economic effects of reliance on nonrenewable sources. To embark on a transition to a nonexistent but hoped-for renewable energy source would be like building a bridge across a chasm without knowing how far the other side is. The consequences of failure are simply too devastating to allow for such a risk.

This requirement eliminates fusion from consideration, because, however promising present research to achieve this source of power may be, it has not yet succeeded. Moreover, while fusion power, if it were to succeed, might produce lesser amounts of long-lasting radioactive wastes than are currently produced by either conventional nuclear reactors or breeders, it would share some of their undesirable features: some radioactivity would be produced, most of it in the especially dangerous form of radioactive hydrogen, or tritium; and fusion power plants would necessarily be very large and demanding of capital, and therefore economically inefficient.

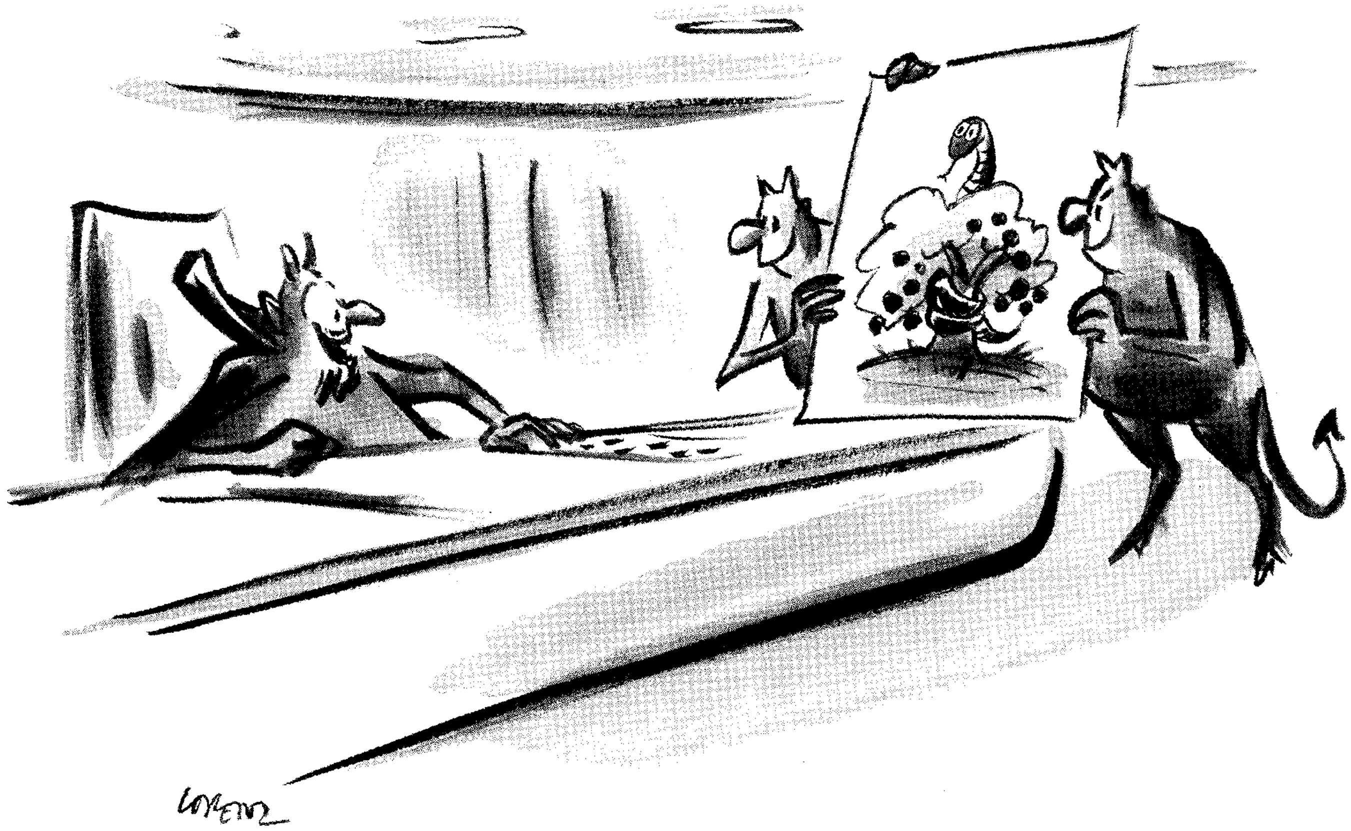


From left to right: Albert Hartley.

We are left, then, with solar energy and breeder-based nuclear power. Whichever of these directions the transition to renewable energy takes, the source chosen must meet several stringent requirements. Paramount among them is efficiency—with respect both to the energy and to the considerable amounts of capital involved in producing and using the energy. Because energy is uniquely capable of yielding work, it is essential to the production of all goods and services—to the generation of economic output. But the production and the use of energy withdraw from the potential output the capital needed to build the machines that produce the energy and derive work from it. The economic benefit that can be gained from energy therefore depends on how efficiently both the energy and the capital are applied to the tasks of production.

The present system is very inefficient in both respects. Probably no more than fifteen per cent of the work that could be got out of the energy consumed in the United States is actually applied to the work-requiring processes. And the efficiency of capital in energy production—the amount of energy produced per dollar of capital invested—has been declining. Energy production has been taking up an increasing fraction of the capital available for business investment—a figure that was only some thirteen per cent as recently as 1972 and now stands at about twenty-three per cent. Unless these figures are improved, the transition to renewable energy sources, which will be difficult and expensive under the best of circumstances, might become all but impossible.

If an energy system is to be even moderately efficient, energy must be applied to each work-requiring process in a form appropriate to that process. The chief work-requiring processes are heating and cooling; operating motors in stationary devices such as home appliances and factory and farm equipment; providing heat for industrial processes; operating land



"Love the apple. Love the snake. Love the whole concept. Shoot the works!"

• •

vehicles such as cars, trucks, tractors, and trains; and lighting. The efficiency of the match between these processes and the various forms of energy is governed by some rudimentary considerations and also by some rather subtle ones. For example, although light can be obtained by the burning of a liquid or gaseous fuel—or, for that matter, wood—electric lamps are so vastly superior that electricity has become the exclusive source of energy for lighting. Similarly, for simple physical reasons airplanes can be driven only by liquid fuels, such as gasoline or kerosene (jet fuel). Conventional solid fuels (such as coal or wood) and the cumbersome machines needed to convert their energy into motion are too heavy. Although a conventional airplane engine could be operated on gaseous fuels (such as hydrogen, natural gas, or methane), these fuels would require huge storage tanks—far too large to fit in an airplane. (Natural gas equivalent in energy content to jet fuel occupies nearly a thousand times the volume of jet fuel at sea-level pressure. The gas could be liquefied by reducing its temperature, but then it would need to be carefully insulated.) If an airplane used electricity, it would need to carry lead-acid batteries about three hundred times as heavy as the equivalent amount of jet fuel, for it would hardly do to tether an airplane to a power plant with a long electric cord. More advanced batteries would be considerably lighter but would still be impractical. In land-based vehicles, such simple physical problems are less severe. Although liquid fuels offer the best combination of energy content, weight, and bulk, a car or a truck can, with some inconvenience, operate on a solid fuel or a gas. During the Second World War, in European countries where conventional fuels were scarce, some trucks operated on alcohol generated in charcoal-burning trailers, and some cars operated on methane stored in large, roof-mounted gas bags. Trains, of course, operated for many decades on coal, and sometimes even on wood.

All these burnable fuels, however, are poorly matched to the task of generating a vehicle's motion, and are inherently inefficient when used for that purpose. Their efficiency is governed by the subtleties of the Second Law of Thermodynamics, which governs the amount of a fuel's heat that can be converted into motion. A fuel-driven automobile, truck, or train operating at its highest possible thermodynamic efficiency, for instance, can convert no more than a fraction of the energy contained in its fuel into motion; the remaining energy is ejected as heat, and merely warms up the surroundings, to little or no useful purpose. The amount of fuel converted into useful energy by most vehicles under laboratory conditions is about thirty-five per cent. The actual operating efficiency of vehicles is much lower; usually less than twenty per cent of the fuel energy is converted into motion. The appropriate form of energy for driving vehicles is electricity. Electricity is itself a form of motion (moving electrons), and it can be converted into the rotation of a motor and, in turn, into the motion of a vehicle with nearly one-hundred-per-cent efficiency.

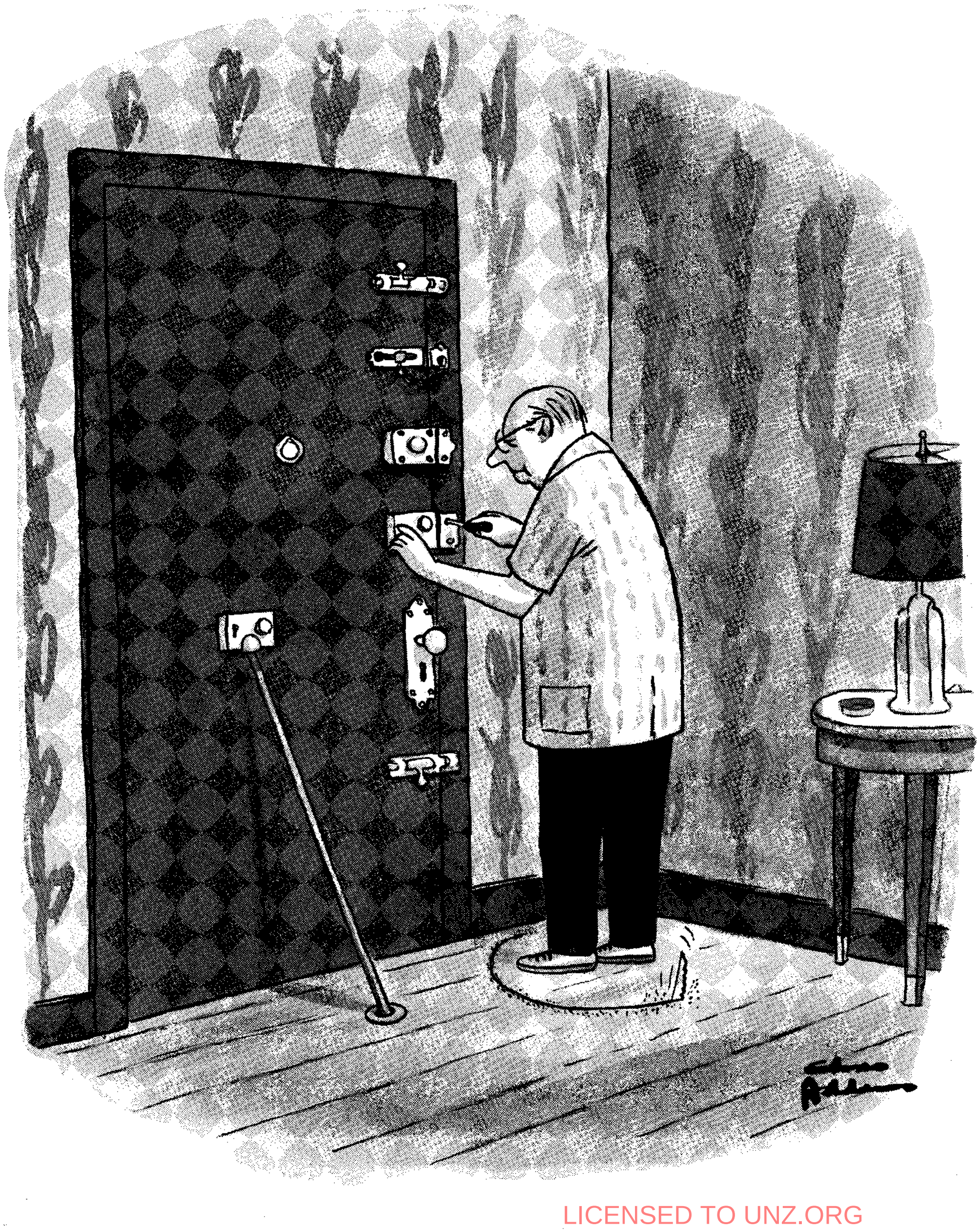
If such high levels of efficiency are to be realized, however—and not only in powering land-based vehicles but also in operating the motors in the numerous stationary devices used in homes, offices, and factories—the production of electricity must itself be maximally efficient. Here the efficiency of conversion imposed by the Second Law enters the picture: most of the energy in the fuel used by an electric power plant is not converted into electricity but is ejected into the environment as heat. Present-day power plants eject as heat at least sixty per cent of the energy they take in. If that heat is wasted, then—despite the nearly perfect efficiency with which electricity is converted into the motion of a kitchen appliance or an electrified train—the over-all process wastes much more of the fuel's energy than it uses. In the present American energy system, nearly every electric power plant operates in this way.

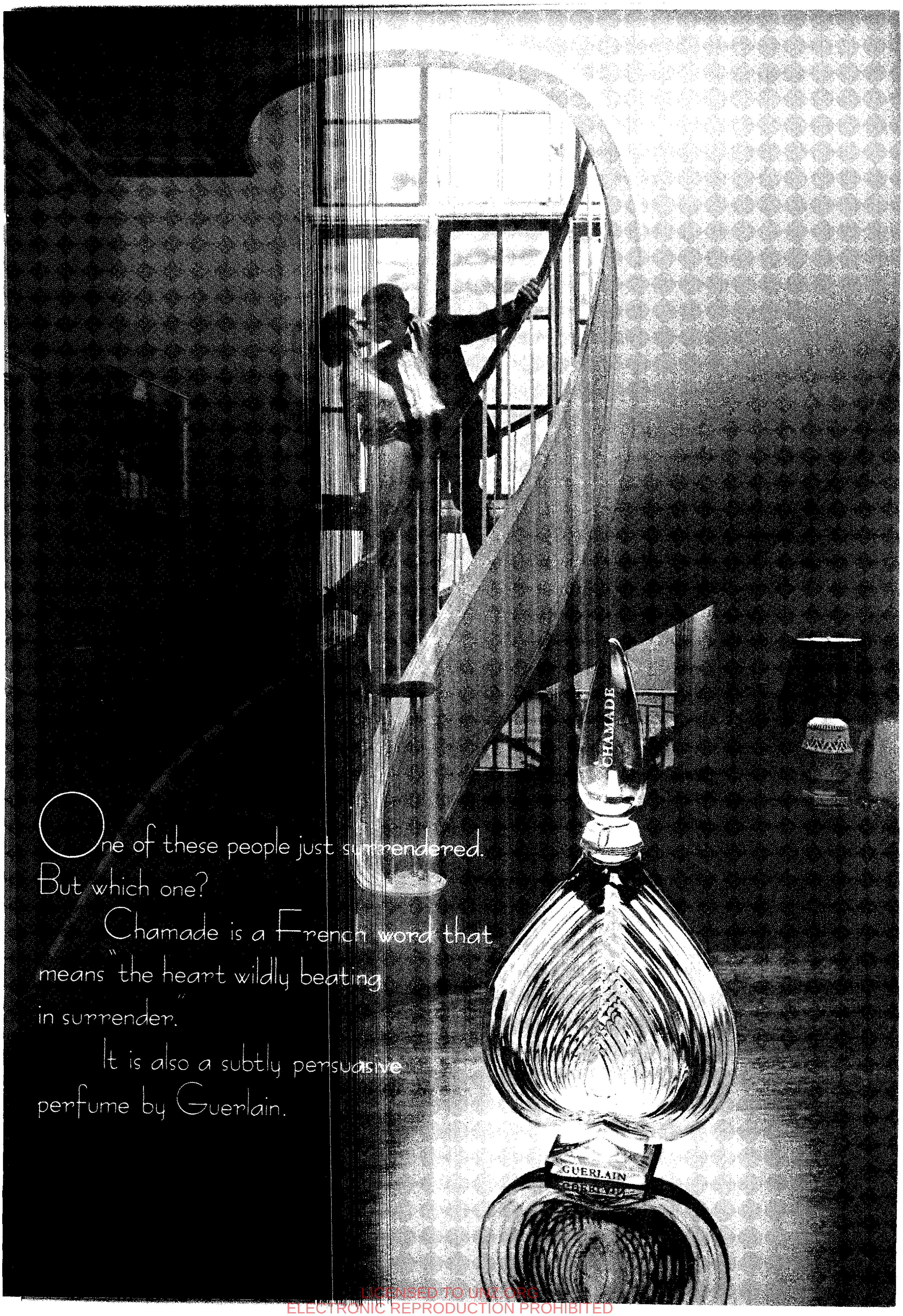
When there is a mismatch between the form of energy and the use to which it is put, capital as well as energy is wasted. With every unnecessary increment in the demand for energy, an increasing amount of capital must be used to produce it, as oil and gas wells, say, go deeper and more expensive recovery methods are needed. In electric-power production, the efficiency with which capital is used to create energy depends on the plant's size. Apart from a few very large industrial operations, such as aluminum refining and the production of nuclear fuel, the demand for electricity exists in numerous, widespread units—homes, stores, office buildings, factories, and farms. If power is generated at a large, centralized plant, the utility must transmit electricity over correspondingly long distances to reach its scattered customers. Long power lines demand considerable capital—in many parts of the present American system, even more than the capital invested in power plants. In addition, a good deal of energy is lost, as heat, in electric transmission and distribution; in the present system, the loss amounts to about ten per cent.

In a highly centralized power system, the economy of scale achieved by most power plants more than compensates for the extra transmission costs. When a power plant is very large, however, the power system as a whole suffers from another type of inefficiency, which cannot be compensated for. This problem arises from the difficulty of matching the system's power-producing capacity to the demand for power. The demand for electricity comes from large numbers of individual power-driven units (toasters, vacuum cleaners, street lights, industrial motors, and so forth) and therefore increases only gradually, in many small steps. If the rising demand must be met by the construction of single large power plants (a typical modern power plant has about a million times the capacity needed to operate a toaster), capacity will rise in a series of abrupt, very big steps. For a time after such a large new plant is put into operation, the system will have a greater capacity than is needed to meet the demand. Eventually, when the gradually rising demand begins to catch up with capacity, another large plant will be built, again producing a sudden excess in capacity over demand, and so on. Inevitably, for a good part of the time the system has more capacity than it needs. Overcapacity means that more capital is invested in the system than is actually needed to meet the demand—a serious source of economic inefficiency. (Difficulty in raising capital is perhaps the utilities' most serious problem today.) And if an effort is made to cure overcapacity by sending some of the power to a system that is short of capacity the added transmission is especially costly in both energy and capital.

Finally, the over-all efficiency of an energy system depends a great deal on how far the energy is transmitted and in what form. Generally, the energy lost in transmission is related to the resistance in the system which must be overcome to move the energy. This, in turn, is related to the form of the energy. Thus, it takes more energy to push thick oil through a pipeline than to push thin gas. Such differences are reflected in the relative costs of transmitting and distributing different forms of energy, which include both the energy used in transmission and the cost—capital and also operating expenses—of transmitting it. Natural gas is the most easily delivered fuel: its delivery cost is about eighty-five cents per million B.T.U.s, compared to four dollars and sixteen cents for electricity and five dollars and twenty-seven cents for hot water. However, heat, which is usually transmitted as steam or hot water, is in a class by itself; so much of it is lost in transmission that only short transmission distances—usually ten miles or less—are practical.

A requirement that ought to be met by any newly developed energy system is that it improve the present poor quality of the environment. The production and use of energy account for a large part of our environmental problems: oil spills; the hazards of coal and uranium mining, both to miners and to the general public; automotive smog; nuclear radiation; unsightly and possibly harmful high-tension power lines; the long-term effect of carbon dioxide on the earth's heat balance. In judging the suitability of alternative sources of renewable energy, it is important to com-





One of these people just surrendered. But which one?

Chamade is a French word that means "the heart wildly beating in surrender."

It is also a subtly persuasive perfume by Guerlain.

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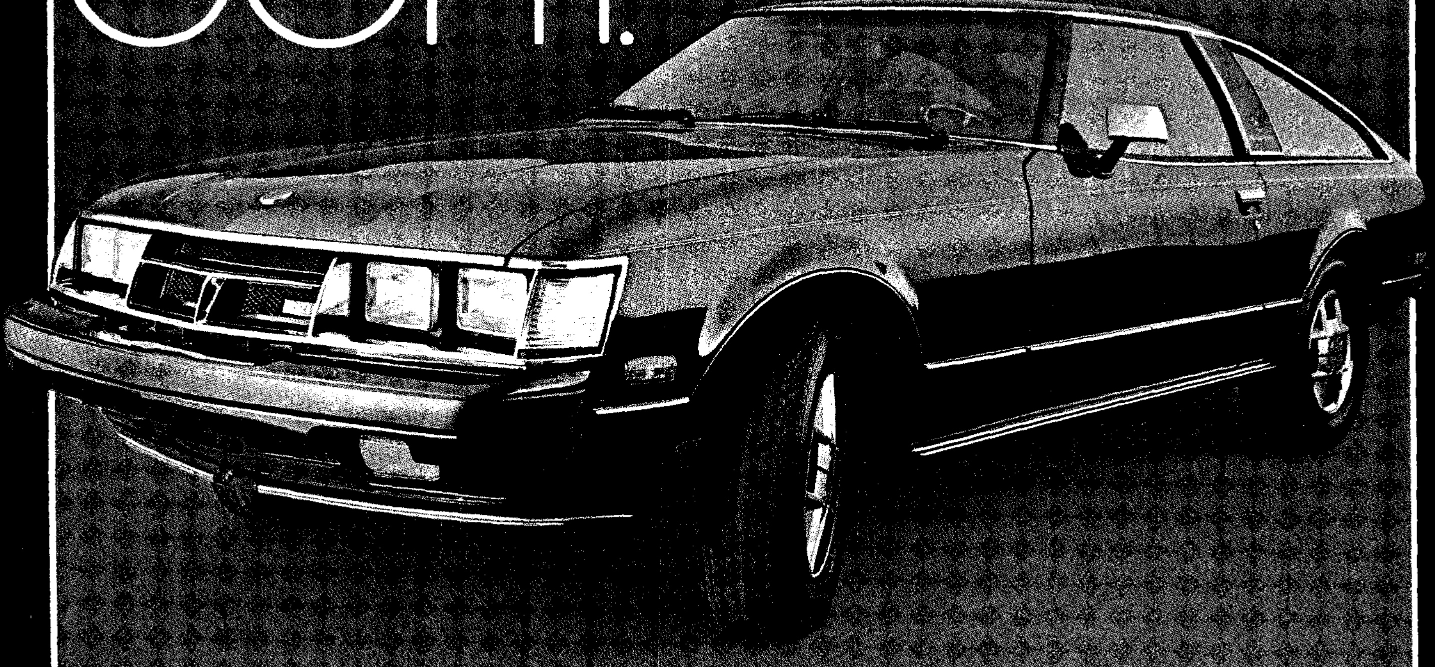

TOYOTA Standard equipment: 6 cylinder, fuel-injected engine, 5-speed overdrive transmission, air conditioning, power assisted 4-wheel disc brakes, and power windows. Also available with 4-speed, overdrive automatic transmission, cruise control, and sunroof.

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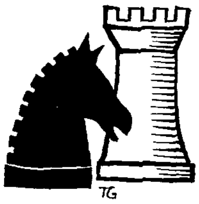
pare their relative effects on such environmental problems.

The transition to a renewable-energy system must also meet a final requirement: the transition itself must be smooth and uninterrupted. What happened in the bitter winter of 1976-77 provides a useful cautionary tale. Large areas of the Midwest ran out of natural gas that winter, because producers in Texas preferred to sell gas within the state, at an extra profit, rather than ship it north through the pipelines, at a regulated, lower price. The result was widespread economic dislocation. Factories were shut down, thousands of people were thrown out of work, schools and government services were disrupted. The resultant economic loss was probably many times as large as the extra profit on the fuel. This situation serves as a warning that energy is so vital to production that a serious break in its flow could bring the country's economy to a halt.

Thus, there is a basic dilemma inherent in replacing the present nonrenewable fuels with renewable ones. Although the continued use of nonrenewable fuels poses grave threats to the national economy, any interruption in their flow would be even more disastrous. So the transition we must make requires not only the development of sufficient supplies of renewable sources of energy but also, at an even earlier stage, decisions about just how the present nonrenewable sources are to be produced and used. In particular, one or more of these sources must be used as a bridging fuel, to facilitate the entry of the new, renewable sources.

AT first glance, a transition to breeder-based nuclear power seems simple, because the breeder plants, like ordinary nuclear reactors, would produce energy in only a single, particularly useful form—electricity. They would also produce large amounts of heat (much more heat than electricity), but the heat—because it is difficult to transport over long distances, and both breeders and conventional nuclear plants are too dangerous for proximity to heavily populated areas—would be difficult to use. Instead, the heat would be ejected into the environment as a stressful waste. Only those few industrial establishments which might be willing to tolerate a close nuclear neighbor and which needed the waste heat might take advantage of its availability. So far, there have been very few volunteers, and after the recent accident at the Three Mile Island reactor, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, there are likely to be even fewer. Because of the need to isolate and protect breeders and other nuclear plants, and because of their considerable economy of scale, the plants would be very large and centralized, and the power-distribution network would be correspondingly large and extremely expensive. A recent proposal for a breeder-based power system in the United States visualizes the construction of some thousand billion watts of generating capacity stretching well into the next century. This would be the equivalent of some thousand power plants of the size commonly being built today—each with a capacity of about a billion watts. According to other projections, however, by the year 1990 these plants might cost as much as three billion four hundred million dollars each. In comparison, the present American nuclear power system consists of seventy-two plants, with an average capacity of about seven hundred and thirty million watts, each plant having cost about four hundred and fifty million dollars. With the introduction of breeders, the present power system would be greatly expanded, much more centralized, and considerably more expensive.

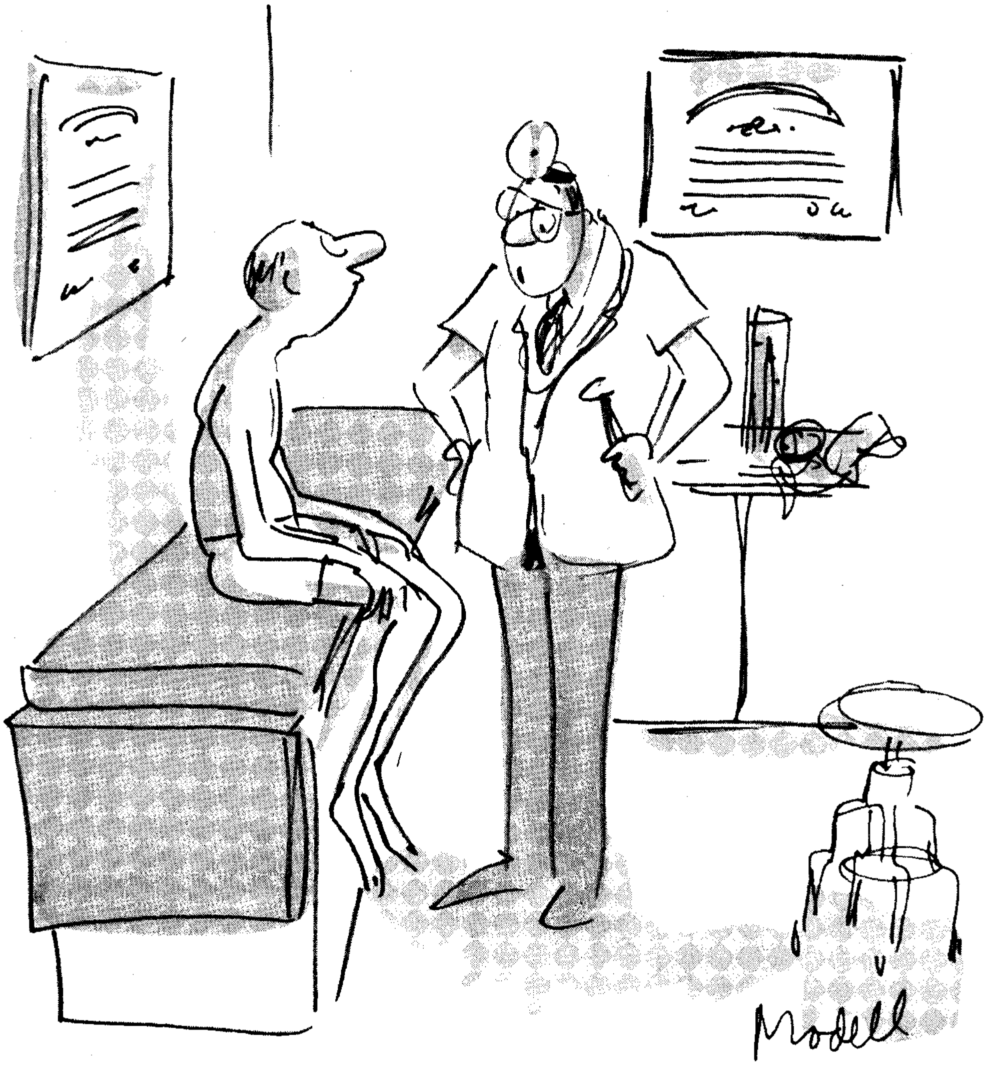


Since the useful energy available from a nuclear breeder system would be entirely in the form of electricity, in the event of a complete depletion of oil resources all the nation's energy-requiring processes—in effect, the entire production system—would need to be carried on electrically, or by fuels produced from electricity. Most of the energy-requiring processes now carried on by the direct combustion of fuels would have to be redesigned to accommodate electric power. Instead of being heated by oil or natural gas, homes and commercial establishments would need to be equipped with electric heaters—or, better, with electric heat pumps, which are more efficient. Gasoline-driven and diesel-driven cars, trucks, and tractors would need to be replaced with electric vehicles and electrified railroads. Where a liquid fuel is essential—in airplanes, for example—it would need to be produced electrically, perhaps by using electricity to generate hydrogen, from which the conventional hydrocarbon fuels could then be synthesized. Those industries which burn oil, natural gas, or coal would need to switch to electric heaters or to liquid fuels produced electrically. In agriculture, similar changes would need to be made to provide heat for drying grain and other crops. Thus, because the single energy output of a breeder system—electricity—does not match the varied forms of energy which are used in industrial and agricultural production and in transportation, the introduction of this system would require extensive changes in present energy-using production equipment, at considerable additional cost.

In a transition to a breeder-based renewable-energy system, two present nonrenewable sources could serve as bridging fuels: uranium and coal. It would make sense to expand the present system of light-water nuclear reactors, which use uranium, because the spent fuel can be reprocessed to yield plutonium—a breeder fuel—and because the expanded facilities for reprocessing nuclear fuel and for disposing of radioactive waste would be needed to support the breeder system. It would also be logical to enlarge the present electric power system (in preference to direct burning of fossil fuels), since the breeder economy would require a much bigger power-transmitting network than we now have. And since the available uranium is insufficient to support expanded conventional nuclear-power production for long, many coal-burning power plants would be needed to supply the network with electricity until the breeder system was large enough to take over. As a result, coal would soon become the major bridging fuel, and coal production (which makes up less than twenty per cent of the present energy budget) would expand substantially during the transition.

Thus, if it should be decided to undertake a transition to a renewable-energy-producing system based on breeder reactors, that decision would dictate a series of sweeping changes in the present ways in which energy is produced and used. Even before breeders were introduced, the production of uranium and coal would need to be increased; the electric power produced by these fuels would replace the direct burning of oil and natural gas; devices that now use oil or natural gas would need to be replaced by electrically operated ones. There would need to be numerous, pervasive changes in industrial and agricultural production and in transportation, which would add considerably to the cost of building the new energy system.

Moreover, not only a breeder-based energy system but the transitional process leading to it would involve grave environmental hazards. One of the most important lessons of the accident at the Three Mile Island power plant is that, even after some twenty years of commercial use, conventional nuclear power remains an immature technology, subject to poorly understood and potentially catastrophic events. This is evident in the accounts of the accident. At a crucial point, when a decision about evacuating the people living in the area of the plant had to be made, Joseph M. Hendrie, the chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, said that Governor Richard Thornburgh, of Pennsylvania, and he were operating "almost totally in the blind," and added, "His information is ambiguous; mine is nonexistent. I don't know—it's like a couple of blind men staggering around making decisions." The officials were poorly informed because the reactor behaved in ways that the nuclear experts did not expect. Roger J. Mattson, the director of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's Division of Systems Safety, said, "We saw failure modes the likes of which have never been analyzed." In comparison with conventional nuclear power plants, like the one at Three Mile Island, the breeder—a far more complex and much less tested technology—is in its infancy, and it is sure to be plagued for a long time by the failures, risks, and uncertainties that have brought conventional nuclear power to its present low state. It is generally acknowledged that among the available sources of energy—oil, natural gas, coal, nuclear power, and solar energy—two pose by far the greatest environmental risks: nuclear power and coal. In the transition to a breeder system, the expanded scale of the mining and combustion of coal would greatly intensify the already serious environmental problems that these processes entail. And if breeders were to become the major source of power in the United States the amount of radioactive material that would need to be handled each year would rise sharply. Yet today, even though we are some twenty years into the presumed nuclear age, we lack an acceptable way to deal with the radioactive waste now on hand. Thus, to the already formidable difficulties and costs that would be involved in a transition to a breeder-based power system we must add the nearly immeasurable problems that would be created by the need to cope with huge amounts of radioactive material without poisoning the environment and the people in it.



"Well, you sure fooled me. There's not a darn thing wrong with you."

In contrast to a breeder-based system, a solar-based system would deliver energy in a wide variety of forms. In forested areas, solar energy can be produced as a solid fuel (wood); in agricultural areas, as a liquid fuel (alcohol made from grain) or a gaseous fuel (methane made from manure or from plant residues); in rainy, mountainous areas, like the Northwest, as hydroelectric power; in moderately or very sunny places, as photovoltaic electricity; in especially breezy places, as wind-generated electricity; and, almost everywhere, as direct heat. The kinds and amounts of solar energy that can be produced depend on local conditions. In Minnesota, the whole of the state's demand for energy (in fact, more than twice as much, according to a recent survey) could be met by annually harvesting the cattails that grow wild in most of that boggy state and using them to produce methane. (A recent report from Sweden, where there is a similar terrain and a profusion of reeds, tells how to harvest reeds for energy production without disrupting the marsh ecosystem.) In the Arizona desert, the intense sunlight could be readily collected as heat or in the form of electricity from photovoltaic cells. In the Dakota Badlands, where there is little vegetation and only moderate sunshine, there are strong winds, which could be used by windmills to generate electricity. In sum, there is no solar panacea. No one solar process can efficiently produce energy in all parts of the country. A national solar-energy-gathering system needs to be as varied as the country itself, reflecting its uneven climate, terrain, and vegetation. In comparison with the breeder-based system, which produces only electricity, a solar-based system would produce energy in a multiplicity of forms, requiring considerably greater complexity in the system's over-all design.

A major complicating factor is that some places can produce more solar energy than is usable locally, while others need more energy than they can capture from the sun. A good example of the latter is a large and densely populated city, like New York. The city's sources of biomass are small, consisting only of sewage, garbage, and wastepaper, which together might yield about ten per cent of the energy needed. Sunlight could be captured in solar collectors and photovoltaic cells, but because there are so many tall, closely packed buildings the areas that might hold these devices—rooftops, parking lots, and the south sides of unshaded buildings—are limited. An example of the reverse situation is the forested area of upstate New York: its annual wood production represents more energy than most local activities need. It is evident, then, that a solar-based system must include a means of transporting energy from place to place in some suitable form.

The special property of solar energy—that it involves relatively little economy of scale—greatly affects the strategy of energy transfer. A small, local solar device will be just about as efficient as a large, distant one, and thus the cost in energy and capital of transmitting the energy from a central plant is eliminated. If sufficient solar energy is available in a particular place to meet local needs, it makes sense to produce and use it there.

But all these relationships are abstract, and only delineate the design of a future, completed solar-based system—the Paradise that must somehow be reached from the present earthly situation. To bring some reality into this abstract picture, we must add the element of time. What steps taken now to alter the present pattern of using nonrenewable fuels would effectively begin the transition toward the solar ideal? If we could answer this question, we would have not only a plan of action directed toward a solar future but also a vision of that future, which is essential to motivate such action. To answer it, we need a mental motion picture that begins with a representation of the present energy system (where different fuels are produced, how their energy is transported, how it is used) and continues with a succession of representations that show how we can move, over time, efficiently and economically to a system in which all, or nearly all, of the energy is derived, in various forms in different places, from the sun, and is distributed and used in ways compatible with that origin.

This is an intimidating task, but we must nevertheless confront it. There is little experience, and certainly no ready-made blueprint, to guide us through such a complex problem, and any single attempt to unscramble it is only that—an attempt, with no more advance claim on the truth than any other. One approach is to use a representation of a future solar-based energy system as a means of discovering its link to the present. One can examine this abstract system to seek out those elements in it which—although they are crucial to the structure of the overall system—are not in themselves solar and therefore could be put in place now. These nonsolar elements would provide the bridge between the present, unsatisfactory reality and the still abstract, hoped-for future. Thus it is possible to depict in practical terms how the transition to solar energy might be accomplished.

The initial task of assembling, in the abstract, a workable solar-based energy system is something like putting together a jigsaw puzzle. It is useful to begin with a few pieces that are obviously interrelated; then, as the visible fragment of the picture is enlarged, new relationships can be seen and new pieces fitted into it. Perhaps the best place to start is with the task for which there are no optional ways of providing energy: the operation of airplanes, which can

"I'll tell you one thing. Being rich has taught me a hell of a lot."

• •

use only liquid fuels. The easiest way to produce these fuels from sunlight is by way of biomass, yielding a fuel such as alcohol. At present, airplane fuel accounts for only about two per cent of the American energy budget, while land-based transportation, which also uses liquid fuel, accounts for about twenty-four per cent. Though land transport is most efficiently powered by electricity, this electrification is likely to be difficult to achieve in many cases. A solar liquid fuel, such as alcohol, will probably be needed to drive about a third of the land vehicles—most notably, high-powered tractors and construction machinery, and heavy trucks that carry freight not readily accommodated by railroads. Somewhere in the solar puzzle we need to find a way of producing enough liquid fuel to operate all air transport and perhaps a third of ground transport.

Wherever possible, however, land-based transport—railroads, urban mass transit, cars, and light trucks—ought to be driven by electricity, which will in any case be needed for stationary mechanical equipment, for lighting, and for communication. So the next piece in the puzzle is a suitable source of solar electricity to support these activities. Depending on the local situation, there are several options. If only electricity is needed—say, for road or parking-lot lighting—then it would make sense to produce it locally with photovoltaic cells (in relatively sunny places) or with windmills (in relatively windy places). But in most places both heat and electricity are needed. There—again, provided that the intensity of sunshine is sufficient—solar collectors could be used to supply heat, and photovoltaic cells or windmills to provide electricity.

Where the local sources of solar energy are not sufficient to meet the local needs, as in an urbanized area, a different approach has to be used: solar energy must be brought in from elsewhere. And to conform with the imperatives of the solar transition the energy must be transmitted in a form, and used in a way, that maximizes efficiency. This brings us to a major segment of the solar picture—cogeneration, the local production of both useful heat and electricity from a combustible fuel. A cogenerator is an electric power plant that is designed to make use of the waste heat that a conventional plant ejects into the environment. One recently designed cogenerator, for example, is simply a four-cylinder gasoline engine of the sort ordinarily used to operate a Fiat automobile. The engine's drive shaft turns a generator that produces electricity; the engine's cooling system, which in the automobile gives off its heat into the environment by way of the radiator, is connected to a heat exchanger—a nest of interwoven pipes which transfers the heat produced by the engine to, say, a building's heating system. So the cogenerator produces energy in two useful forms—heat and electricity—that together can usually account for up to ninety per cent of the energy contained in the fuel. In contrast, if the same engine were used to produce only electricity, with the heat ejected into the environment, its power output would represent at most thirty per cent of the fuel's energy. Any engine that produces motion by the burning of fuel can be used as a cogenerator: a gasoline or diesel engine, a gas turbine, or, for that matter, an old-fashioned steam engine. Installed in a residence, a commercial building, or a factory, a cogenerator can efficiently heat it in winter, cool it in summer, and drive its electrically operated appliances throughout the year. And the cogenerator can be sized to match the local need, so capacity and demand are automatically tied together—a situation that makes it possible to avoid the inefficiencies that occur whenever a large power plant is built to meet demand that increases gradually, in small steps. Because cogenerators can make efficient use of liquid and gaseous fuels—which will be in relatively short supply in a solar system—they are a crucial part of such a system.

To take advantage of cogenerators, we need to find a supply of solar fuel that is nonpolluting (so it can be used in densely settled areas) and can be transmitted efficiently (so cogenerators can be used when the local supply of solar fuel is inadequate). Solar methane is by far the best choice: once pipelines to carry it are in place, relatively little energy or capital is required to transmit it; it is capable of being fed into a transmission line at numerous points, wherever the varied solar sources that can be converted to methane are available; it can readily be used to fuel a cogenerator driven by an internal-combustion engine or a turbine; it can be burned anywhere without polluting the environment. Using methane for cogeneration also fits nicely into those situations in which local biomass is available but at the wrong time or in too small amounts to match the demand. At the height of the canning season, for example, a cannery might produce more methane (from its waste) than is needed and feed the surplus into the pipeline. At other times, when the local supply is short, the cannery might draw methane from the pipeline.

Now, once a pipeline for the widespread collection and distribution of solar methane is in place, we can see how to fit another major feature into the solar picture. This concerns the electric power produced by photovoltaic cells and windmills, and the possibility of collecting it in places where it is readily available in excess of local needs, in order to bolster the total national energy supply. The energy will need to be transmitted over considerable distances, but for the reasons already cited that would be done more efficiently if the electricity was first converted to gas. The simplest way to accomplish this is by using the electricity to produce hydrogen gas (from water), which can be readily converted to methane, chemically or through the action of certain micro-organisms. Alternatively, the hydrogen can simply be added to the methane pipeline. (Mixtures containing ten to twenty per cent hydrogen can be piped and used in equipment designed for pure methane.) Thus, wherever electricity can be produced in excess of local needs, it can be shipped in the form of a gaseous fuel to places that need more of it, and there converted into electricity and heat by a cogenerator, or into electricity alone by a fuel cell. (A fuel cell is a device that, supplied with oxygen and a gaseous fuel such as hydrogen or methane, efficiently produces electricity.)

Fortunately, the solar devices that make economic sense are also entirely compatible with the environment. Solar collectors, photovoltaic cells, and windmills simply transfer solar heat from one place to another. Their effects would be unnoticeable in the heat-transfer processes that occur naturally in changes of weather. The production of fuels from biomass fits nicely into the natural ecological cycles that support agriculture, and when these fuels—or hydrogen produced from solar electricity—are burned they produce only water and carbon dioxide. And since the amount of carbon dioxide produced when a solar fuel burns is exactly equal to the amount absorbed photosynthetically when the fuel itself was produced, this process does not harmfully raise the level of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. Unlike the

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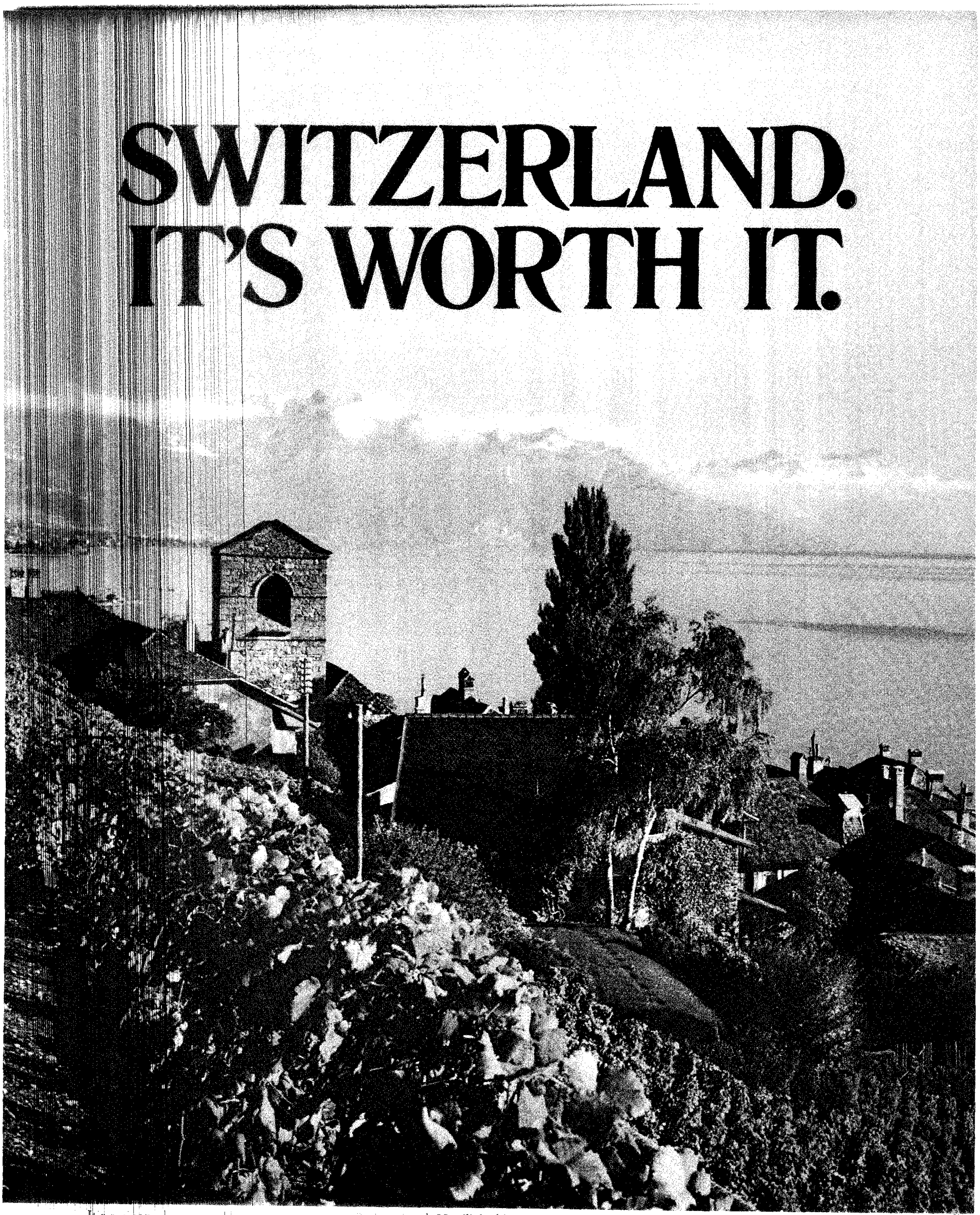

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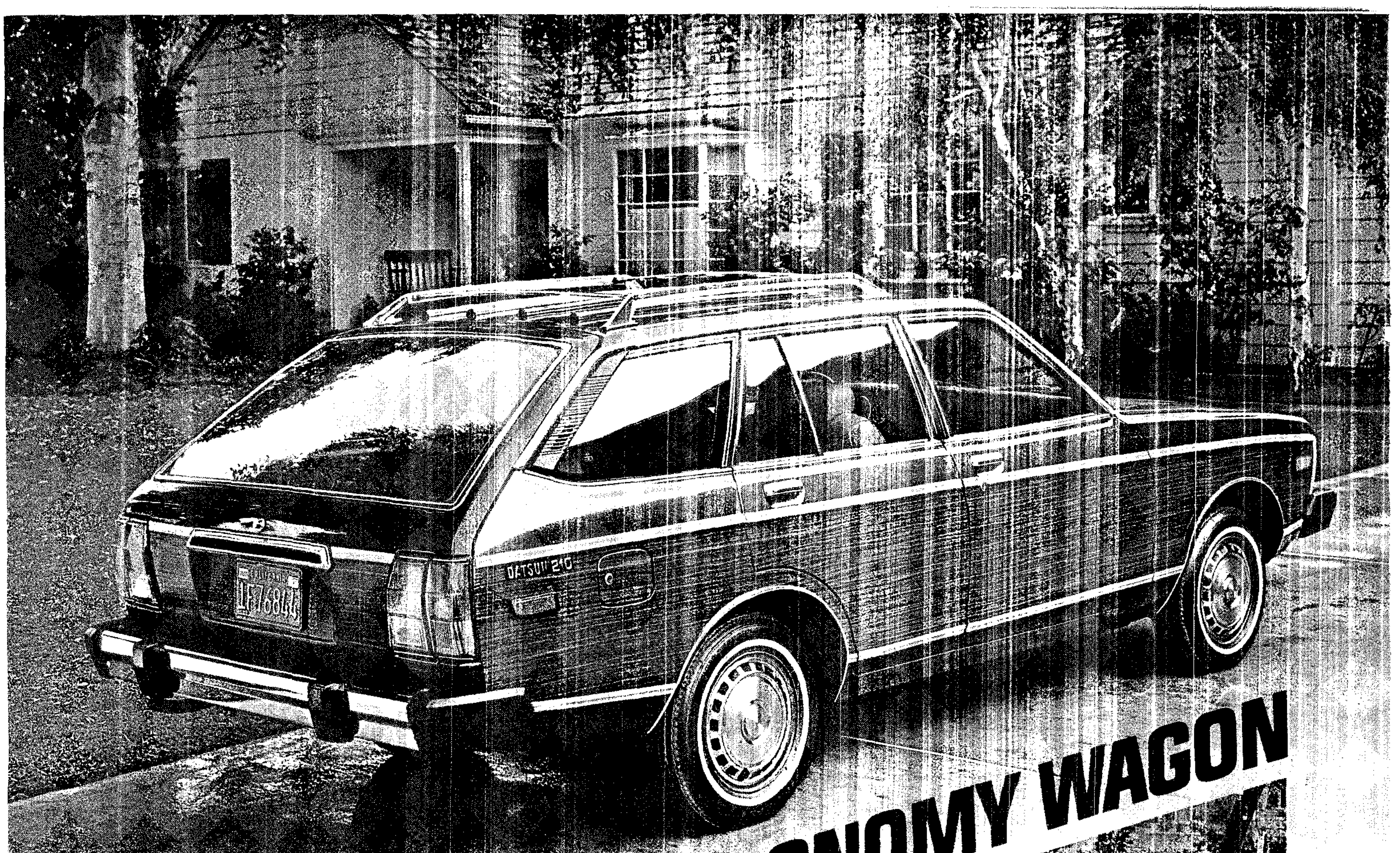

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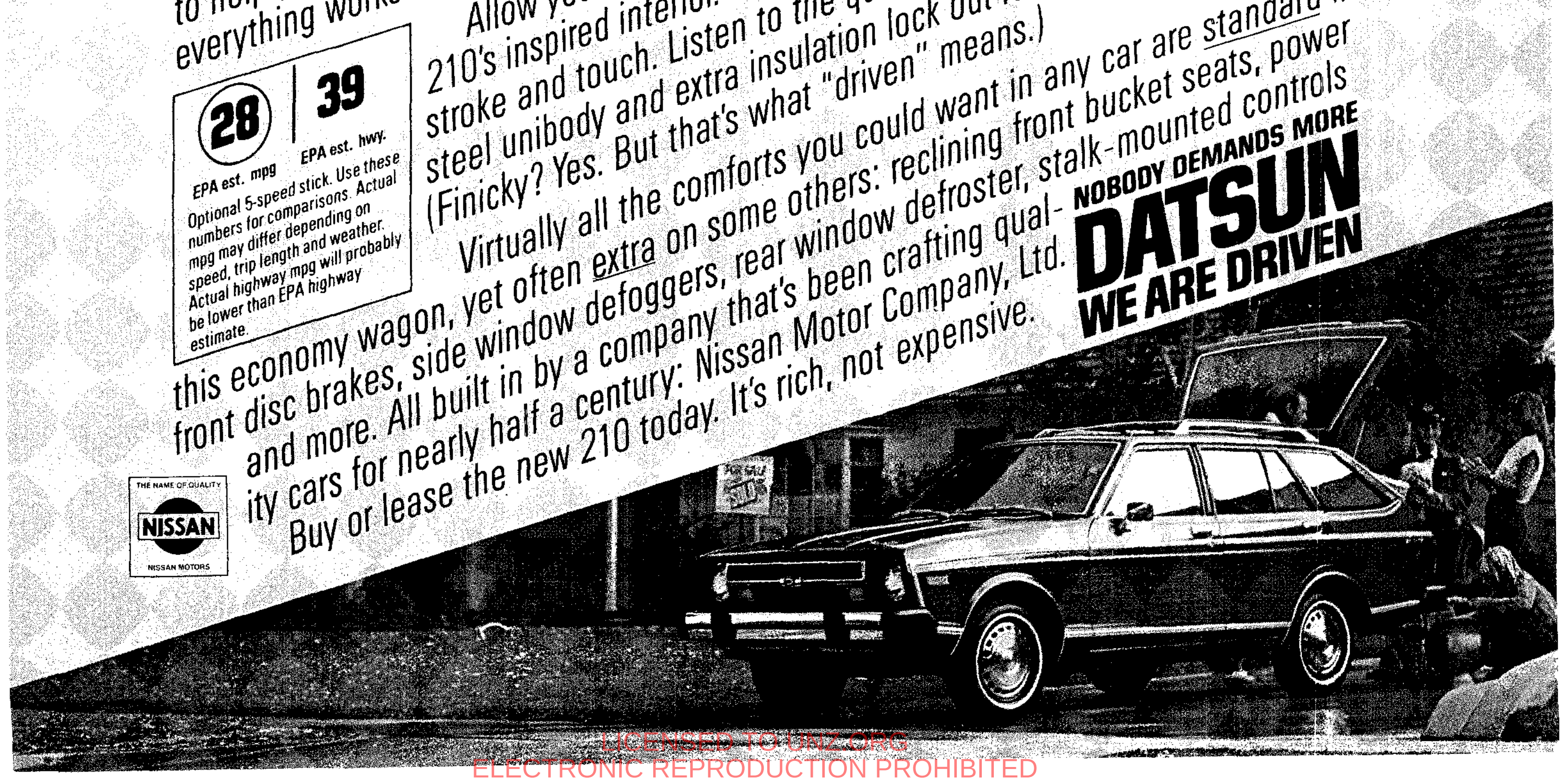

present high-tension power lines that disrupt the landscape, methane pipelines would be underground. They would, however, be subject—as are the present natural-gas pipelines—to fires and explosions.

The final piece of the solar puzzle concerns storage. Since the availability of solar energy depends on natural cycles—the alternation of day and night, the seasonal changes in solar intensity, changes in cloud cover—there are times when energy is needed but is not immediately available. Storage is therefore essential. There are well-known devices capable of storing the different forms of solar energy in the amounts required to meet short-term, local needs: tanks of hot water, bins of grain and other forms of biomass, rechargeable batteries, tanks of liquid fuels—including liquefied gases. A national solar-based system also requires storage on a national scale, however—a fact that is usually overlooked by both the proponents and the opponents of solar energy. The annual output of a wholly solar national energy system would depend on the weather, and if the system were just large enough to meet the national demand in a relatively sunny year it might fail disastrously in a particularly cold and cloudy year. One could, of course, deal with this problem by building a solar-based system large enough to operate effectively in the worst conceivable annual weather. But this would incur a large added cost, for something that would be unnecessary in most years. A more efficient way of dealing with the problem is the one that has been traditional in our oldest solar enterprise, farming: grain overproduced in good years is stored in anticipation of bad years. The same thing could be done by storing energy on a national scale. Again, methane is the only form of energy that could be handled in this way. (Constructing tanks and bins large enough for a national store of liquid fuel or of biomass would be prohibitively expensive.) With a national methane-pipeline system in place, the excess methane produced in good years could be stored (perhaps with some hydrogen mixed in) by being pumped into the underground formations that once held natural gas, many of which would then, of course, be depleted. The same strategy could be used to compensate for the seasonal imbalance between energy production, which is likely to be highest in the summer, and energy demand, which is likely to be highest in the winter.

Rough as it is, this sketch of what a solar-based system—once completed—might look like does delineate two predominant features linking this future abstraction to present reality. One of these features is the pervasive integrating role that a particular form of energy—methane or a methane-hydrogen mixture—would play in the system: as a means of collecting solar energy from local points of production and transmitting it to local points of use; as an environmentally benign fuel capable of efficiently yielding heat or electricity alone or heat and electricity together; as a uniquely effective means of providing a long-term national store of energy to compensate for seasonal and annual fluctuations in supply and demand. The other feature is the local cogeneration of heat and electricity, which is the key to the joint, efficient, widespread production of these forms of energy from solar sources. Together, the two features can build the sought-for bridge between the nonrenewable present and the solar future, for they are not only crucial elements of the renewable solar-based system but existing, easily expanded components of the present, *non*renewable-energy system.

Methane is completely interchangeable with a present nonrenewable fuel, natural gas—for the main burnable constituent of natural gas is, in fact, methane. What is more, a good deal of the needed gas-distribution system is already in place, to carry natural gas. In the transition, solar methane could gradually replace natural gas without disrupting the production processes that now depend on this fuel. The replacement could be achieved by the construction of methane-generating plants wherever a suitable source of biomass is readily available: garbage and sewage in cities; manure, agricultural residues, and cannery wastes in farming areas; seaweed along the coasts. As these plants are built, they could take over the task of feeding fuel into the pipelines that already supply natural gas to factories, homes, and commercial establishments. There need be no interruption in supplies, no "shortages"—only a gradual shutting down of the flow of increasingly expensive natural gas from existing wells and a gradual rise in the flow of solar methane. Such a transition would be relatively inexpensive, for it would make good use of the existing pipelines, the cost of which would otherwise have to be written off as natural gas rose in price and its use declined. No furnaces or stoves would need to be replaced. The inflationary impact of energy prices would be tempered, for, as the transition progressed, the price of the mixed natural-gas/solar-methane fuel would be increasingly governed by the stable cost of solar methane rather than by the exponentially rising cost of natural gas.

Such a transition could be so smooth, gradual, and unspectacular that it might hardly be noticed. Indeed, it has already begun, altogether unnoticed, in Chicago. There, in 1978, the Peoples Gas Company began to buy methane generated from manure obtained from a number of large cattle feedlots near Guymon, Oklahoma. Each day, up to a million cubic feet of methane is pumped into a pipeline that carries natural gas from Oklahoma to Chicago. It is sold to the utility at a dollar and ninety-six cents per thousand cubic feet; the Natural Gas Policy Act brings the 1979 price of new natural gas to about two dollars and eight cents per thousand cubic feet. The feedlot obtains additional income from the residue, which it sells as fertilizer and cattle feed. Thus, every pot of water on a gas-burning stove in Chicago is now heated in part—so far, a very small part—by solar energy. However limited in scale, this program is concrete evidence that natural gas is indeed a solar bridging fuel—that the solar transition is not only possible but real.

The second crucial factor in a solar-based energy system—methane-fuelled local cogeneration of heat and electricity—sounds like an inventor's utopian dream: it conserves energy and capital; it reduces energy costs; it eliminates environmental pollution. But it, too, is already in use. According to a recent British book on cogenerators, there were some five hundred successful cogeneration systems in the United States as early as 1967, many of them operating on natural gas. In New York City, two good-sized gas-fired cogeneration systems have been installed by the Brooklyn Union Gas Company. One, at Rochdale Village, in Queens, serves a hundred-and-seventy-acre complex consisting of twenty fourteen-story apartment buildings (with a total of five thousand eight hundred and sixty apartments) and two shopping centers. The only energy that enters the complex is natural gas and, in the winter and as a standby fuel, No. 6 oil. Rochdale is not connected to the electric utility. The gas is used to fire steam boilers, which feed high-pressure steam into turbines, which drive electric gen-

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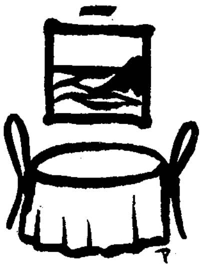
erators. The "waste" low-pressure steam heats the buildings in the winter and air-conditions them in the summer and supplies them with hot water throughout the year. A similar system provides energy for the Warbasse housing complex, in Coney Island. In Little Rock, Arkansas, the Park Plaza shopping center, which has three hundred and fifty thousand square feet of floor space, obtains all its energy from a gas-fuelled cogenerator.

With a gas-fired cogenerator in place, establishments like Rochdale Village would be in an excellent position to hold their energy costs down despite the rising price of natural gas—if solar methane were available. Suppose, for example, that New York City, New York State, or the federal government were to construct a plant to convert New York City garbage and sewage—or perhaps, eventually, the huge underwater dump of sewage sludge that lies off the Long Island coast—into methane. Such a project is an immediate technical practicability. Indeed, the city's existing sewage-treatment plants already produce methane, although as a by-product. The Starrett City housing development, in Brooklyn, is investigating the possibility of using methane from a nearby sewage plant in its oil- and natural-gas-fired cogeneration system. Given the expected cost of producing methane from sewage and the rise in the price of natural gas which was mandated by the recent deregulation legislation, the complex expects to be able to save money on its fuel costs by supplementing the natural gas it already uses with solar methane. It is hoped that this saving would increase year by year, as the price of natural gas continues its unending escalation and the cost of solar methane remains constant. Meanwhile, the New York area would reap other benefits. The conversion of garbage, sewage, and underwater sludge into methane would rid the environment of major pollutants. The organic residue from methane production is an excellent fertilizer; used on Long Island farms to replace inorganic nitrogen, the residue would help reduce the pollution of surface waters caused by nitrate leaching from fields that are now heavily fertilized with that inorganic nitrogen. Solar energy could be introduced and all these advantages realized now, with no need to wait for a research breakthrough or for residents to develop living arrangements suitable for the arrival of what the Department of Energy likes to call an "exotic" energy source. Indeed, people would hardly know that the solar era had arrived unless some slight difference in the burning qualities of solar methane and the natural gas that it replaced required an adjustment in kitchen-stove pilot lights. In Rochdale Village or Starrett City—or wherever energy needs are met by natural-gas-fired cogenerators—the solar transition could start tomorrow.



At least one operator of a large office building in Manhattan is planning to switch from conventional energy sources to cogeneration. The plan was blocked until recently, however, because the proposed cogenerators would have used diesel fuel and thereby contributed to the already considerable level of air pollution in the city. The use of natural gas would get around that problem. Until recently, cogeneration was thought of only in connection with large buildings or complexes, since only large-sized equipment has been available. Now the Fiat Company, of Italy, has brought cogeneration down to the scale of a single-family house, by introducing a small cogenerator, the TOTEM, based on its four-cylinder automobile engine. The unit will run on gasoline, methane, natural gas, or alcohol. It can convert sixty-six per cent of the energy of any of these fuels into heat and twenty-six per cent into electricity; only eight per cent is lost. (A conventional home furnace will convert only forty to sixty-five per cent of the fuel's energy into space heat.) For producing electricity alone, the TOTEM unit is not quite as efficient as a central electric-generating station, but, whereas the heat lost at the central power station is wasted, the cogenerator's heat is used. The TOTEM unit costs about six thousand dollars, or about four hundred dollars per kilowatt of electric capacity. This compares well with the capital cost of central power stations, which is five hundred dollars to fifteen hundred per kilowatt of capacity.

With such small units available, the solar transition could be brought to those residents of New York who need it most—the poor. It is a notorious fact that in large areas of the city where poor families live—for example, the South Bronx and the East New York area of Brooklyn—housing has deteriorated shamefully. Most of the homes that are still standing need new heating systems, and the many burned-out homes need to be rebuilt. Here,

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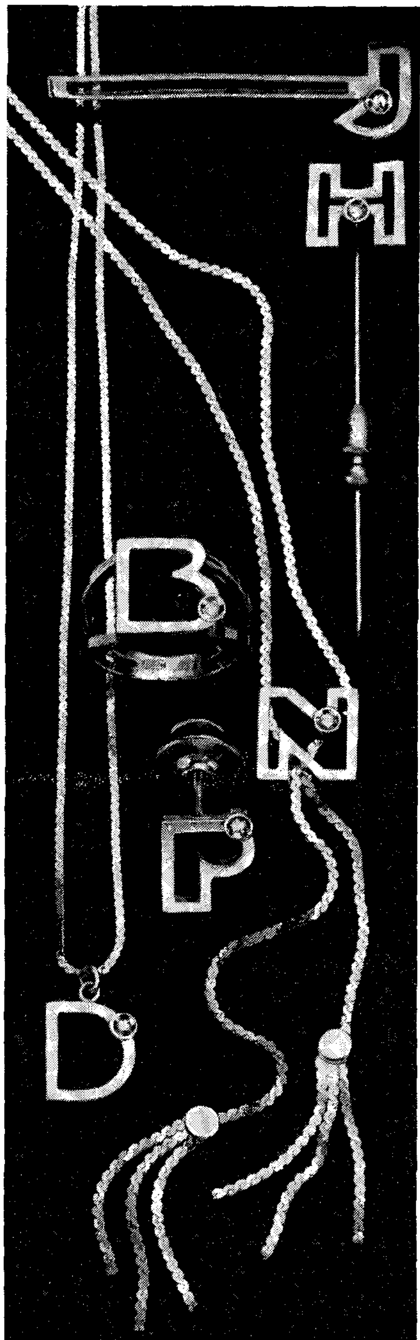

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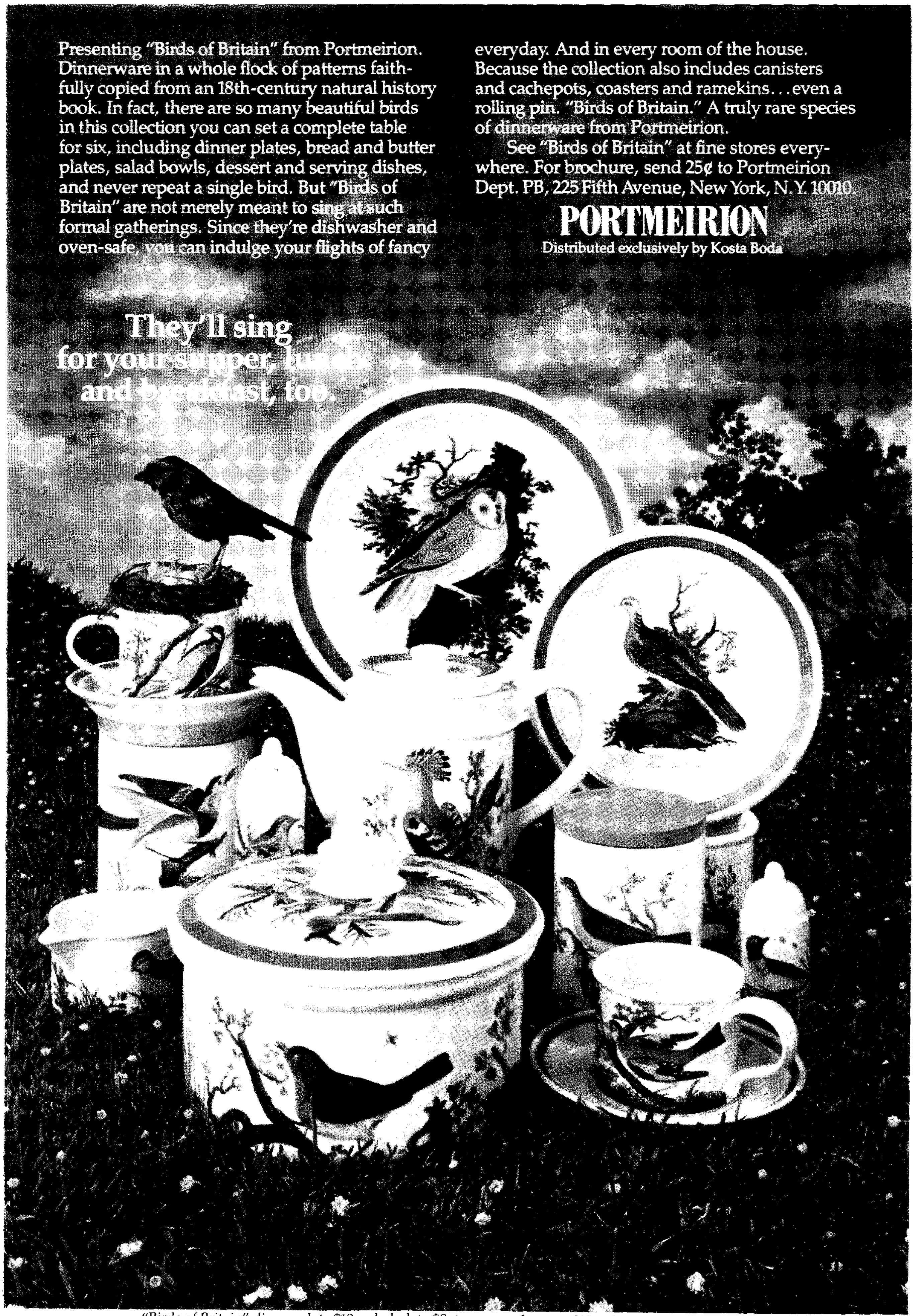
then, is an opportunity to install small gas-fired cogenerators, affording immediate savings in utility costs, and later—as supplies of solar methane are produced in sufficient amount—freedom from the yearly increase in utility costs, which already take a large part of a poor family's budget. In rebuilding these areas, the city might even find it more economical to install a small power plant equipped with cogenerators, which would supply the neighborhood with electricity, heat, and air-conditioning—and, for that matter, with jobs—and would also give the community a new sense of independence.

Once a gas-fired cogenerator is in place, it is capable of more than saving the consumer money and the nation energy. A cogenerator system is ready to accept three different forms of solar energy. First, the natural gas it uses could gradually be replaced with solar methane. Then solar collectors could readily be added to the system to produce more energy for space heat and hot water (and, with more advanced collectors, for air-conditioning as well); with the cogenerator system already in place and capable of providing heat during the worst part of winter, the solar-collection system could be kept to a size that maximizes its economic advantage. A building or neighborhood energy system already equipped with a cogenerator and its own electric system would be admirably prepared to add photovoltaic cells. With the addition of collectors and photovoltaic cells, the amount of gas used for cogeneration could be cut back. In the early stages of a solar transition, this cutback would reduce the use of natural gas, thereby freeing the consumer from the effects of its rising price. In the later stages the local production of heat and electricity from solar collectors and photovoltaic cells would save the gas—which by then would be mostly solar methane—for situations in which local energy sources were insufficient. Beginning with the cogenerator, the transition would proceed, each step facilitating the next, until the entire need for energy was fully met by renewable, thrifty solar sources. In this way, the seemingly abstract solar future can be reached from a start firmly grounded in the present reality.

THE means by which the nation might negotiate the passage to solar energy is now discernible. Replacing all—or nearly all (ninety to ninety-five per cent, perhaps)—of our present nonrenewable energy sources with solar energy might take fifty years or so. If the present patterns of energy use are maintained, the total demand for energy will more than double in that time, but if we made the necessary effort to conserve energy where the waste is greatest—for example, through the widespread use of cogenerators and electrified mass transit—it should be possible to keep the increase down to about one-third of the present demand. The task of the transition, then, is to gradually increase the total amount of energy consumed from its 1977 value of seventy-six quads—a quad is a quadrillion B.T.U.s—to about a hundred quads in 2027, and simultaneously to replace the present nonrenewable energy sources (imported and domestic oil, nuclear power, coal, and natural gas) with solar sources.

In the initial phase of the transition, in order to meet the rising demand for heat and electricity, natural-gas-fired cogenerators would be installed wherever they could be used, and more extensive gas-distribution systems would be built to supply them. While these measures would increase the over-all efficiency of the national energy system, the fuels saved would necessarily be those which are used for power production: coal, uranium, and oil. This would mean that the increased over-all demand for energy would need to be met by a gradual expansion in the use of natural gas, probably from its present annual figure of twenty quads to about thirty-five quads in the twenty-fifth year after the transition began.

Meanwhile, during the first twenty-five years of the transition the production of solar energy would gradually increase. Starting now, solar collectors would be installed wherever they would be practical, to provide heat; alcohol produced from waste and crops would begin to replace gasoline; methane, produced wherever there was enough suitable biomass, would be fed into the expanding pipeline system already carrying natural gas. A few years after the start of the transition, the use of photovoltaic cells and wind generators would begin to expand appreciably. Gradually, the total production of solar energy would increase until, by the twenty-fifth year, it amounted to perhaps twenty per cent of the total energy budget. At that point, halfway through the transition period, solar energy and expanded natural-gas production would account for something over half the total energy budget. With these additions to the national energy supply, it would be possible, for example, to eliminate all oil imports over the first twenty-five-year period of the



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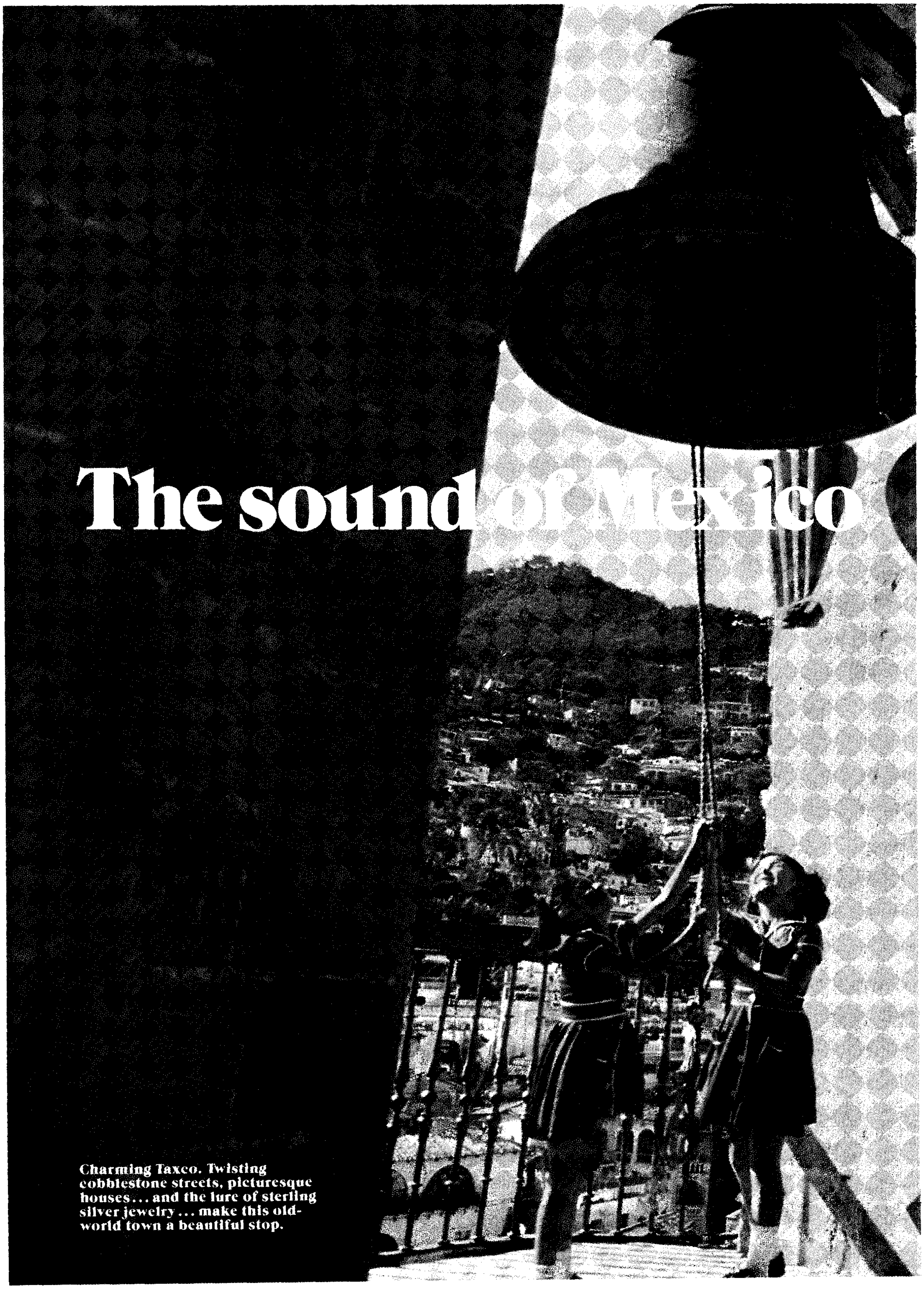
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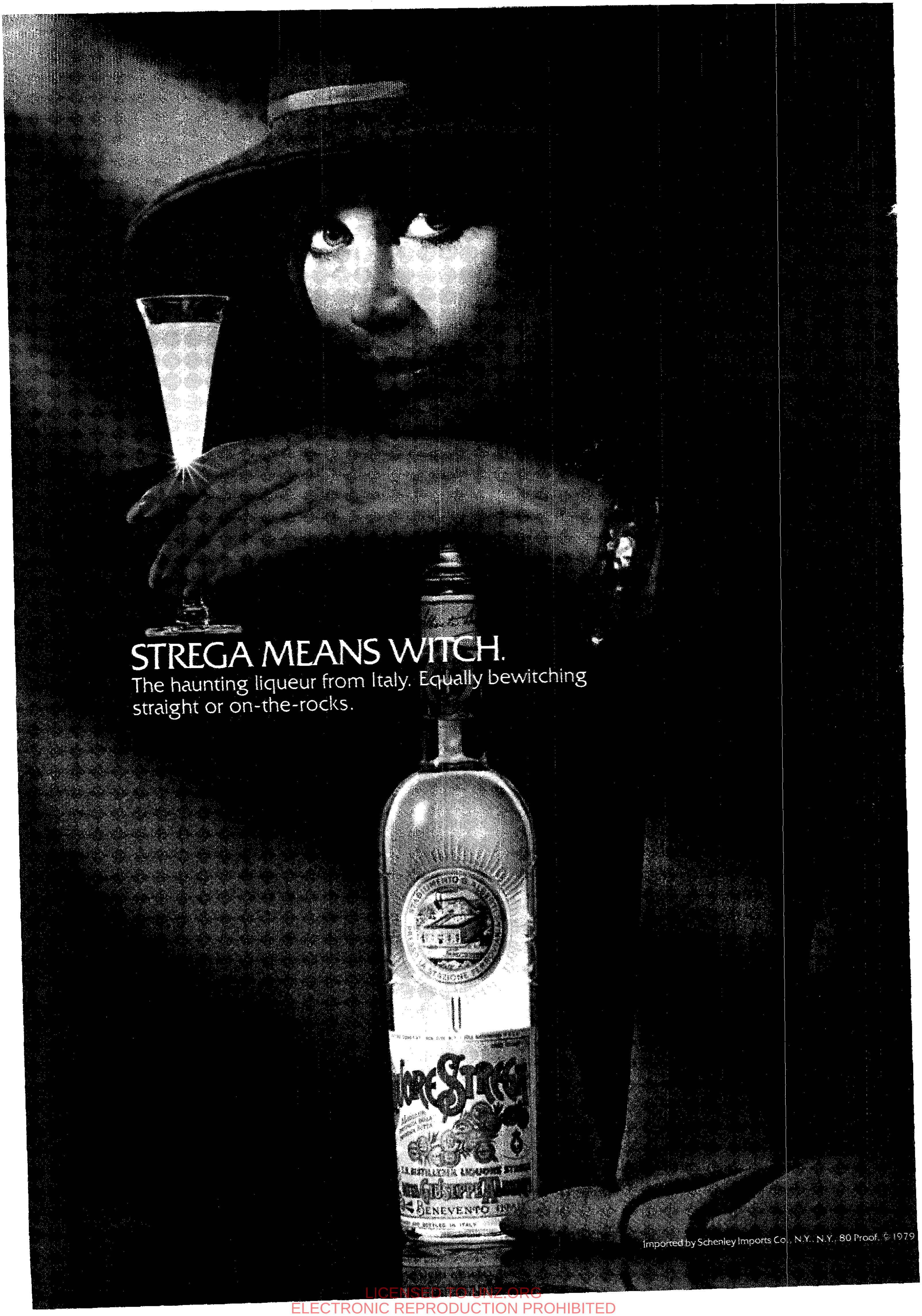
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transition without increasing the present rate of production of domestic oil, coal, and nuclear power. Alternatively, the solar transition could be used initially to replace nuclear power. One of the unfortunate consequences of the accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant is that it has confronted those areas of the country which are particularly dependent on nuclear power, such as metropolitan Chicago and New England, with a painful dilemma. Residents of those areas now know that they, too, may face the uncertainties, disruptions, and potential catastrophe that confronted the people in the Harrisburg area in March. But they also know that their supply of energy cannot be cut back without courting economic disaster. The solar transition could help these regions, which are now hostage to the anxieties of their proximity to nuclear power plants, relieve this distress. The energy-saving and energy-producing measures of the solar transition that are ready for use could be introduced at once, allowing these areas to close down nuclear power plants gradually, without disrupting their essential supply of energy. In effect, in the first half of the transition the increased use of both natural gas and solar energy could replace imported oil or nuclear power while accommodating the expected increase in the over-all demand for energy.

In the next twenty-five years, as solar sources continued to expand (especially the more novel ones, such as hydrogen production), it would be possible to gradually reduce the production of domestic oil, coal, and nuclear power to zero, while natural-gas production could fall to ten quads a year (about half its present rate). At that point, the system would be about ninety per cent solar. Thereafter, the ten-per-cent contribution of natural gas could be eventually eliminated, but it would be important to retain this source as a standby to compensate for seasonal and annual changes in climate.

To carry us through the transition, this scheme would require the production of a total of thirteen hundred and fifty quads of the bridging fuel, natural gas, over the fifty-year period. Is that much natural gas available in the United States? It is commonly agreed that the geological formations that are now being tapped for natural gas in this country contain nine hundred to thirteen hundred quads of producible fuel—not quite enough to support the transition. Evidence developed in the last few years, however, has drastically changed this outlook for the better. It now appears that there are much larger sources of natural gas in the United States than the conventional ones. These "unconventional" sources have been encountered repeatedly over the years, during exploration of conventional oil and gas formations, but have been largely neglected. One such unconventional source is so-called geopressurized methane, which occurs in a hot briny solution at depths of eight thousand to fifteen thousand feet, especially along the Texas coast. Another unconventional source is natural gas held in tight geological formations. In Appalachia, thousands of wells have produced natural gas from these formations, but flow rates have been low and the wells have been of limited use. Now, however, a fairly simple way has been found to break up the tight shale formation that inhibits the flow of gas. A mixture of water, polymers, and tiny particles of sand (or other material) is pumped into the well under high pressure. The pressure breaks up the formation and forces the particles into the crevices that are opened up. When the pressure is released, the particles keep the crevices open, allowing gas to flow freely. The same technique is being used to release natural gas from tight sand formations in the West.

In August of 1978, at a meeting of gas-industry experts in Aspen, Colorado, it was agreed that these unconventional sources might amount to a total of five to ten thousand quads. Earlier reports gave a similar figure and estimated the potential United States sources of natural gas (about eighty-seven per cent unconventional) at seven thousand quads. According to the industry experts, natural gas from these new sources can probably be produced at a cost of two to three dollars per thousand cubic feet. Thus, there does seem to be enough natural gas available—at a price that is reasonable compared to the alternative, imported oil or nuclear power—to support the transition. After the transition is complete, moreover, the natural-gas supply is apparently sufficient to serve as a standby for many years, or until solar methane and hydrogen are plentiful enough to produce a surplus for storage.

Beyond the question of the availability of natural gas lies a second practical question: Can the country eventually produce enough solar energy to meet the total national demand? In theory, the answer is yes, since the total amount of solar energy that falls

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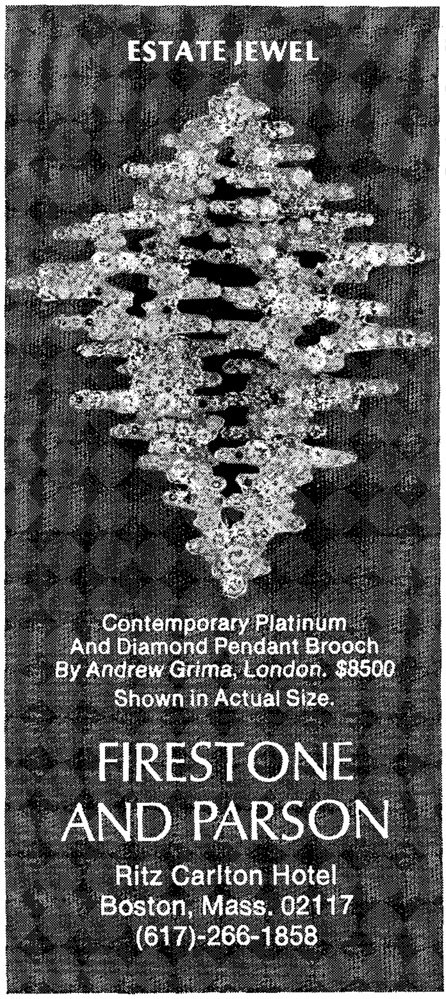
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on the land is hundreds of times as much as we need. But a practical answer is more difficult, for the demand requires that sufficient solar energy be produced in the appropriate forms. Producing enough heat from solar collectors or enough electricity from photovoltaic cells is only a matter of extending these devices over a sufficient area. The present demand for heat could be met by solar collectors covering about forty-four-hundredths of one per cent of the American land area, and the demand for electricity could be met by using twelve-hundredths of one per cent more for photovoltaic cells (operating with the efficiency of currently available cells, which is about ten per cent). In view of the fact that streets and roads take up about one per cent of the land area, this is not an insuperable problem. By prudently using available organic wastes, developing new sources such as seaweeds, and—most important—judiciously reorganizing agriculture so that it yields both food and solar fuels efficiently, the crucial need for liquid and gaseous fuels could also be met. The alcohol or other liquid fuels made from biomass available from agriculture could certainly provide for the expected needs of aviation, with enough left over to fuel heavy land-based vehicles that are not readily operated by electricity. The twenty quads of methane and hydrogen that would be produced could, if they were divided about equally between industry and the residential-and-commercial sector, take care of the demand for heat and electricity not readily met by local solar collectors, photovoltaic cells, and windmills.

In sum, the route to a solar future is open.

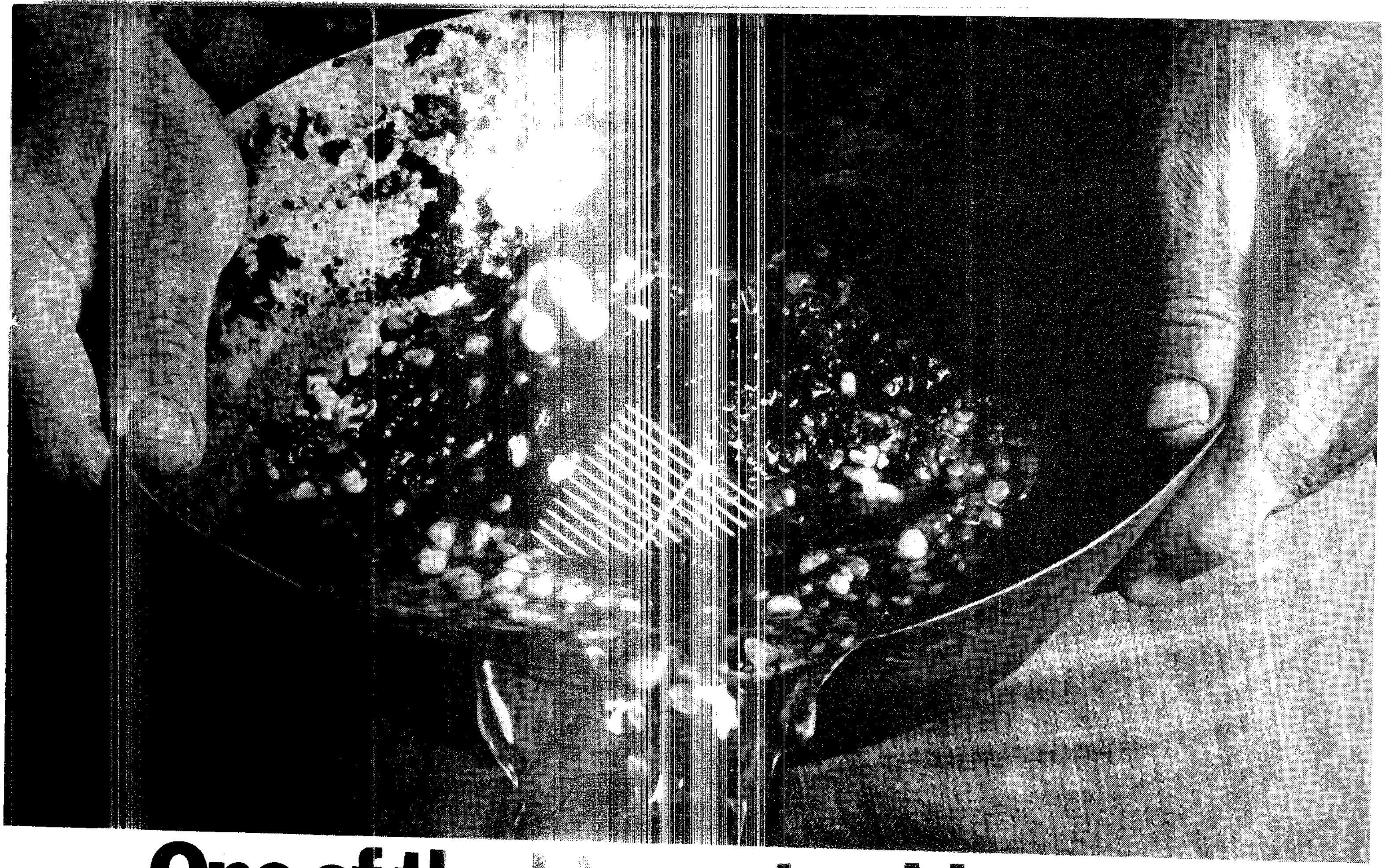
THE choice of which route the nation ought to follow in the transition from the present, increasingly intolerable reliance on nonrenewable energy to a renewable energy system now lies before us. Both routes are technically possible. Several breeder reactors have been built in Europe, and, although these do not seem to regenerate fuel very efficiently as yet, there is no reason to doubt that breeders could, in theory, provide us with the needed energy for a number of centuries. And, as we have seen, if it is properly organized around the use of natural gas as a bridging fuel, a transition to a solar-energy system is also possible. Both routes would be costly, and both would affect much more in the nation's life than the production of energy.

Adopting the breeder-based nuclear-power route involves a number of grave questions, such as the growing uncertainty about the safety of nuclear power plants; whether radioactive wastes can be safely stored, and, if so, how; how the heavy demand for capital to build increasingly costly nuclear power plants can be met; how the resultant escalation of utility rates can be coped with; and what can be done about the terrifying prospects of nuclear proliferation and radioactive contamination inherent in the extensive traffic in plutonium, thorium, or uranium-233 that would be inevitable in a breeder-based power system.

The solar choice raises equally difficult but different questions, such as whether the oil and gas industry is able and willing to produce more natural gas from the known reserves and to expand gas pipelines at a reasonable cost; whether other industries—for example, the automobile industry—are willing to invest in the large-scale production of cogenerators; how the loans that consumers need in order to invest in collectors and other solar equipment are to be provided; whether the federal government (or, for that matter, states and cities) will be willing to buy sufficient photovoltaic cells so that production can be expanded and the price reduced to the point where they can invade the conventional electric market; and whether the petroleum industry will tolerate the competition from farmers' production of solar fuels, and the utility industry will tolerate the competition from locally produced electricity.

The social and political consequences of the choice are immense. Breeder reactors and the intense use of coal that must precede them would greatly worsen our already serious environmental problems. The breeder route would concentrate most of the nation's energy system in the hands of either the very largest corporations or the federal government—the only institutions capable of meeting the huge cost of even a single breeder. The need to protect the system would probably bring it under the control of the military, and, according to John Barton, a professor of law at Stanford University, who has studied the potential impact that measures for safeguarding the recycling of plutonium that would be required in most breeder reactors might have on civil liberties, could lead to grave threats to the legal doctrines that protect personal and political freedom in the United States.

In contrast, solar energy is complete-



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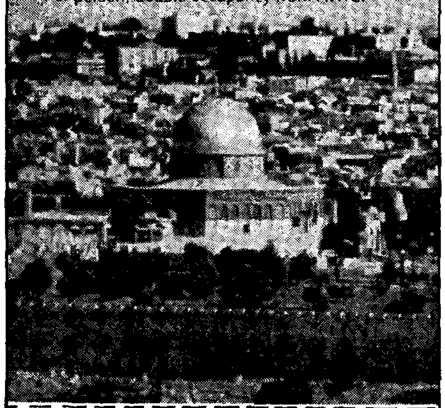

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Is it necessary to choose between the two routes? Can we not follow both of them, emphasizing the advantages and minimizing the hazards of each? Unfortunately, we cannot; the two routes are inherently, intractably incompatible. The breeder-based system would require the creation of a huge electric-transmission network and the adaptation of all energy-using processes to this single source. In a solar system, the methane-hydrogen pipelines would eventually take the place of most of the electrical network, and energy would be produced in a variety of forms, in relatively small local units. The cost of either system would be so great that the nation simply could not afford to build both of them.

It is evident, then, that a choice must be made between the two routes *to a renewable national energy system*; that it must be made now; and that it involves grave and portentous decisions about the nation's economic, social, and political future. Although these issues clearly should have been considered in the congressional debates on the National Energy Plan, which President Carter put before Congress in April of 1977, they were not. At their best, the debates were tangential to the real issues; at their worst, they served to confuse them. The Administration's position on the breeder has been particularly troublesome. Two weeks before the National Energy Plan was released, President Carter announced that he wanted to end the Clinch River plutonium breeder project, and environmentalists were jubilant. They knew that without the breeder it made little sense to continue the conventional nuclear-power program, because the uranium supplies would run out. But the Administration's energy policy was not quite what it seemed, for tucked away in the National Energy Plan is this statement: "... the President is proposing to reduce the funding for the existing [plutonium] breeder program and to redirect it toward evaluation of alternative breeders, advanced converter reactors and other fuel cycles..." Despite Carter's campaign claims that nuclear power would be used only as a last resort, the Administration is strongly committed to both a nuclear present and a nuclear future. At the same time, the National Energy Plan played down the development of solar energy. John O'Leary, Deputy Secretary of Energy, told a meeting of the American Public Power Association in October of 1978, "There is no place for solar energy in this century.... We can have two options—coal and nuclear power."

If there was any question about where Carter stood in the choice between the development of nuclear power and the development of solar energy, he made his position quite clear on November 6, 1978, when he signed the Solar Photovoltaic Energy Research, Development, and Demonstration Act of 1978. Among other things, this bill authorized the government to make a purchase of photovoltaic cells somewhat larger than the amount recommended in the National Energy Act—the step that a Federal Energy Administration task force had shown would lead to the rapid commercialization of this device. When President Carter signed the bill, however, he announced:

> It is still too early to concentrate on commercialization of photovoltaics. Photovoltaic systems hold great promise; but in the short run we must emphasize research and development, including fundamental work on the physical properties of these systems, so that this promise can be realized. Therefore I will not propose to the Congress that a broad Federal solar photovoltaic purchase program tied to the specific goals of this Act be undertaken soon.

Since then, in the aftermath of the accident at the Three Mile Island plant, Carter has reiterated his view that we must continue to develop nuclear power, and so the large role that the Administration allots to nuclear power, to coal, and to electricity generally in the energy plan falls into place. With coal relied on heavily as the bridging fuel, the nation's centralized power network would be considerably expanded. Consequently, if the Presi-

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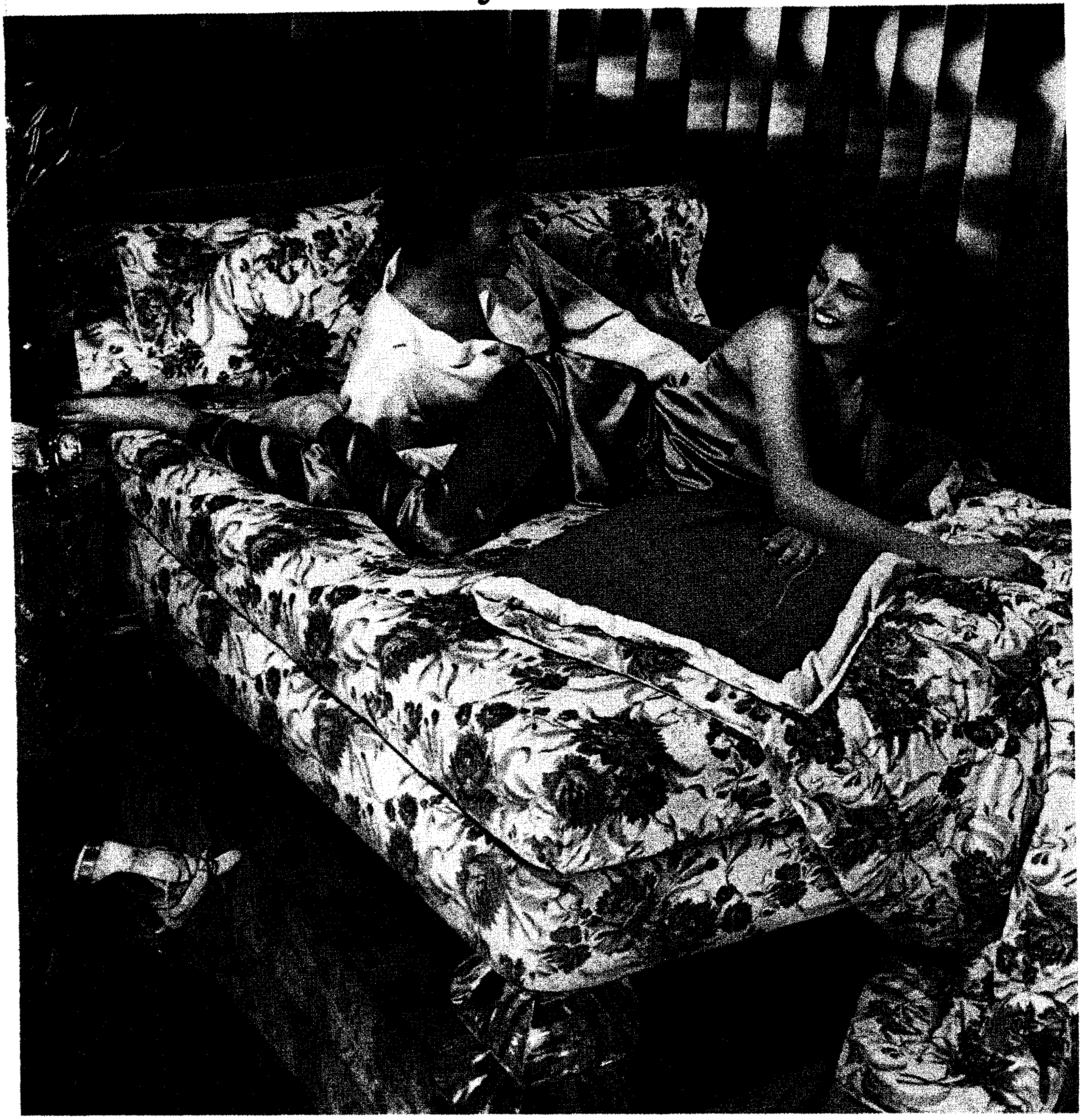

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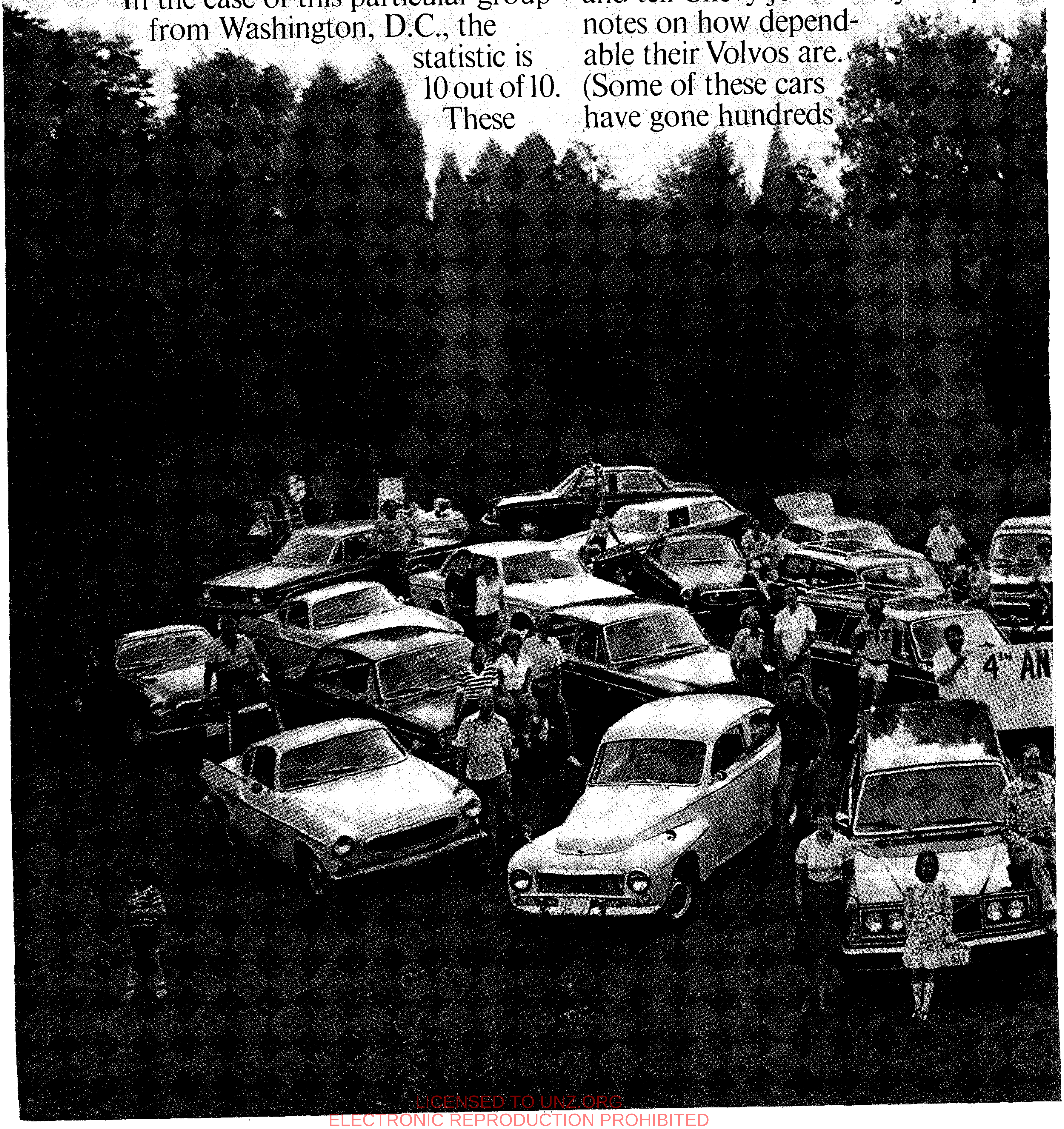

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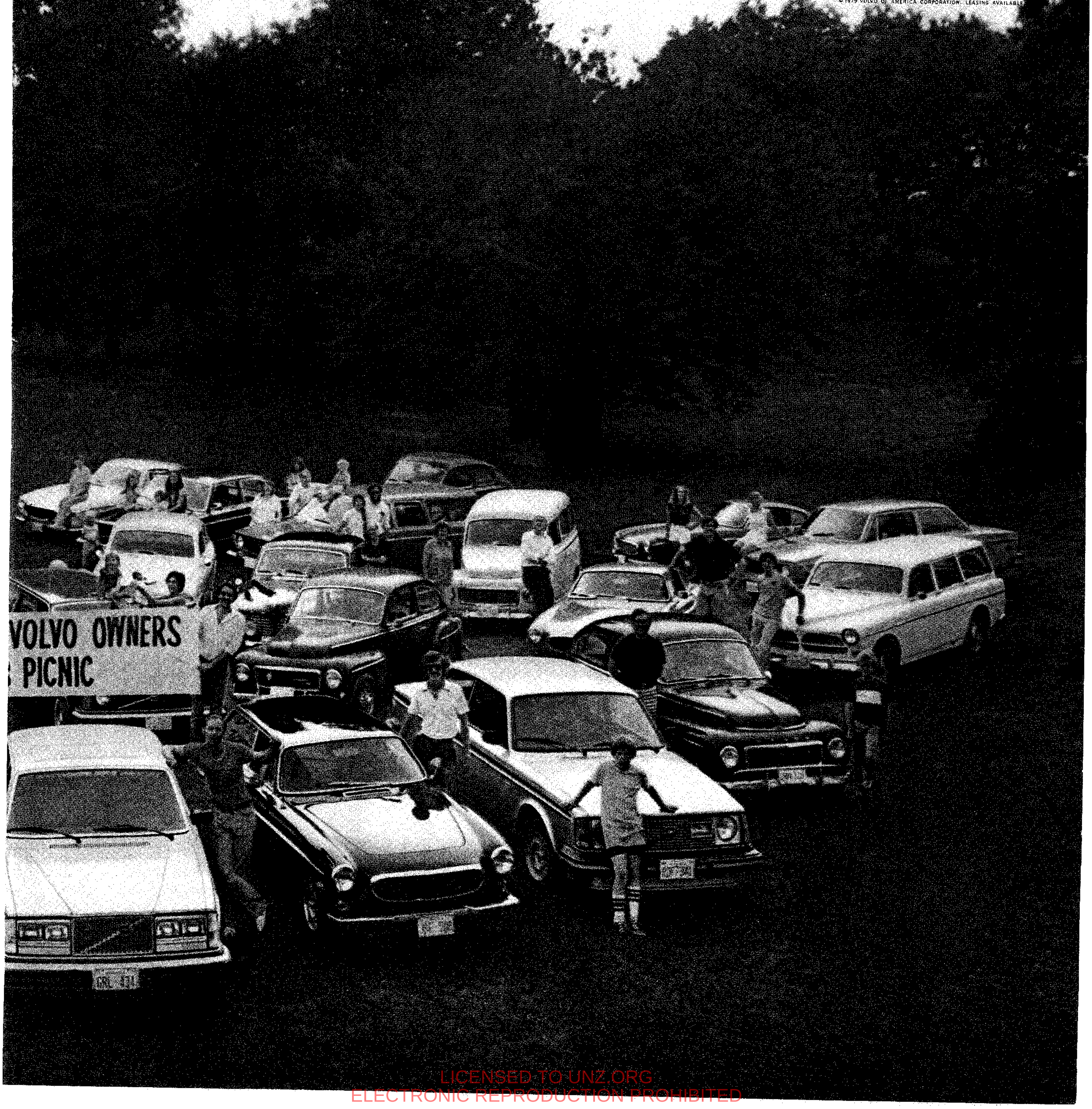

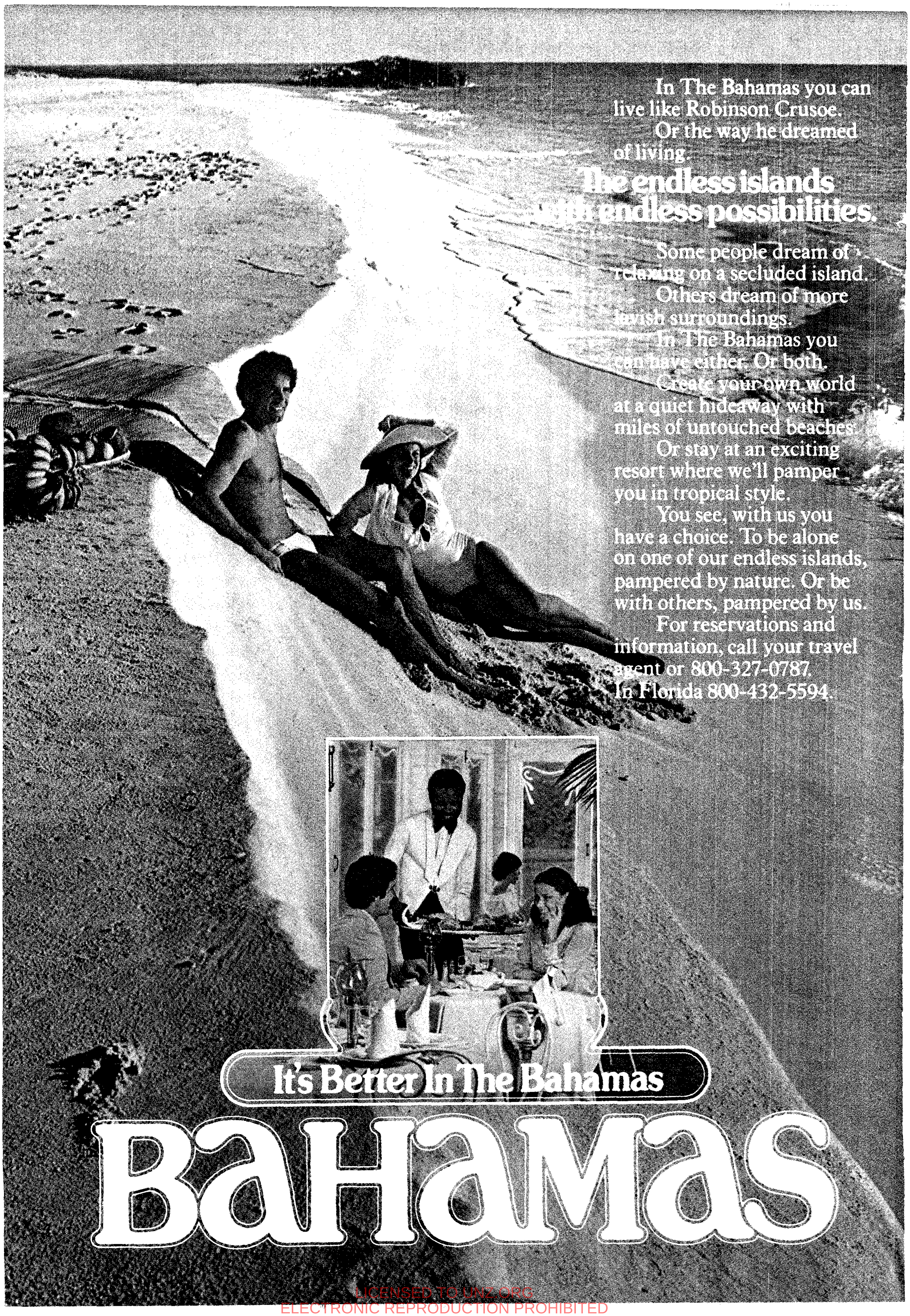

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dent's plan should be carried out, the entire national energy system would become heavily dependent on centralized electric-power production by 1985. A considerable part of the national energy output would be produced by conventional nuclear power plants, so that when, by the turn of the century, it became clear that nuclear fuel was running out, a serious shortage of electricity would be threatened. At that point, with the energy system so dependent on the nuclear power system, there would be no choice but to extend its life by introducing the breeder, whether plutonium-based or based on thorium, which Carter seems to prefer. This is the transition to renewable energy inherent in the design of the National Energy Plan and in Administration policy.

That fact helps to explain why the debates on the National Energy Plan were irrelevant to the problem of solving the energy crisis. The plan seemed to be based on a view of the crisis which was at once misleading and covert. On one level, the plan was put forward as a conservation program—an effort to cut the use of energy in order to stave off the day of reckoning when we would supposedly run out of oil. On this level, the plan was misleading; it was designed not to resolve the energy crisis—that requires a transition to renewable energy—but merely to delay it. All of Carter's exhortations were linked to the conservation proposals; that was the loudly publicized aspect of the plan. But hidden behind the plan's intricate manipulations and discussed by neither the Administration nor Congress is its deeper meaning. On this level, the plan seems to reflect a much clearer understanding that the energy crisis springs from the nonrenewability of our present sources and that the only way to resolve it—as opposed to delaying it—is to carry out a transition to renewable sources of energy. With little fanfare, the plan sets in motion just such a transition—to the renewable source of energy represented by a vast nuclear power system based on breeder-regenerated fuel. This, the unpublicized part of the plan, would commit the nation, unwittingly, to a vision of the future that is anathema to many Americans.

WE now know that the energy crisis is the inescapable result of our nearly total dependence on nonrenewable sources, which, as they rise in price, place an intolerable burden on the economy; that only a transition to a renewable energy source—solar energy or the nuclear breeder—can solve this problem; that the choice between these two options involves grave economic, social, and political issues, which need to be resolved in a national debate; that, despite the Administration's fumbling, the relevant facts are in hand and are ready to be put before the American people for decision.

"The American people" do not, of course, constitute a uniform body; the nation is made up of groups that occupy different and, in some respects, conflicting positions in the economic system. These groups may best be served by different energy policies. Prominent among the groups are consumers, farmers, labor, the entrepreneurs and managers of the industries that use energy, and the entrepreneurs and managers of the industries that produce and distribute energy. Each group needs to examine for itself how the choice between the two alternative routes toward a national system of renewable energy—or, for that matter, neither—would meet its own interests.

Clearly, if the heavy burden of the energy crisis on consumers is to be relieved, the present energy system must be replaced by one based on a source that is renewable (so that its price is stable), thrifty in its demand for economic resources (so that consumers can have access to their share), and benign in its effect on the environment (so that people can live in it without fearing for their health and safety). It seems equally clear that a solar-energy system would serve consumers' needs much better than one based on breeders. The breeder-based system, because of problems inherent in its centralized design, would use capital less efficiently than a solar-based system. It would generate serious environmental hazards and run the risk of potentially catastrophic accidents. It would intensify consumers' onerous dependence on the electric utilities, which have already laid claim to so large a part of consumers' budgets, especially the poor. But, most important, the solar-based system could be introduced much sooner than the breeder system, avoiding the huge increases in the cost of conventional energy which will occur until it is replaced by a renewable source. The early introduction of the solar-based system would leave a larger part of the output of the economic system available for consumer purchases, to maintain the standard of living, and for new investment, to expand the economy. The transitional process, too, would benefit consumers. The introduction of cogenerators would reduce consumers' energy costs, and with more natural gas available they could

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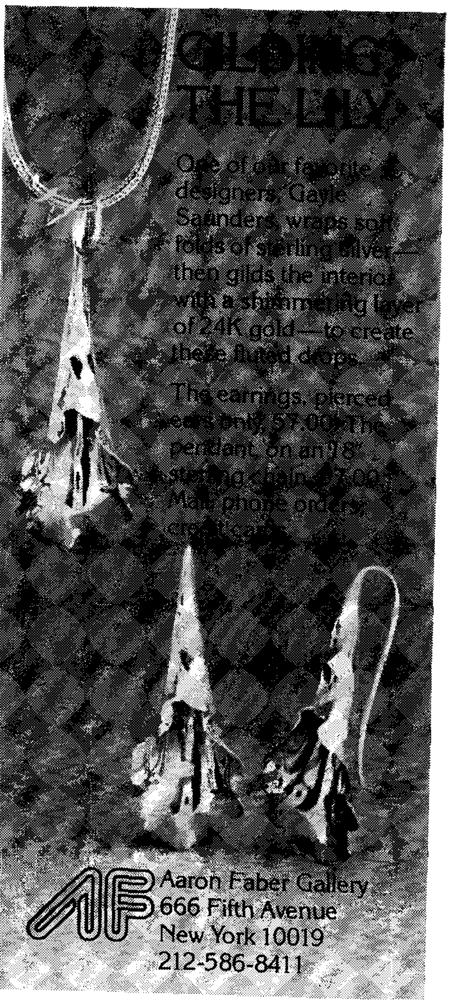
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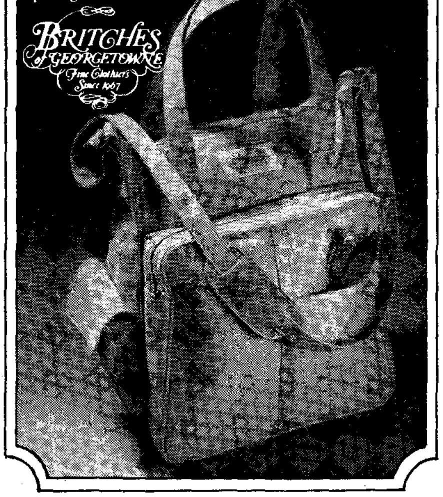

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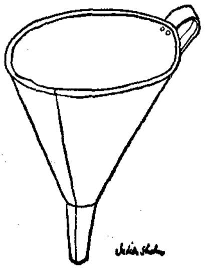
use that fuel for heat instead of much more expensive electricity. Finally, whereas the shift to breeders would degrade the environment, the solar transition would improve it.

Farmers are both consumers and producers. As consumers, they share, for the most part, the interests of consumers generally, and so would be much better served by a solar-based system than by a breeder-based system. As producers, they have a special interest in solar energy. They would quickly benefit from a solar transition, which would give them immediate access to solar energy produced on the farm: alcohol and methane, and electricity from cogenerators driven by these fuels. Farmers could then regain the energy independence they once enjoyed, not by returning to draft horses and manual water pumps but by producing for themselves the forms of energy needed to run the farm's modern equipment—tractors, trucks, grain dryers, electric milking machines, and refrigerators, not to mention the farmhouse water pump, vacuum cleaner, and TV set. The solar fuels could be produced at a constant cost, in contrast to the escalating price of conventional fuels. So, as farmers shifted to solar fuels, they could hold down their production costs and become less vulnerable to the economic difficulties they always face when the price of farm commodities fluctuates downward. And, with the price of nonrenewable fuels continuing upward and farmers beginning to produce more energy than they needed, they could turn the tables on the oil industry. Instead of depending on the increasingly costly products of the industry, farmers could compete with it, selling not only food but significant amounts of solar fuel as well. This would give them a broader, more stable market for their goods and a new, more independent and economically secure position in the national economy.



Labor unions are frequently wooed by utilities seeking allies in their battles against citizens who oppose the construction of power plants. The utilities argue that workers need jobs and that unless energy is available factories will close and people will be put out of work. But the real interests of working people in regard to energy are not encompassed by this oversimplified approach. It is true, of course, that energy is essential to the nation's system of production, which is the source of jobs and wages. But labor makes other requirements of the system of production, and these may be better met by one source of energy than by another.

A renewable-energy system based on breeder reactors would not serve the interests of working people well. The heavy expenditures for nonrenewable energy during the twenty-five-year delay before breeders could be introduced would divert economic resources from the development of new industry and, consequently, the creation of new jobs. And even before breeders were built—in the transitional period, as the electric power system expanded—many industries would be forced to make unproductive investments in order to switch from natural gas (which is now widely used in industry) to electric power and coal. This would further limit the economic resources available for new industrial investments, and, whereas capital spent to build a new factory will create additional jobs, capital spent on switching from one fuel to another will not—at least for the industry affected. (It is a maintenance cost.) In contrast, in the solar transition the supply of natural gas would expand rather than contract, so industries that depend on it could avoid such unproductive switching costs, and more capital would be available for new, job-producing investments.

These considerations apply with equal force to the interests of the entrepreneurs and managers of industry generally—to the productive operations that use energy. In recent years, as energy supplies have become less certain and more costly, many industries have been hurt. During the artificial oil shortage caused by the 1973-74 embargo, some plants shut down for weeks at a time, and the same thing happened when natural-gas supplies to the Midwest were disrupted in the winter of 1976-77. These events dramatized a basic fact concerning the relationship between the industries that use energy and the industries that produce it. Since all industries must have energy, the energy-producing industries are in an unchallengeable position to dictate the terms of trade. Although an appliance factory in New England might find it particularly practical to burn natural gas in its paint dryers, it may be forced to use electricity or fuel oil because the gas industry has seen fit to direct its supplies elsewhere. And an industry that does get a gas hookup and installs machinery designed to operate on it must thereafter pay whatever price the gas company is allowed to charge or

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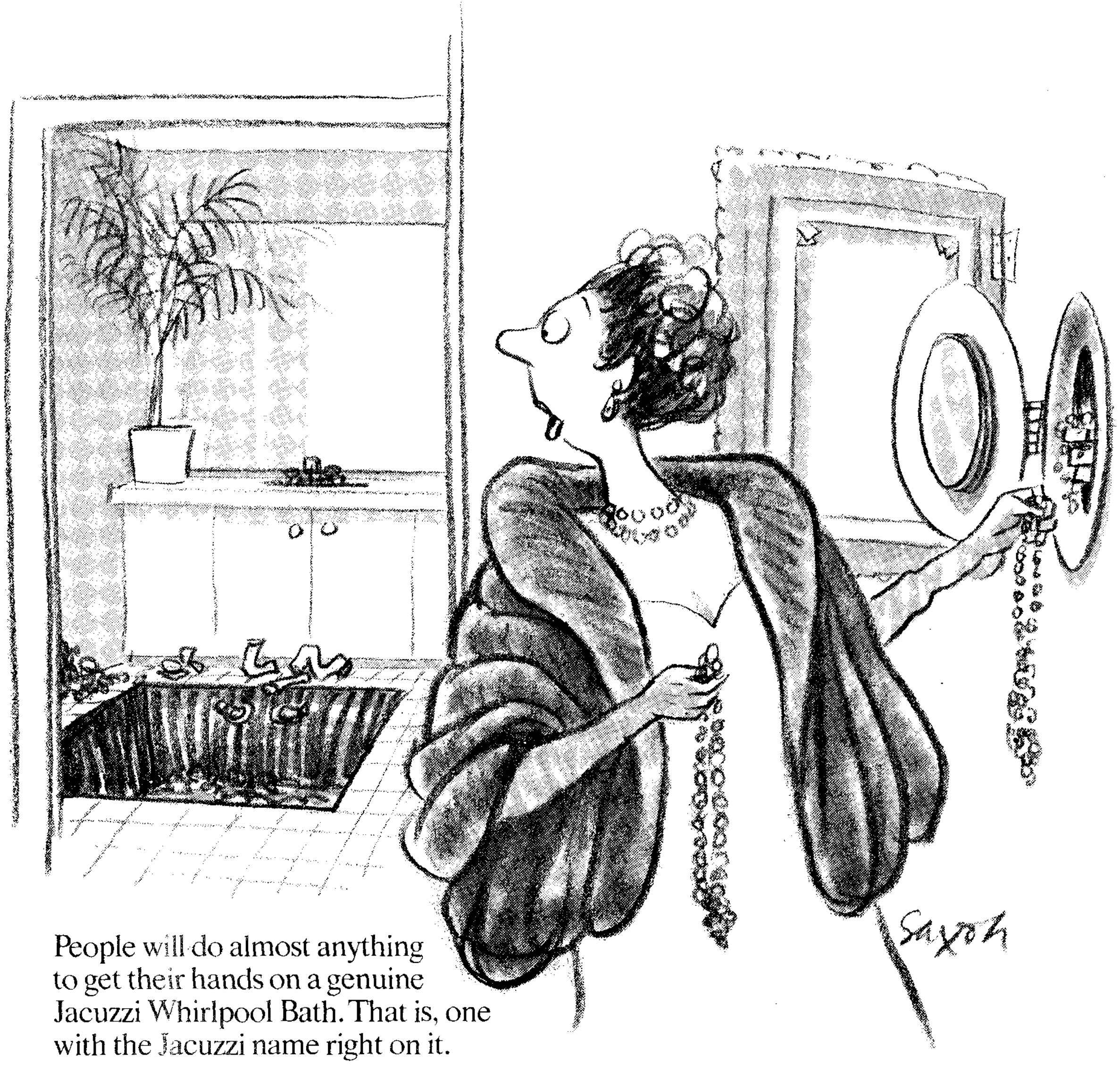

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else bear the cost of installing new equipment. Gas users have little opportunity to shop around for cheaper supplies, because even where there are multiple suppliers the producers' collective control of the rate of production and of pipeline allocations maintains a nearly uniform system of prices. In effect, in relation to the energy-using industries the energy-producing industries can exert most of the economic control enjoyed by a monopoly. The need to control this power is the reason for government regulation of the energy industry.

The energy-using sectors of the economy would be better served by a solar transition than by a transition to a breeder-based system. The breeder-based system would require the many industries that now use liquid and gaseous fuels to be redesigned for electricity. This would intensify the energy industry's monopoly power, since there would then be only one source of energy, and it would be under the control of large, financially powerful corporations. In contrast, the solar route would break the hold of the energy companies over the rest of industry. In a solar-based system, many industries could control their own source of energy, which could often be produced locally—by the industry itself or by nearby small-scale producers. A factory equipped with its own photovoltaic cells controls its own source of power. A cannery that produces methane from its wastes and has a two-way connection to a methane pipeline is at least a partner in its energy supply. But once more the most important difference between the alternative routes to renewable energy is that the solar-based system would come into action sooner, thereby draining off less of the economy's resources for maintenance of the energy system and leaving more for new industrial investment.

WHERE do the interests of the energy-producing industries lie in the choice between the two routes to a national system of renewable energy? Among these industries are three that together encompass all the sector's activities: electric utilities, on which the whole of the nuclear-power industry and most of coal production depends; the gas utilities, on which the production and distribution of natural gas depends; and the oil industry, which produces and sells crude oil, natural gas, and refinery products such as fuel oil and gasoline.

The electric utilities operate highly centralized power plants, and since this is precisely the design required by a breeder system, there is a nice fit between the two. But building breeders would also aggravate the utilities' two main problems—difficulty in raising capital and difficulty in meeting environmental standards. Neither of these problems could be solved by the utilities without government help. Yet before breeders were introduced, the government would need to shore up the nuclear-power industry, which, even before the accident at Three Mile Island, was facing serious trouble because it lacked sufficient orders. One possibility—already suggested by the Westinghouse Corporation—is that the government should itself buy nuclear power plants, for later resale to utilities. Another likely maneuver, which has been proposed by the Administration, is to shorten the time required for nuclear-plant construction by, among other things, limiting environmental challenges. If breeders were built, these economic and environmental problems would become worse rather than better. Thus, the transition to a breeder-based renewable-energy system could serve the interests of the electric utilities, but only if they had a great deal of help from the government.

On the other hand, it is difficult to see how, even with government help, the electric utilities could survive a solar transition as private enterprises. To begin with, the expanded use of the solar bridging fuel, natural gas, would favor the electric utilities' only present competitors—the gas utilities. (Some utilities, it is true, do sell both gas and electric power.) New industries and housing developments would tend to install gas-driven cogenerators rather than link up to the electric utilities. Then, as solar devices were introduced, the competition would increase. And, because of the electric utilities' peculiar financial structure, new competition would be fatal for them. Suppose, for example, that the production of photovoltaic cells is expanded and their price falls enough to make them competitive with utility power. Some of the utility's customers would begin to switch to photovoltaic systems, and the demand for utility power would decline. As a franchised public utility, however, a power company is allowed a certain fixed rate of return on its capital investment, and so, as the demand for power falls, the utility can compensate by raising its rates. (This has already happened in a number of instances where conservation measures have reduced demand.) But, as the utility's rates go up, the photovoltaic option will become more attractive to its customers, and more of them will switch to photovoltaics. Demand will fall even more, the utility

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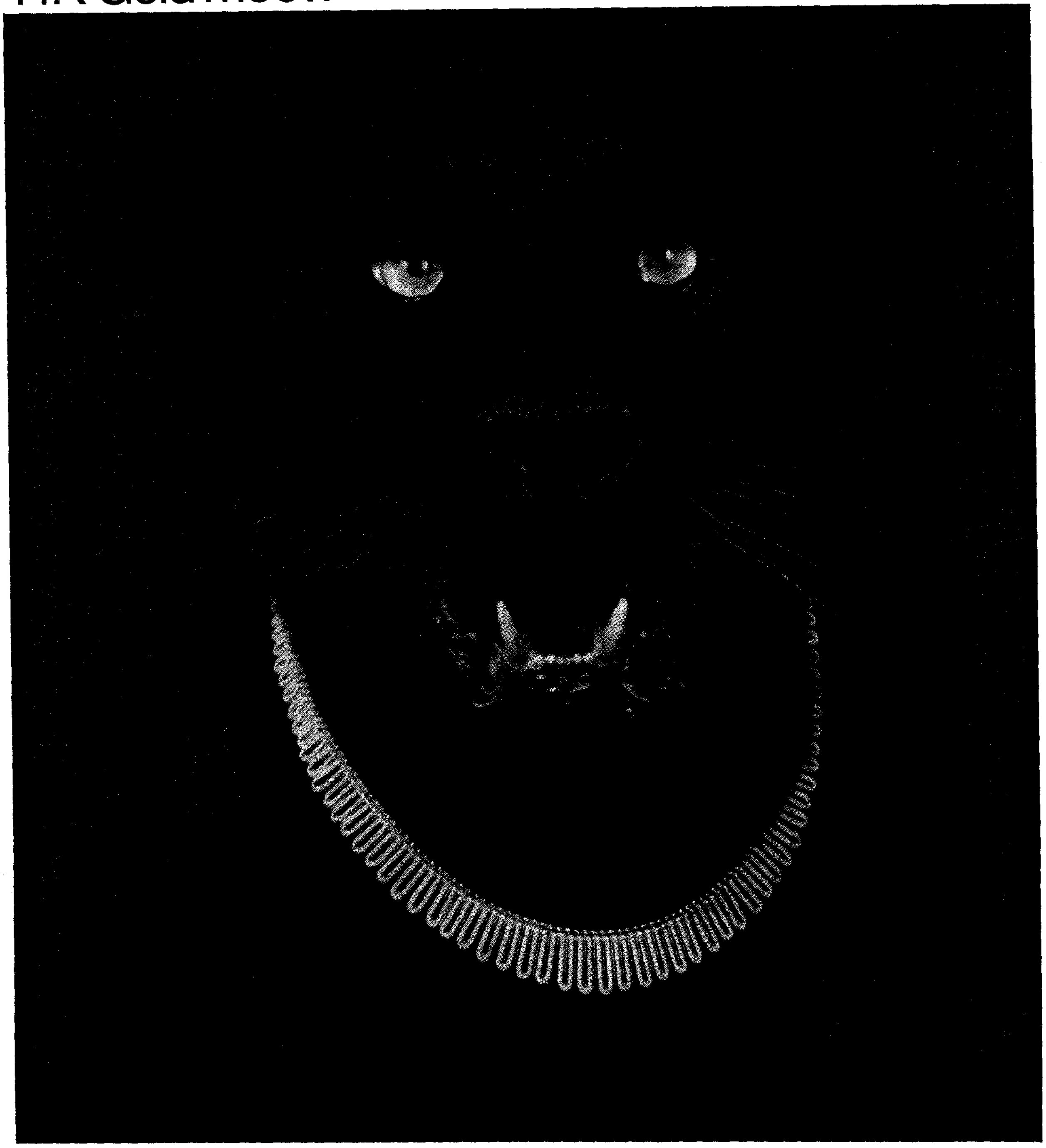

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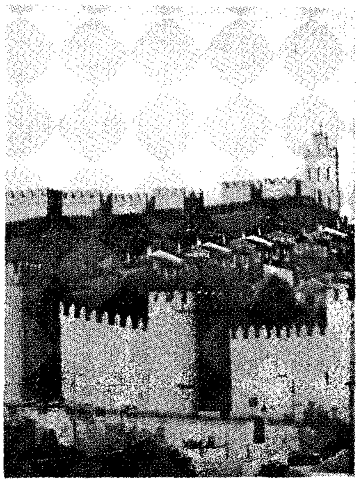

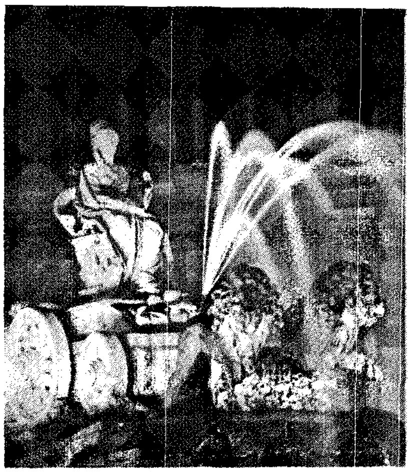

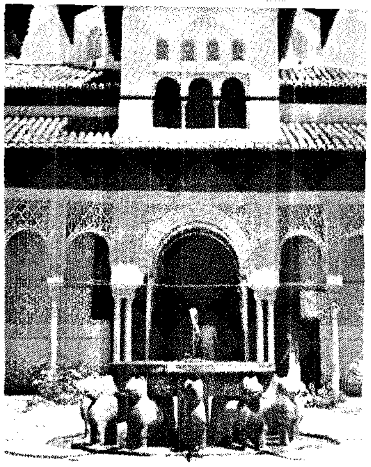

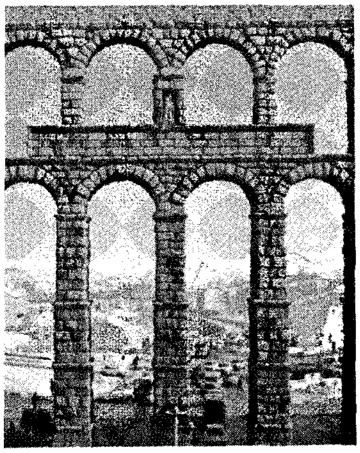

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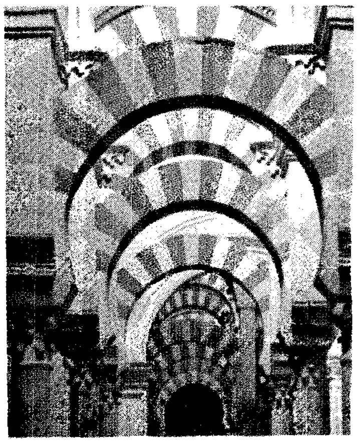

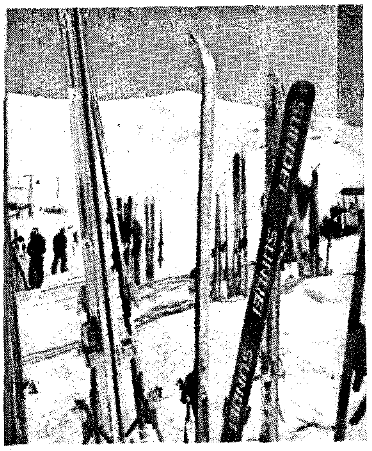

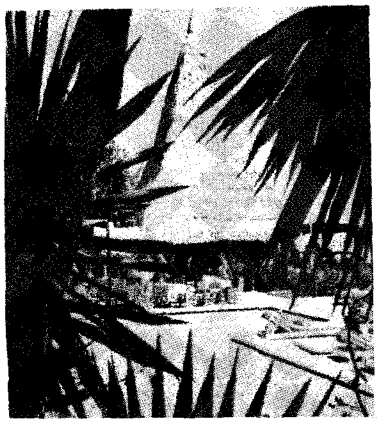

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will again raise its rates, and more customers will go solar—and so on. In the solar transition, the utilities' efforts to maintain their rate of return in the face of growing competition will set up a feedback process that can only end with absurdly high rates and no customers. Unless the utilities acquired some other source of income, a national commitment to the solar transition would guarantee the demise of electric utilities as viable private investments.

Still, the utilities' power lines and some of their power plants would have an important—if not a financially rewarding—role to play in the solar transition. Both energy and capital can be conserved if a solar installation is tied into the utilities' power grid. In a mixed solar-and-conventional system, the high cost of storage can be reduced if utility power is available as a backup, and energy can be saved if a solar source can feed electricity into the power grid when it is not needed locally.

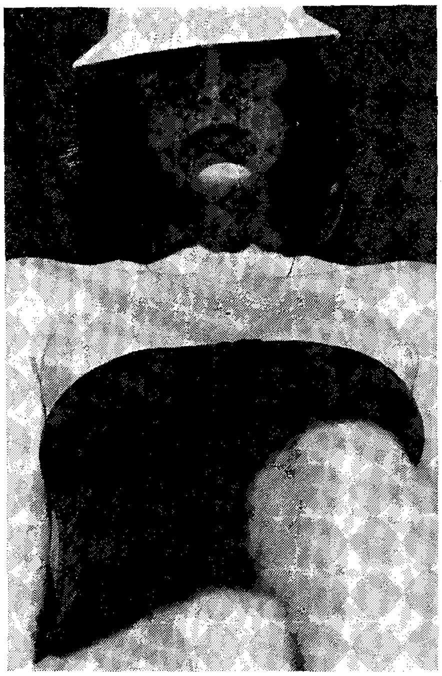
The interests of the utilities that distribute natural gas are self-evident. In a transition to a breeder-based system, the presumably stable price of its renewable electricity would compete more and more successfully with natural gas, which would meanwhile become exponentially more expensive. In such a transition, the gas utilities would gradually be phased out. In contrast, in a solar transition the gas utilities would be the purveyors of the essential bridging fuel, and they would flourish. Their crucial role would continue into the solar-based system itself, since the methane from solar sources gradually added to gas pipelines would be distributed through their pipelines.

Where do the interests of the oil companies lie in a possible transition to a system of renewable energy? In either a solar or a breeder transition, oil and natural gas would be needed until the renewable source was large enough to take over. But when a solar transition was complete, only standby natural-gas production would be needed—not much of a prospect for the huge oil companies. In a transition to the breeder system, their prospects would be much better. The major oil companies own a considerable part of the nation's reserves of both coal (the bridging fuel in this transition) and uranium (a breeder fuel). (According to Alfred F. Dougherty, Jr., director of the Bureau of Competition in the Federal Trade Commission, eleven oil and gas corporations control fifty-one per cent of the known uranium reserves, and fourteen of the twenty major corporations now holding coal reserves are oil companies.) In a breeder transition, the major oil companies would be in an excellent position to maintain their present position as the main supplier of essential fuels. Moreover, since the oil companies are among the largest, wealthiest corporations in the United States, they might invest directly in the construction of breeders, which would call for large amounts of capital.

As for a transition to a solar-based system, oil companies would find it, in certain ways, inimical to their own special interests. First, the emphasis on natural gas as the bridging fuel and the early elimination of nuclear power would tend to reduce the value of the companies' large uranium holdings. To be sure, insofar as the oil companies hold natural-gas reserves, they could play an important role in the solar transition. But natural-gas production has often, in the past, been a sideline for the major oil companies, developed only as an adjunct to oil production; many of the American gas producers are relatively small independents, especially in the areas of unconventional gas reserves. The large oil companies would therefore have a good deal of competition in the production of natural gas, and they are more likely to invest in areas where their enormous wealth gives them a strong competitive advantage. If the oil companies were to engage more extensively in the production of solar-energy devices, their huge capital resources would not be particularly advantageous, because the investments would tend to be diverse and relatively small-scale. So the major oil companies are not likely to find a role in the solar transition which is suited to their distinctive capacities—in particular, their ability to make large investments.

In fact, the major oil companies are most likely to prefer neither of the renewable-energy options. In recent years, as the price of energy has increased and oil-company profits have risen, the companies have shown a growing interest in investing outside the field of energy. In November of 1978, a survey of current trends in the oil industry by the *Oil & Gas Journal*, a trade magazine, reported, "With price increases, companies like Exxon Corp. and Phillips Petroleum Co. are generating such massive cash flows that traditional investment areas can't absorb the capital." The report continued:

> . . . what's in store ten years from now? The latter question is perhaps more critical in the oil industry than in other businesses because it looms against a backdrop of shrinking U.S. oil and gas



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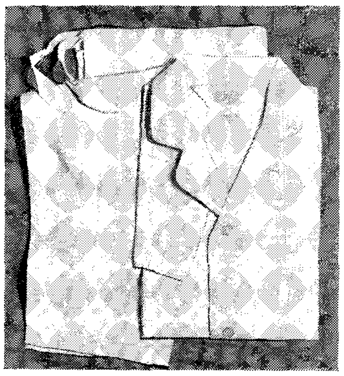

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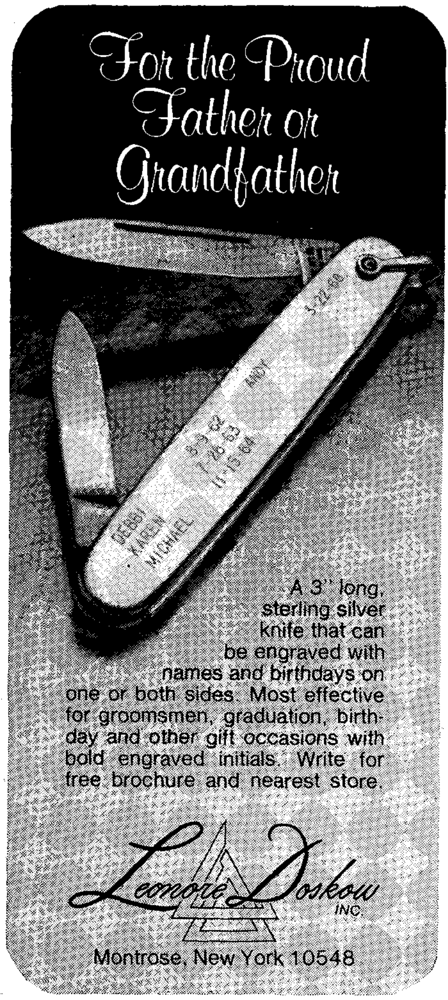
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reserves. And there are critical decisions to be made, such as what to do with cash flows from present investments as opportunities in traditional investment areas decline.

The oil companies' cash is already beginning to flow into enterprises other than oil and natural-gas production. In the last few years, inflated oil-company profits have been used by Mobil to acquire Montgomery Ward and the Container Corporation of America; by Atlantic Richfield to buy Anaconda Copper and the London *Observer;* by Sun to attempt the acquisition of a manufacturer of medical supplies; and by Exxon to invest heavily in electronics. (Gulf Oil considered buying Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus.) At the same time, most of the major oil companies are increasing their already appreciable investments in chemical production. Such purchases diversify the company holdings, and, according to a vice-president of Standard Oil of California, "the thrust for diversification comes from the depletion of oil and gas resources." The *Oil & Gas Journal* report also emphasizes the oil companies' view that investment in oil and gas production has become increasingly risky—"as we try to produce more difficult wells." Finally, although the industry has been drilling more domestic oil wells in the last few years because of the sharp rise in the price of oil, this will go on only if the price continues to rise. One major oil company points out:

> These investments [in new United States oil production] are being made in anticipation of prices rising over time to what we consider to be more rational levels. If these price increases do not come about, our economics on current projects will be seriously affected, and our ability and willingness to make future investments will be greatly decreased.

Although the rising price of oil has generated enormous profits for the oil companies, then, in the future they may be increasingly reluctant to use those profits for "traditional investments"—for the production of more oil and gas. This is the inevitable outcome of the nonrenewability of oil and gas. As oil and gas become progressively more costly to produce, the companies, unless they can be certain that the price of oil and gas will keep pace, run the risk that their profits will fall. As a 1973 report of the National Petroleum Council pointed out, if the price of domestic oil had not begun to rise exponentially after that date the oil companies' rate of return on their investment would have dropped to two per cent by 1985. (It is now between fifteen and twenty per cent.)

The oil companies' uncertainty about their future profits is not surprising. They know from experience that, because oil and gas are crucial to the economy, there is always the possibility—depending on the political outlook in Washington—that prices will be controlled. Because of this uncertainty, and the certainty that production costs will rise exponentially as oil and gas deposits are depleted, investments in these resources are bound to become increasingly risky in the future. The oil companies fought hard for a bill to deregulate natural gas, and also pushed hard for the recently announced rise in oil prices, which is part of the oil-price-control legislation that expires in 1981. The petroleum companies feel that they need to be more confident of higher future prices. For this reason, they have been heavily engaged in advertising campaigns to persuade the public that resolving the energy crisis depends on increased production, which can occur only if government regulations, especially on prices and environmental controls, are lifted.

It may seem paradoxical that, while voicing these strident demands concerning the economics of oil and gas production as though their survival depended on it, the oil companies are quietly buying their way into other industries. But the two campaigns are in fact complementary: the faster energy prices increase, the more ready cash the oil companies will have to buy up other industries. This strategy would benefit from a national decision to take the breeder route, for it would give the oil companies an additional twenty-five years or more in which to collect high prices for oil and gas and to invest the growing profits elsewhere, meanwhile profiting as well from their extensive holdings of coal and uranium.

IN looking into how the choice between the two routes to a renewable-energy system is likely to affect the special interests of the different sectors of the economy, we have found that the breeder route would favor the electric utilities and the oil companies, and that the solar route would favor the gas utilities and all the users of energy: industry, commerce, transportation, farmers, labor, and consumers. But, clearly, the electric utilities and the oil companies would resist this decision, and a major conflict would arise. The national welfare requires that the conflict be resolved, and it is useful to consider how that might be done.

To begin with, if the solar transition is to proceed smoothly, without disas-

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trous breaks in the flow of energy, the present annual rate of production of coal and domestic oil would need to be maintained in the first half of the fifty-year transitional period and gradually reduced to zero in the second half. (But nuclear power or oil imports, as has been noted, could be phased out in the first twenty-five years.) In the first half of the transition, the annual production of natural gas would need to be nearly doubled, but would decline to a low, standby rate in the next twenty-five years. During the transition, as oil and natural-gas deposits became less accessible and more difficult to exploit, the cost of producing them and the riskiness of the necessary investments would rise rapidly. But, despite these difficulties, the nation would need to be absolutely assured of a continuous supply of these fuels. Under these circumstances, the distributors of natural gas would flourish. As the national energy system became increasingly dependent on them, they would enjoy a powerful monopolistic position, which would, of course, require social control. This situation should cause no serious difficulties, however, since the industry is already under a system of regulation.

In contrast, the electric utilities' natural monopoly would end, and they would rapidly lose business. Nevertheless, their facilities would be needed as a backup and distribution system for solar installations. This situation resembles that of the freight railroads, which once had an effective monopoly on interurban hauling, and which, like the electric-power companies, operate as a utility; that is, the types of service offered and the rates charged are regulated by the government. Extensive automobile, truck, and air traffic broke the railroads' monopoly, and the more vulnerable ones, in the East, became unprofitable and went bankrupt. Their freight operations and certain of their passenger operations are essential to the national economy, however, and these have had to be continued. (And now, in any sensible energy transition, the railroads should be vastly expanded, and electrified.) Publicly funded corporations—Amtrak and Conrail—were created to continue at least minimal rail services. For all their inadequacies, these corporations have the merit of sustaining an essential national service that has become too unprofitable to warrant support as a private enterprise. It is likely that in the solar transition a similar fate awaits the electric utilities.

The fate of the oil companies in the

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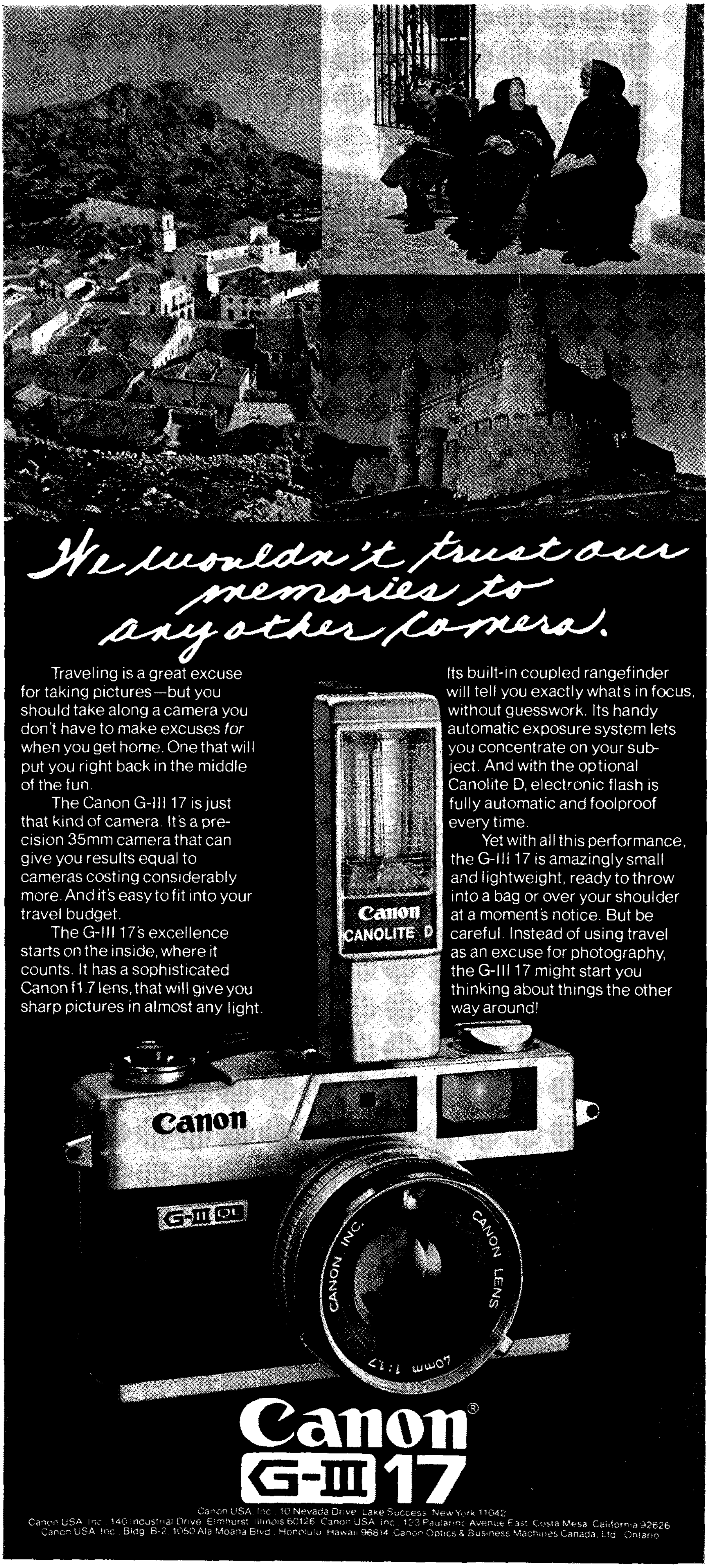
solar transition presents a far more formidable problem. Clearly, the interests of the oil industry and those of the nation as a whole are not the same. The oil companies argue that if price controls are removed entirely, as now seems likely, and the "free market" is allowed to operate they will have enough income to provide the "incentive" to produce more oil and natural gas. But thus far they have shown a strong inclination to invest their profits in quite different enterprises. This move runs counter to the nation's needs. What the nation would need in a solar transition is that the oil companies serve the purposes of that transition: continued production of oil and expanded production of natural gas should be guaranteed; the monopolistic position of the industry should not be exploited to raise prices even faster than is necessary to meet rising production costs; profits should be reinvested exclusively in more oil and gas production.

Not only are the interests of the oil companies and those of the nation in conflict but each party is uncertain of the other's behavior. The oil companies are aware that, because of the crucial importance of their products to the national welfare, even if controls are lifted, there is always the danger that, in the natural permutations of politics, controls will be reimposed. And, in the light of the recent behavior of the oil companies, the nation has reason to distrust their willingness to reinvest in oil and gas production unless they are certain of prices that they regard as "reasonable." Thus, a deadlock has developed. The oil companies want a guarantee that prices will never be regulated, and this no one can give them; the nation needs a guarantee that the companies will continue to produce oil and gas, and they are unwilling to give that guarantee unless prices are deregulated, if then.

This sort of situation has arisen before, in connection with electric, gas, and telephone companies—essential public services that tend to be natural monopolies. Here the problem has been solved by a quid pro quo. The companies have guaranteed to provide the needed services, and in return they have been granted a monopoly and the right to charge prices that will give them a guaranteed but fixed rate of return on their investment. This is the familiar formula for establishing a public utility. Simply stated, then, in order to meet the national requirements for the continued production of oil and, especially, of natural gas during the solar



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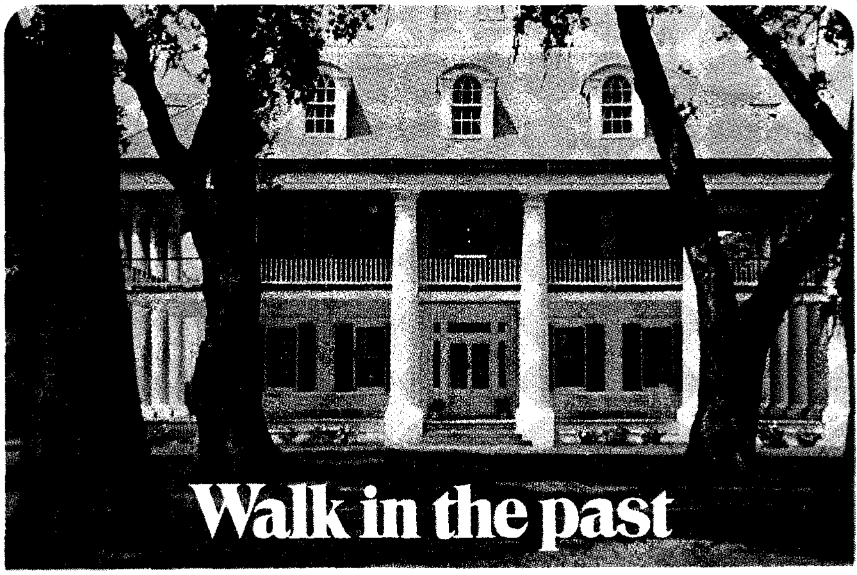

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transition, the companies engaged in performing that service would need to be given the status of public utilities, under which they would guarantee to devote themselves solely to the production of these fuels, and, in turn, would be guaranteed a fixed rate of return on their investment.

Unfortunately, the major oil companies, which are accustomed to using their huge wealth and power in whatever way seems to them to best serve their own interests, are not likely to accept the far more docile and economically settled role of a public utility. It is highly unlikely, for example, that the oil companies would support legislation that empowered them only to produce oil and natural gas, and at prices that guarantee them a set rate of return. On the one hand, given their strenuous objections to the much lighter level of social governance which is involved in simple price control, it is highly probable that the major oil companies would rather move into other areas of investment than agree to become public energy utilities. On the other hand, the public utilities that now distribute natural gas, which are already accustomed to this status, might be quite willing to expand their operations to include the production of natural gas. (Some of these utilities already produce their own natural-gas supplies, but so far on a very small scale.)

One possible solution, then, would be to convert those companies which wished to remain in the oil and natural-gas business into public utilities, and to accept the likelihood that the major oil companies would take their cash into more attractive areas of investment. One can foresee certain moral objections to this outcome, however, since it would reward the industry that has profited most from the energy crisis and punish the far more numerous industries that have been hurt by it. Ironically, it is the energy crisis itself that has given the major oil companies the opportunity to invade new sectors of the economy. By their own admission, the crisis has enabled them to accumulate more capital than they are now willing to reinvest in oil and gas production at current prices. At the same time, the energy crisis has helped to weaken the rest of the economy, so that other companies can now be bought up at bargain prices. This is reminiscent of what happened in the Great Depression, when the larger, wealthier, more viable companies bought out those that weakened and failed. In this case, though, the process could be halted—or, at least, mitigated—by means of a solar transition, for that would slow down, and eventually end, the escalation of energy prices, which is the source of the oil companies' financial power.

THE outcome of the solar transition depends a great deal on whether it would be governed by private or public interests. Because conventional energy sources are rising in price exponentially, it is advantageous to switch to solar energy as soon as the conventional and solar cost curves cross. There are two ways to hasten the crossover. One strategy would rely on private interest, operating through the free marketplace, to govern the introduction of solar technologies. The price of conventional energy would be deregulated, and allowed to rise as fast as the energy companies' monopoly position could drive it up. For that reason, some solar-energy enthusiasts favored the National Energy Plan: it was designed to allow the highest-priced market for fuel, the international oil market, to set the price of domestic energy. They reasoned that this strategy would increase the general cost of conventional energy so fast that solar technologies would become competitive more quickly and enter the market sooner—but at a high price. The oil companies would benefit from the higher oil and natural-gas prices. Wealthy people would benefit, too, for they could afford the solar investment and so avoid buying high-priced fuel. But poor people, unable to buy expensive solar devices, would be forced to pay higher prices for conventional fuel. This approach to the solar transition is Robin Hood in reverse; it would help the rich and hurt the poor, justifying a general suspicion that public movements for energy conservation and solar energy are élitist.

The alternative strategy would rely on public interest, by deliberately using public funds to reduce the cost of those solar technologies which are most important to the solar transition and to its broad social benefits. Public funds could be used for the initial purchase needed to establish new, competitive solar industries (for example, the federal photovoltaic-purchase plan), or for the financing of solar public works (for example, the construction of municipal plants to convert garbage and sewage to methane), or for the subsidizing of solar innovations in housing, agriculture, and transportation. By speeding the development of solar alternatives to increasingly expensive, nonrenewable fuels, this strategy would hold

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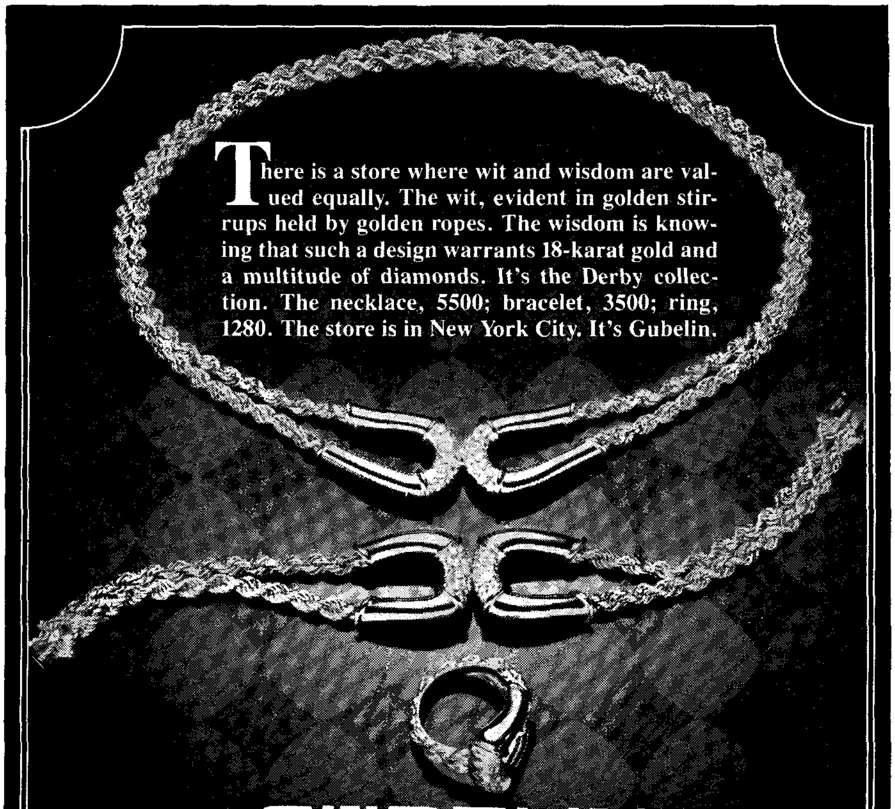

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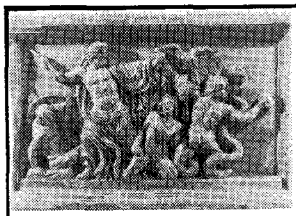

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down over-all energy costs rather than increase them.

In such a strategy of social governance, public agencies, responsible to the citizens, would decide which solar technologies ought to be introduced, and when. These judgments would rely not only on the technology's immediate cost-effectiveness or on its profitability to the producer but also on its social value in fostering an effective over-all solar transition. Such a strategy would permit rational planning of the development, testing, and introduction of solar technologies in a way that would be in keeping with the national interest in a smooth, rapid solar transition, rather than conform only to the narrow criterion of private profitability. But it would challenge the great American taboo against even hinting that social welfare might be a better reason than private profit for a new productive investment.

The solar transition would be a turning point in the development of the American economy. This is evident from its potential impact not only on the energy situation but on the production system as a whole and on the efficiency and growth of the economy. It is a shocking but poorly appreciated fact that the vitality of American industry—and, with it, the economy—has declined sharply, especially in the last decade. The development of new industrial products has diminished. Much industrial research is now designed not to develop new products but to find more profitable ways of producing old ones. The replacement of production machinery has slowed down in a number of major domestic industries, such as steel and textiles, placing them at a disadvantage in foreign trade. Just as the United States lagged behind England and Germany in industrial technology before the Civil War, we lag behind Japan and West Germany in many areas now. In a recent review of the state of the economy, Dr. Walter Heller, former chairman of President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers, has called attention to the serious consequences of this trend:

> But the most disturbing development is the slowdown in innovation and technological advance. We are devoting a smaller share of our national income to research and development than we did even five or ten years ago, while our competitors are devoting a larger share of theirs. Unless we can reverse that trend, this country's economic leadership of the world will be threatened.

We hardly need a scholarly analysis to reveal that the American economy is in deep trouble. In the past year, the dollar has suffered a disastrous decline; inflation has rapidly eroded the standard of living; the country seems headed into a recession. There is a growing awareness that these are not temporary aberrations in a basically sound economy but that, as a review in the *Times* financial section has pointed out, "a fundamental change may be taking place in the American economy, ushering in a time of slower growth, lower investment and the need of more people to work." What lies behind this fundamental change is a sharp reduction in the rate at which the efficiency of the economy has been improving. The economy's strength depends on the rate of improvement in total productivity, or the amount of output that the economy generates from a unit amount of economic resources (raw materials, energy, labor, and capital), and this rate has declined sharply; it is now less than half of what it was ten years ago.

A chief reason is the shift in the way in which capital is invested in new production technologies. During the classic period of industrial development in the United States, after the Civil War, productivity grew mainly by the application of science and technology to the invention of new products: the automobile, the telephone, the electric light, and all the creations of the generation of inventors typified by Ford, Edison, and Bell. In recent years, however, productivity has increased not so much by inventing new products as by improving the processes by which the old ones are produced. Thus, while the basic technological design of the automobile has been unchanged for many years, there have been dramatic advances *inside* the automobile factories, with the introduction of rapid, highly automated, computer-controlled operations. But this process has its limits. As production machinery becomes more automated and complex, it uses more control devices (switches, valves, meters, and so forth), which are disproportionately expensive relative to the rest of the machine. So there is a limit to the economic return that can be gained by further automation. And there is, after all, a limit to the number of dials that one worker can watch or the number of buttons that one worker can push; at some point, it is no longer possible to achieve much economic gain by reducing the work force. In some areas of the economy, we may now be approaching these limits.

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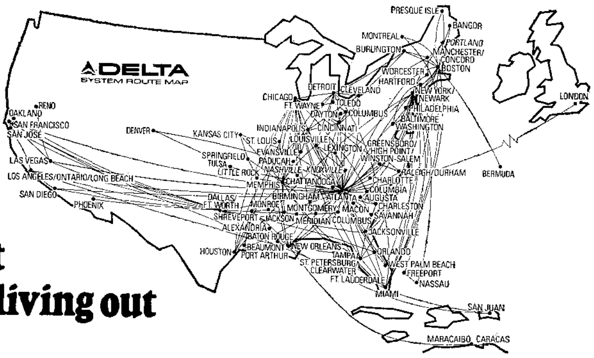
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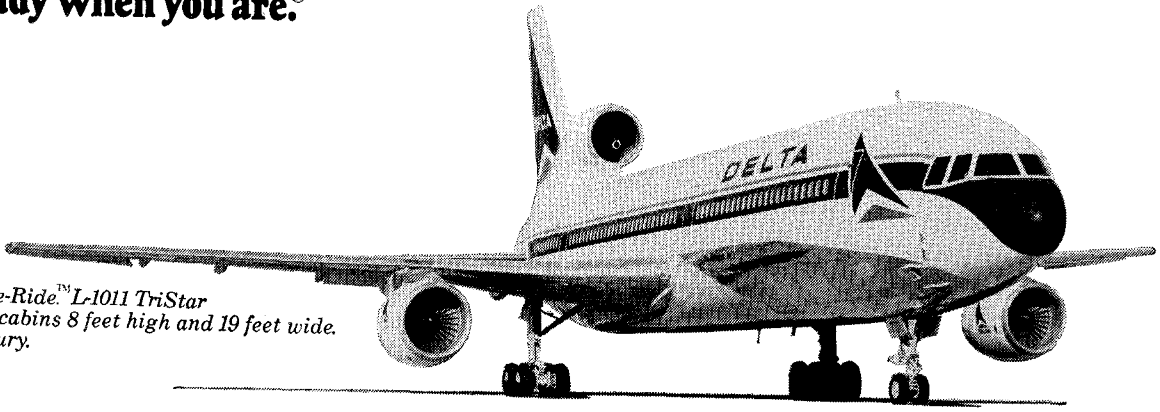

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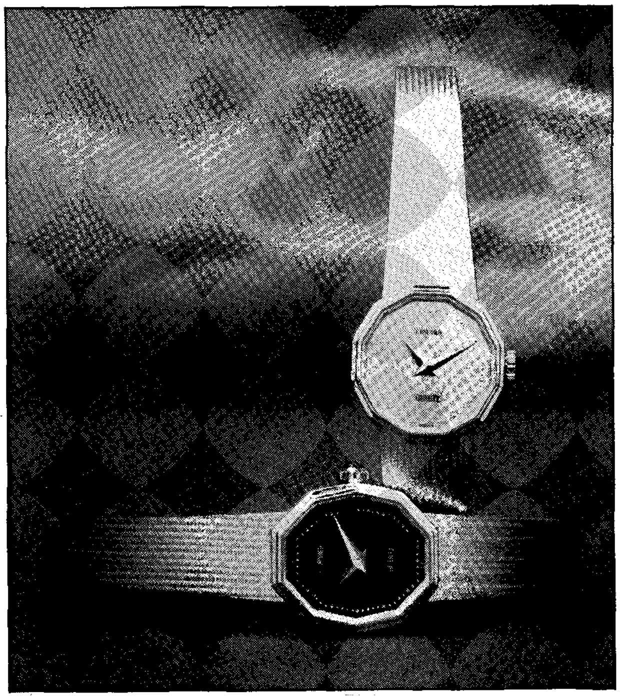

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creases in total productivity over the last century are the result of decisions governed by private interests, we can count on these same interests to reverse the current slowdown. It is certainly true that private entrepreneurs can claim credit for the huge improvements in the efficiency with which the American production system converts human and natural resources into economic output. It is a fact, after all, that the automobile was developed—and the assembly line on which it is manufactured was introduced—not because the American people thought that the country would benefit but because Henry Ford and his industrial descendants thought that they would profit. However, such private decisions can govern only limited segments of the over-all system of production. Inside the privately governed factory, a gas-guzzling automobile can be produced with admirable efficiency, but once it is on the road it becomes a drag on the economy, because it forces us to buy so much gasoline, at an ever-increasing price. Privately owned modern electric power plants are marvels of efficiency, producing, on an average, about a third more power per unit of fuel energy than they did thirty years ago. But they still waste more energy than they use, and, because they are large and centralized, their waste heat is mostly inaccessible to consumers, who are doomed to pay ever-higher prices for their energy. Corn Belt farms now produce much more grain per unit of capital and labor invested than they used to, but the farmers, because they must buy nonrenewable energy instead of producing their own solar sources, are at the mercy of the rapidly rising cost of fuel and petroleum-based fertilizer, and food prices keep rising.

But there are ways of improving the efficiency of production. If we are beginning to run out of ways of improving the productivity of manufacturing and using gasoline-driven automobiles, there are enormous opportunities for improving the productivity of transportation: electric cars using batteries charged by photovoltaic cells; a national electrified railroad system, with its power plants' waste heat used to warm homes. Although centralized power systems have reached their productive limits, there are, after all, ways of vastly improving the efficiency with which electricity is produced: a decentralized system using natural-gas- or methane-driven cogenerators, along with windmills and photovoltaic cells. And although farmers may be reaching the limit of the number of bushels of corn that can be produced with one gallon of tractor fuel, they can now begin to replace that fuel with their own solar alcohol and methane, at no loss in food production, for a net gain in productivity.

The high productivity of the modern American car factory, power plant, and grain farm is certainly a tribute to the efficacy of private enterprise. But this process may have run its course, for now the inefficiencies that need to be overcome are not within each of the separate, privately governed enterprises but in their links to the rest of the productive system. These links are "external" to private enterprise, and the famous invisible hand of the free market cannot readily reach them. Consequently, there is little that private interest alone can now do to improve the over-all productivity of the economic system. Now social governance is needed.

Social participation in such production decisions would mean a new departure in national policy—a subject for careful, extensive debate. But the two major political parties seem to be devoted not to the development of national policy but to the election of their candidates, for which they use whatever expedient they think will work—cutting taxes, stopping busing, opposing abortions, or decrying the abilities of the very government that they propose to administer. The most incisive measure of its effect—voter turnout—marks this strategy as a failure. In the 1976 election, barely half of the eligible voters went to the polls—a drop of ten percentage points from 1960. It is customary to blame such lack of interest on voter apathy, as though this were some kind of disease that dulled the voters' political senses. But in fact voters are not apathetic; rather, they are too deeply concerned with the nation's serious problems to be interested in the candidates' trivial proposals. One citizen who was interviewed by the *Times* during the 1976 Presidential campaign said, "The President of the United States isn't going to solve our problems. The problems are too big." But, of course, this same idea can be put the other way around—that the politicians are too small.

This may be the answer to the persistent questions that arise as one reflects on the contrast between the government's energy policy and common sense. If the energy crisis is due to the nonrenewability of our present fuels, why has the government done so little to encourage the production of renewable fuels? If a major solar technology,

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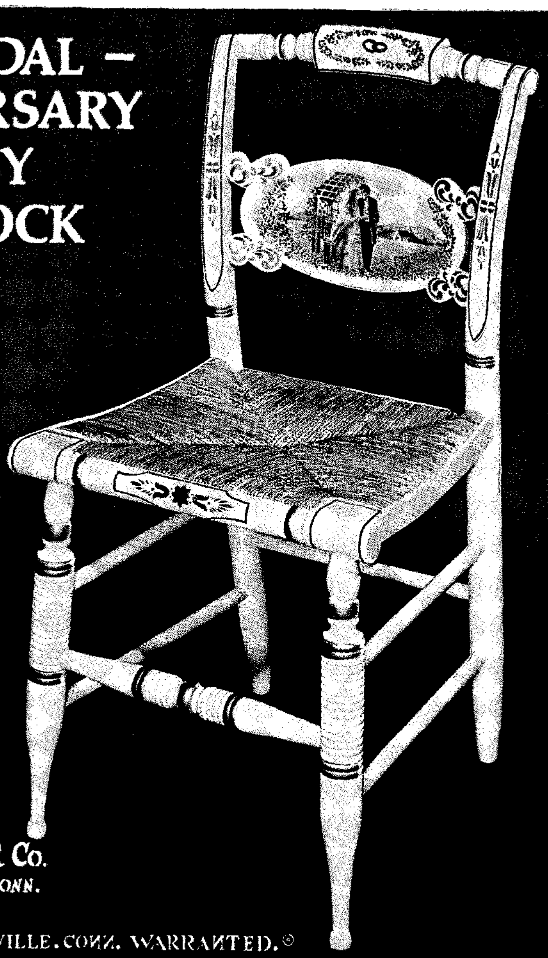

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such as the photovoltaic cell, is now technologically feasible and, with a relatively small expenditure of public funds, could be broadly commercialized, why did President Carter specifically refuse to permit this expenditure, despite congressional authorization? If one of the most effective single steps that could be taken to conserve fuel would be the vast expansion and electrification of the railroads and urban mass-transit systems, why has the government done so little to implement these options, and, instead, proposed to cut Amtrak trackage almost in half?

The answer to each of these questions is the same: the specific problem cannot be solved without violating the taboo that has thus far protected the private interests of the energy industries from the encroachment of the social interest. If the nation undertook to develop renewable solar fuels, and fuel prices became stabilized, the oil industry would lose the huge profits it is certain to gain if prices continue to escalate. If photovoltaic cells became commercial, the private electric utilities would not long survive the competition. If the railroads were to expand and carry more passengers, they could not operate as private, profitable enterprises and would need to be nationalized. (Most of the railroads in the rest of the world carry many passengers and operate, at a loss, as nationalized systems.) Each of these energy problems depends on the solution to a single, much larger one: social governance. This is the problem that seems to be "too big" not only for the President but for Congress as well. There, apart from a few voices calling for the creation of a federal energy corporation, nothing was heard about this crucial issue during the debate on the energy plan.

Now, having failed to produce an energy policy capable of combatting inflation rather than abetting it, the Carter Administration has prescribed a regimen of austerity for the country. The energy crisis, we are told, symbolizes a new limit to the nation's capacities, which we must acknowledge by lowering expectations. This argument has been widely accepted, and we can already see the emerging tragedy of an era dominated by what the cover of a newsweekly recently called the "Politics of Austerity": Everyone accepts the idea that the country is going into a long economic decline; that the economic pie is shrinking, and no one group can get more without another getting less. Conservative politicians want to cut social services in order to maintain the military budget; liberal politicians want to cut the military budget so that social services can be maintained. No one, it seems, is ready to ask why the richest nation in human history must act as though it were poor, or why its citizens must fight over who will suffer least from this counterfeit poverty. This is the most dangerous result of the nation's failure to understand, let alone resolve, the energy crisis. Once we do understand that crisis, it becomes clear that energy is wasted carelessly, not by design; that the energy we need is not running out but is replenished with every dawn; that the nation is not poor but mismanaged.

The resolution of the energy crisis—the solar transition—is an opportunity to turn this knowledge into action, to embark on a historic new passage. But to find our way we will need to be guided by social rather than private interests. There are many known ways—and many yet to be invented—of introducing social governance into production: national planning; local or regional planning; public utilities; coöperatives; and, if need be, public ownership on a national or local level. These measures will, of course, clash with the notion that every productive decision must be privately governed, for private profit, in order to insure economic efficiency. But we now know from the energy crisis that these inefficiencies are outside the realm of private governance, and are accessible only to social decisions.

It will be difficult—some say impossible—to learn how to merge economic justice with economic progress, and personal freedom with social governance. If we allow the fear of failing in this effort to forestall the effort to make it, then failure is certain. But if we firmly embrace economic democracy as a national goal, as a new standard for political policy, or even only as a vision of the nation's future it can guide us through the passage that is mandated by the energy crisis, and restore to the nation the vitality inherent in the richness of its resources and the wisdom of its people.

—BARRY COMMONER

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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SEX IS ON EVERY TEEN-AGER'S MIND
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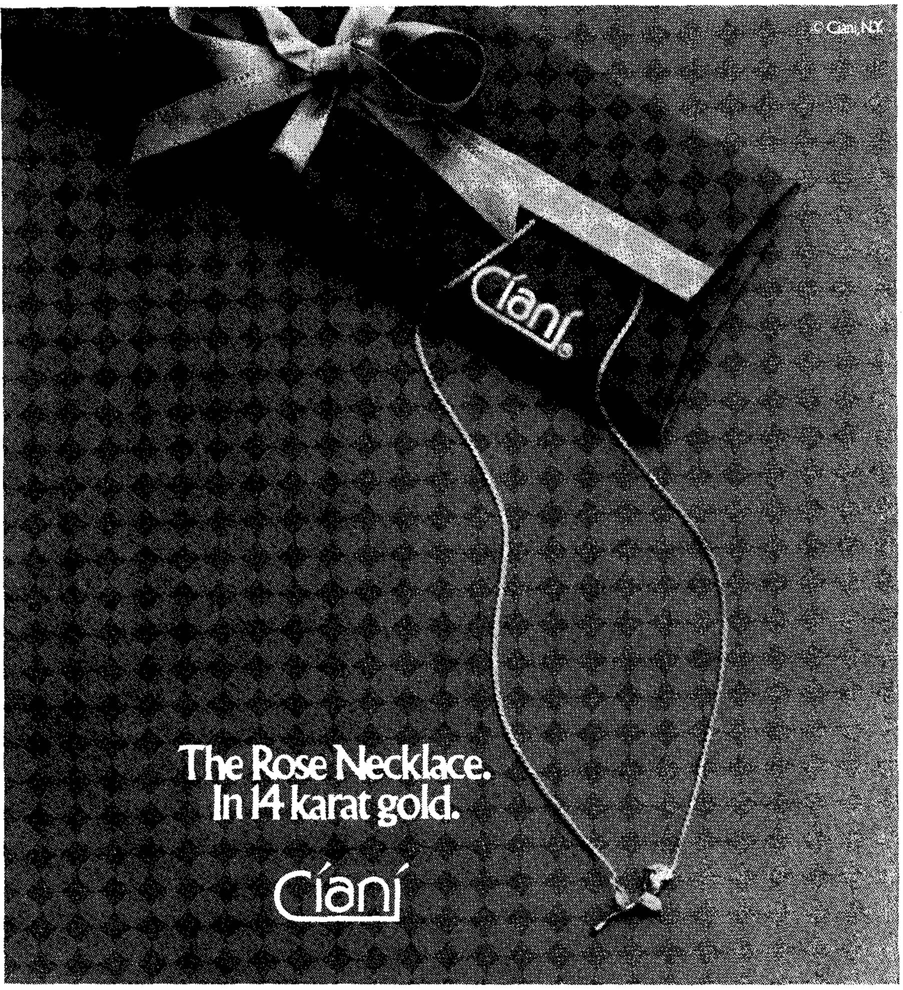

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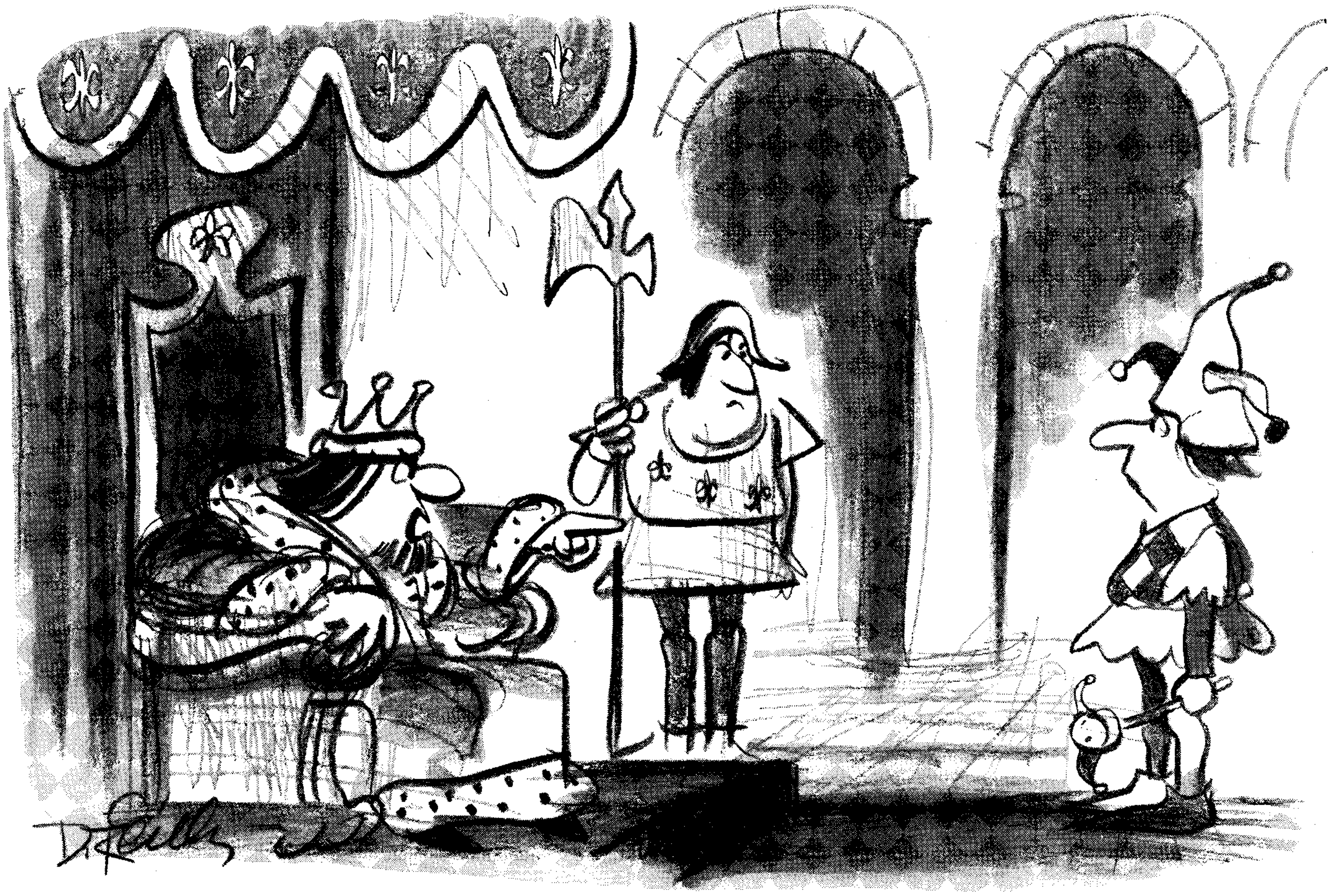
THE THEATRE

On Dying

A COMPLAINT that has been made against Broadway for many generations is that it contents itself with providing conventional theatre pieces for the amusement of tired businessmen and unsophisticated out-of-towners. The fact of the matter is that there *aren't* any tired businessmen nowadays—they all go to health clubs and are full of zip—and the last unsophisticated out-of-towner died some time ago, at a great age, in Whooping Hollow, Louisiana. Still, the complaint continues to be heard, and it may therefore be worth noting that no fewer than three serious and ambitious plays opened on Broadway last week: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?," "G. R. Point," and "The Elephant Man." All three are concerned with the subject of dying, and there isn't a silly word or a sop to commercial theatre in the lot. In further defense of Broadway, let me mention that two other plays concerned with dying—"Wings" and "Faith Healer"—opened there this season; "Wings" has been enjoying a considerable run, and although, to my disappointment, "Faith Healer" failed to find an audience, it received a thoroughly commendable production. Nor should we fail to include in any list of the serious and ambitious works currently on Broadway Stephen Sondheim's unnerving tragicomic musical thriller, "Sweeney Todd." Out of the rubbish that is always around us emerges again and again, immaculately, against high odds, something of value.

"Whose Life Is It Anyway?" comes to us from England. (At the newly christened Trafalgar Theatre, once the Billy Rose, and before that the National.) Its author, Brian Clark, has a simple and startling story to tell. His hero is a gifted young sculptor who, in an automobile accident, has ruptured his spinal cord. He is paralyzed from the neck down and can be kept alive only in a hospital, with the help of ingenious feats of medical technology. Faced with such a prospect, he prefers to die, but that is something easier said than done; his doctors and nurses are determined to keep him alive against his will. Wittily, charmingly, desperately, the young man challenges them to what amounts to a duel of differing moralities. This duel is the plot of the play, and its climax—a judicial decision rendered in the young man's hospital bedroom—is so exciting that on opening night the audience burst into unpremeditated applause.

Tom Conti gives a superlative performance as the young man. With his body lying motionless in a hospital bed during the entire course of the play, he commands the stage without difficulty; we lean forward eagerly to catch every word he speaks and to observe the least change of expression on his chalk-white face. Jean Marsh plays with tender dignity the role of a doctor who, though trained to preserve life, comes to believe that the young man has the right to choose between life and death. To her dismay, her sexual warmth, which in ordinary circumstances she would be quick to share with him, is transformed by his inability to accept it into an argument in favor of his dying; poignantly, they verge upon touching, when all touching is in vain. Philip Bosco is admirably forceful as the head doctor, whose confidence in his rectitude makes him, in effect, the villain of the play; he sees it as his duty to keep the young man alive at any cost, including that of having him



"Too insightful. Lock him up!"

pronounced, for his own good, mentally unbalanced. Kenneth Welsh is a dourly snappish solicitor, and Beverly May and Pippa Pearthree are amusing as, respectively, a veteran nurse and a fledgling one. The scenery is by Alan Tagg, the costumes are by Pearl Somner, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, and the flawless direction is by Michael Lindsay-Hogg.

THE initials in "G. R. Point" (at the Playhouse) stand for "Graves Registration," so from the beginning we are in no doubt of the grimness of this play by David Berry. The time is 1969, and the place is South Vietnam. Peter Larkin has provided a set that is also a symbol: a scarred, defoliated, pumpkin-colored hillside, up and down whose steep slopes the actors clamber to find perches, looking, in their sloppy G.I. dress, not unlike the inmates of some odious extraterrestrial zoo. Their dreadful task is to gather up and identify for shipment home the bodies, or the fragments of bodies, of dead American soldiers. Into their midst comes a virginal Amherst graduate, who corrects their English and is revolted by their callous high spirits. Little by little, he becomes one of them; his first experience of combat proves an ecstatic rite of passage, sexual as well as martial. In his lost innocence, he cultivates a bent for sadism; writing to his mother in Maine, he takes care to describe in nasty detail the nature of his new life. His letters are specimens of the pornography of bodily mutilation and death; as such, they give him pleasure, and he hopes that they will give his mother pain. Not, you perceive, the nicest Amherst boy you ever met.

"G. R. Point" strikes me as being a trifle too neatly literary in composition, and it ends abruptly, with the implausible speed of a god in a machine. Nevertheless, it is a talented piece of work. Michael Moriarty is superb as the zombie-like newcomer, and the cast that surrounds him is exceptionally varied and able; in alphabetical order, its members are Lori Tan Chinn, Paul Espel, Mark Jenkins, Brent Jennings, Michael Jeter, Mansoor Najee-ullah, Lazaro Perez, and Howard E. Rollins, Jr. The lighting is by Neil Peter Jampolis and Jane Reisman, and the direction is by William Devane.

"THE ELEPHANT MAN," by Bernard Pomerance, was highly praised in these pages when it opened Off Broadway a few months ago, in the tiny theatre tucked away in the bowels of St. Peter's Church. Now it has come to the Booth, and I need say of it only that it has been conscientiously labored over in the interval, to excellent effect. Certain loose ends have been trimmed or suppressed, and the production as a whole has a welcome glow of self-confidence about it. Philip Anglim, as the hideously deformed creature for whom the play is named; Kevin Conway, as the physician who seeks to find him a place in the world worthy of his mind and mettle; and Carole Shelley, as an actress who offers him his only true glimpse of womankind, are all giving inspired performances. The single setting, by David Jenkins, manages by a casual shuffling about of its furnishings to pass for a medical amphitheatre, a railroad station, a vaudeville house, and several rooms in a hospital. The lighting that makes possible so many pleasing transformations is by Beverly Emmons, and the costumes are by Julie Weiss. The director of this memorable play is Jack Hofsiss.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Musical War

MICHAEL HERR'S "Dispatches," a volume of war reports from Vietnam, provides much of the text for Elizabeth Swados' "Dispatches," a passionate and utterly wrongheaded musical that opened last week in the Cabaret at the Public. The score and the direction are by Miss Swados, and the words of the recitations (there is little dialogue in the accepted sense) and of most of the lyrics have been adapted by her from the book; she is, in a sense, to Mr. Herr what Alan Jay Lerner was to Bernard Shaw in "My Fair Lady." End of resemblance. The setting (by Patricia Woodbridge) is an all but bare stage with a platform over it, where the orchestra sits, and with scaffolding at stage right and left. At the beginning, David Schechter, bearded and wearing spectacles and seated at a typewriter, tells us that Vietnam was a rock-and-roll war (whatever that means); the soldiers—"the grunts"—of assorted sexes and colors march in, and, as Joan MacIntosh sings a song, "Crazy," they sing and drill behind her. Lighted captions consisting of song titles and quotations from the lyrics run continuously across a screen above the stage: while Roger Lawson, as a photographer, sings a gospel song called "Thou Shalt Not Be Afraid," the lighted (fatuous) words "So much love when there was so much war" go by on the screen—that sort of thing. The songs come in all

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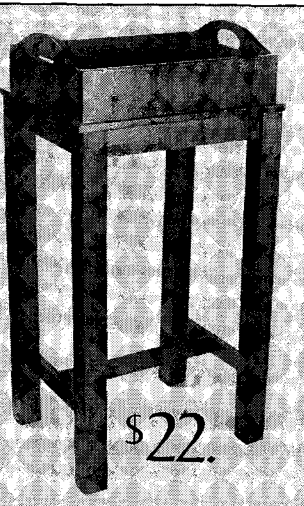

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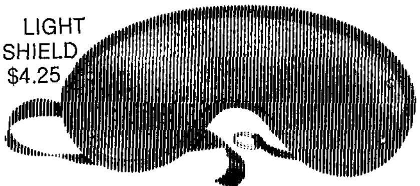

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varieties, and those that are not ear-splitting (and therefore inaudible to an ear-protector like me) are certainly arresting. There are ballads and marching songs and gospel songs, and without exception they are very well sung. The action is invariably surprising and moves dynamically, but it ends on a note of dead-hearted stupidity that seems to sum up all the plaintive idiocy of the sixties. A ridiculous analogy is made between the veterans of the Vietnam War and the drug-drenched veterans of the rock scene, and at the end the entire company sings a chorus that goes something like "Vietnam, Vietnam, we've all been there!" Indeed they have not, nor, on the evidence presented, has Miss Swados. Anyway, the dancing and the movement are effective, the performance as a whole is highly disciplined, and the performers, many of whom have worked before with the adventurous Miss Swados, do her proud. Among the more memorable numbers is "Beautiful for Once," sung by Gedde Watanabe, as a Vietnamese, and Rodney Hudson, as an American soldier. Mr. Hudson sings "Breathing In" (the first chapter of Mr. Herr's book, from which much of the text was taken) while a live snake writhes about his shoulders. Paul McCrane sings "Helicopter, Helicopter," whirling his arms around like a chopper, and there is other good work from Ray Contreras and Penelope Bodry. And so it goes. My opinions, as you can see, are strong and inconsistent, but there is nothing ambivalent about my feeling that Miss Swados is a composer and director of ability.

THE revival of Arthur Miller's "The Price," under the direction of John Stix, at the Harold Clurman, is far better and less annoying than the original production—until, that is, it reaches its interminable coda, in which the two middle-aged brothers (a policeman and a surgeon), who have met in their dead father's brownstone to sell his furniture, ceaselessly tear each other to pieces with old grievances, barely concealing the usual earnest lecturing of the playwright. In his review of "The Price," eleven years ago, Brendan Gill wrote, "Arthur Miller strikes me as a humorless man who is nevertheless pretty good at cracking jokes." These jokes are awarded to a furniture dealer named Gregory Solomon, and Joseph Buloff is very funny in the role, transforming what was once a vaudeville-Jewish stereotype into a truly humorous character. Fritz Weaver gives a compelling performance as the desperate surgeon, recently recovered from a breakdown, and it is he and Mr. Buloff who bring some life to what once seemed a moribund show. Mitchell Ryan and Scotty Bloch do well, too, as the policeman and his wife. There is now an intermission, and the running time has expanded from two hours to a little under three. Setting by David Mitchell, lighting by Todd Elmer.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

SEEDS

By night they climbed the dead sunflower stalks in my workroom
Like a circus act: the field mice making their own percussion
Among dry leaves, spotlit by car light and starlight,
Juggling the seeds still left in those corollas, balancing
High against books, nibbling and hoarding, spilling their shells
Over stained manuscripts, their perches bowing, wavering
Further, still further. But I was no claque for an encore.

So the sunflowers had to go. They suffered the last dust
To be knocked out of their roots, then trailed me to their birthplace,
A sundeck, where I shucked their seeds into a sack.
Their stalks and crook necks had toughened through years of performing
As emblems of constant, hardheaded, sun-filled brooding
For this paper-scratcher who stared at them each morning, hoping
To learn their ways. I buried them over the side in a sea of ivy.

Now a pair of chickadees is at work on those same seeds.
They eat their fill and hide the rest in wild places
Where they'll sprout in the next rain: the cracks of furniture,
Under saucers, in bamboo blinds, behind peeling birch bark,
In the vacant eyes of a horse skull, in a whale's backbone.
Black-and-white birds, the color of sunflower seeds and field mice,
Even ink and paper, are cramming darkness with light.

—DAVID WAGONER

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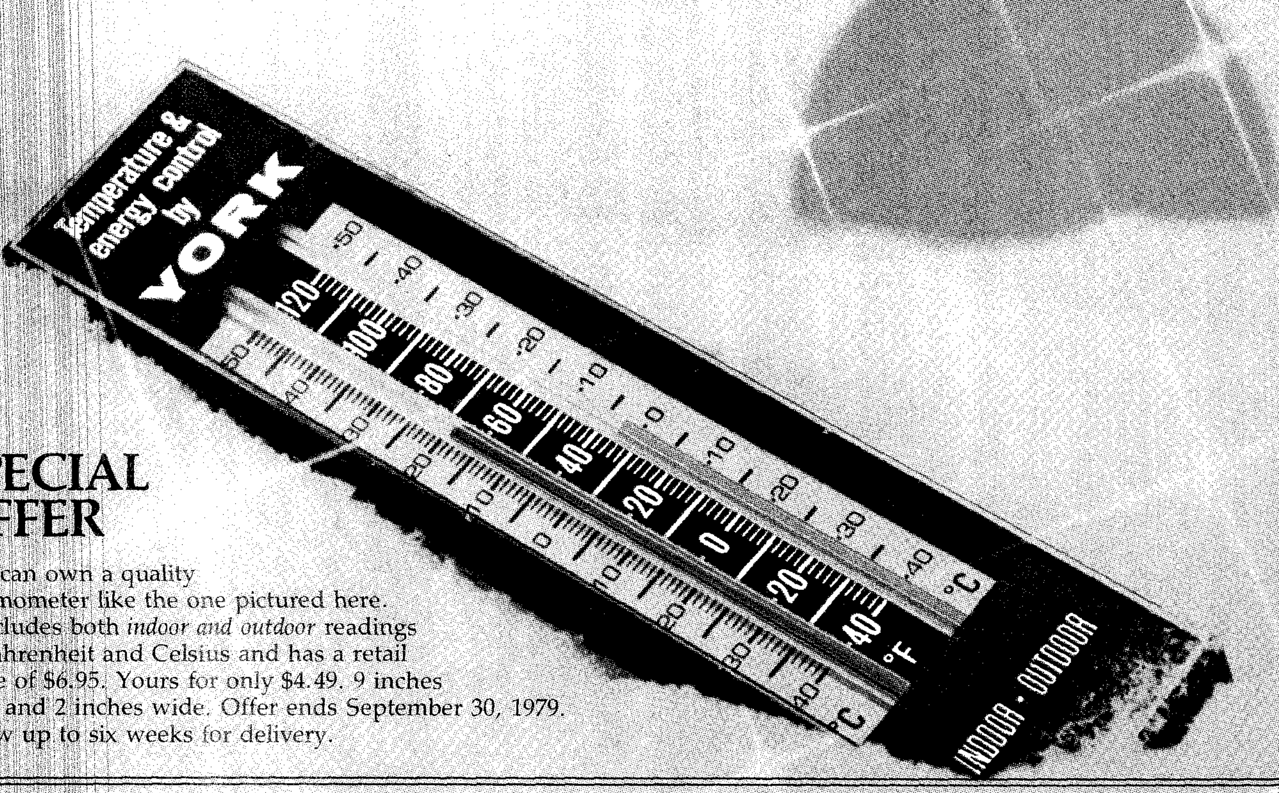

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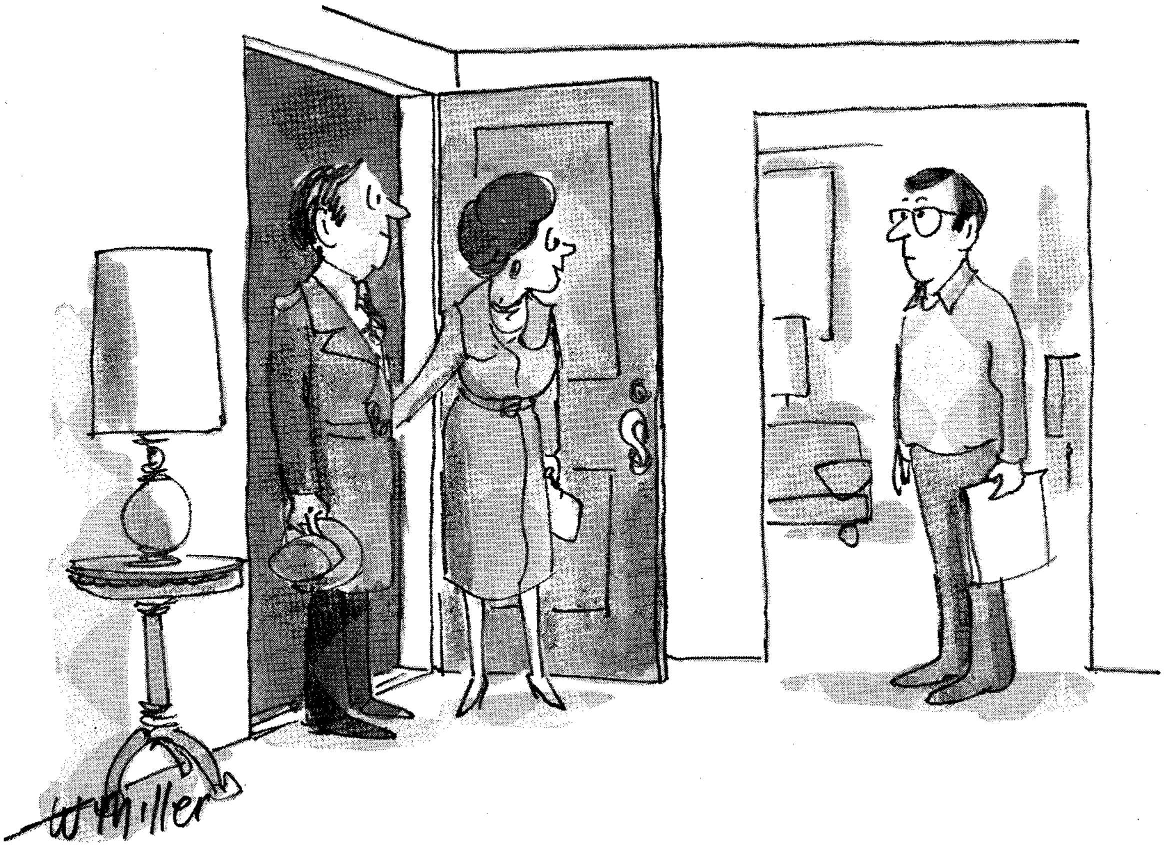
IT seemed that one day recently New York was stressing all the good news here, in an effort to fend off the harmful economic consequences of the national impression, dating back to the start of the local fiscal crisis, that the name of the city was permanently associated with words like "decline" and "disaster." Then, a few days later, it was trotting out all the bad news, in a scramble to protect itself from the damage that could result from proclamations by various commentators and study groups that America's urban crisis, including that in New York, was over. The nation's cities, such experts held, were being saved by "gentrification" (the taking over of urban-slum housing by the middle class, a popular Sunday-supplement subject that is an encouraging but relatively minor urban phenomenon), by downtown renewal, by the general economic upturn, and, particularly in the case of New York, by a new wave of immigrants—this time, rich ones, from Europe and the Middle East. These sanguine judgments brought consternation here, since they provided further excuse for members of Congress representing non-urban areas or economically booming cities in other parts of the country to reject bills introduced as part of President Carter's program for troubled cities, whose funding New York was counting on to help fill its projected budget gap for the coming fiscal year. The circumstance that New York, the least favorite beneficiary of many members of Congress, would gain substantially from such legislation was one reason many of the bills were already dying in committee. This city's renewed clamor about its long-term financial need was not helped by the tendency of Mayor Edward Koch, who took office in January, 1978, to dwell on the "renascence" that he believes New York to be enjoying under his administration. In an attempt to counter pronouncements that the urban crisis is over, here as elsewhere, even Koch toned down his famous happy talk during his testimony early in February before Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire's Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee. The hearing was held to decide whether the senators could certify that the city government was living up to its agreement under the federal-loan-guarantee bill passed last summer. That legislation, providing a billion six hundred and fifty million dollars in guarantees, is the key element in the four-and-a-half-billion-dollar commitment from investors which gives the city its present financial equilibrium. It requires the Koch administration to reduce city expenses to match its revenues over the next three fiscal years. The position of the famously dour Proxmire was that the city was not cutting its costs nearly fast enough and was therefore in default of the agreement. Although Koch denied the charge, he told the committee, "We're not out of the woods yet." In a recommendation signed not only by Proxmire but by the ranking Republican committee member, Senator Jake Garn, of Utah, the committee urged the Treasury Department to cut off the loan guarantees until the city lived up to its part of the bargain. However, Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal concluded that the city was making a reasonable effort to comply, and the guarantees continued in effect. Mayor Koch is correct in sensing a new "Look, we've come through!" spirit here since he took office, whether this should be credited to the influence of his own upbeat style or to the fact that, after years of living with threats of imminent bankruptcy, New Yorkers just don't want to hear any more about it.

IRONICALLY, a pair of testimonial dinners held last month honored two men who believe that the prevailing local euphoria—some would say amnesia—concerning the city's financial prospects is a dangerous delusion. And yet these two events, heavily weighted, as they were, with nostalgia for those stirring times when the city's financial survival was at stake almost daily, encouraged optimists here to think of New York's big money troubles as safely in the historic past.

A full-page ad in the *Times* on the morning of March 7th celebrated the presentation that evening of the Fiorello H. LaGuardia award to Victor Gotbaum, the big, rumpled, mop-haired man, known for his formidable glower and lashing tongue, who is the executive director of District Council 37,



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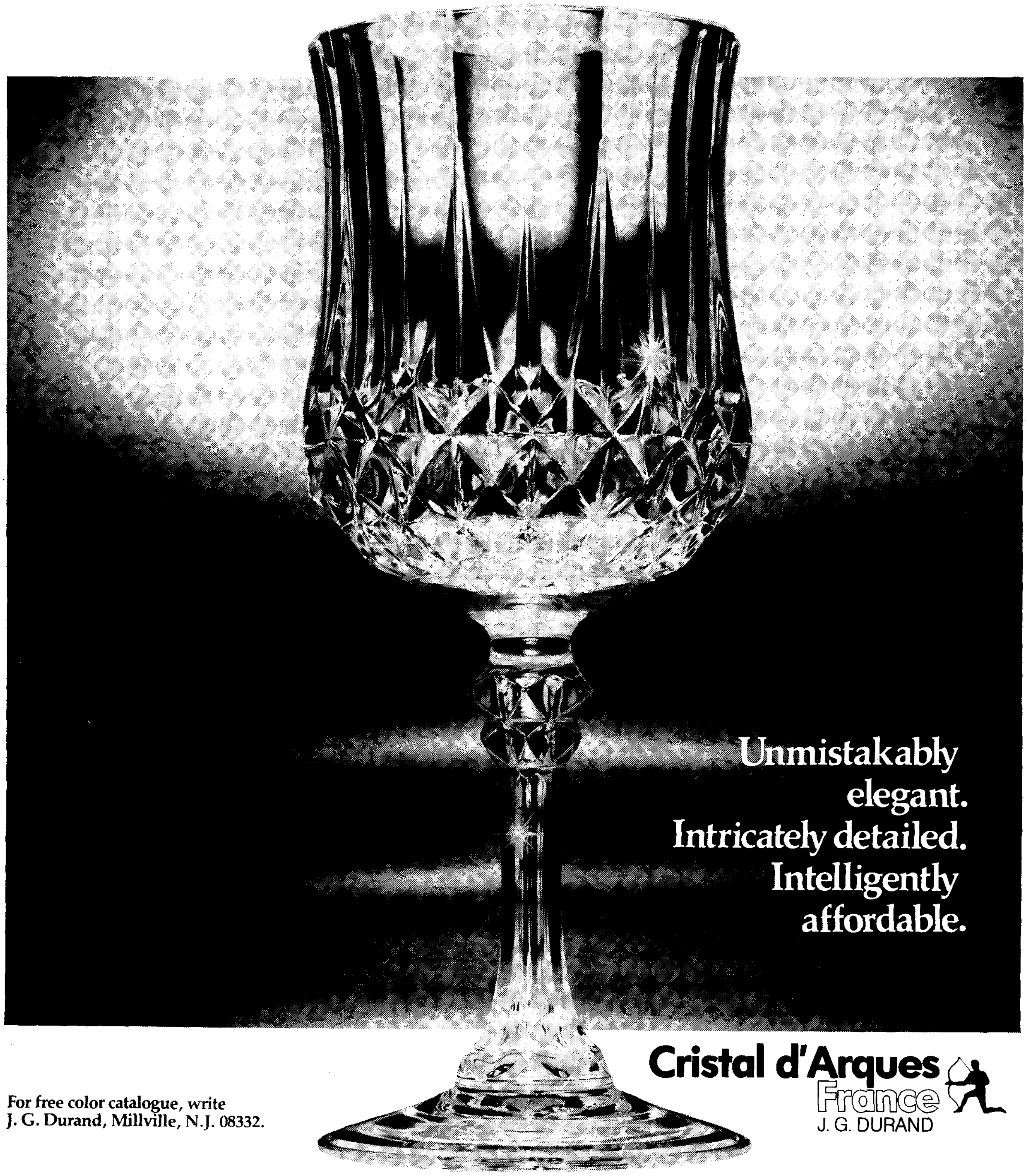
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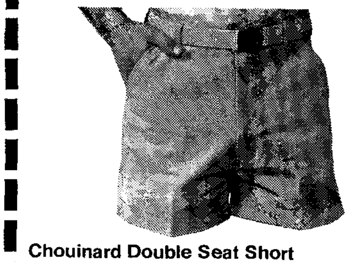

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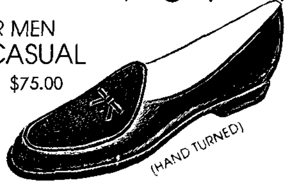

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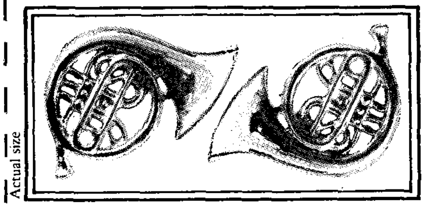

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the city's biggest municipal-employees union. The award, to be given at a dinner at the local Hilton by the Center for New York City Affairs of the New School for Social Research, honored Gotbaum for his crucial role in the fiscal crisis. According to that now-classic urban folktale, it was Gotbaum who, in the summer of 1975, persuaded not only the hundred and ten thousand members of District Council 37 but the leaders of most of the other municipal unions that the city could not make it unless they went along with a wage freeze and the surrender of some benefits already won at the bargaining table—and who, during the months that followed, was the strongest force in keeping the labor scene here relatively calm as the city-employee rolls were reduced by sixty thousand workers. In addition, he helped sell to other local unions New York's creative contribution to the history of municipal finance—the investment of three and a half billion dollars from city-employee pension funds in city securities that no other investors would touch—and he played a leading part in last year's fight for the federal-loan-guarantee bill, whose terms require the same pension funds to invest a billion dollars more in city bonds, only a third of which will be protected by federal guarantees.

The March 7th ad was paid for by the New York Chamber of Commerce and Industry and a group of local corporations. Near the center of the page was a picture of Gotbaum, and beside it was a picture of the chairman of the dinner—William M. Ellinghaus, the president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, looking the very model of a modern corporation head. From June to September in 1975, Ellinghaus was chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, or MAC, the state agency set up to raise money that the city could no longer raise directly. After the Emergency Financial Control Board was established, in September, 1975, to oversee the city's financial priorities, Ellinghaus was a member of that through December, 1976. The message of the ad for the Gotbaum dinner was that New York had been able to beat its way back financially ("No other city has come back so far so fast") only because such "traditional antagonists" as union leaders, bankers and brokers, corporation heads, and politicians had "crossed traditional social and economic barriers to talk to each other, to work together," and, in doing so, had given New York "one more asset," since "the communication that began in crisis still continues." Before the city's financial troubles, Ellinghaus, moving, as most corporation executives do, in a world remote from the grubby arena of municipal labor relations, had never met Gotbaum. At last month's dinner, Ellinghaus hailed the union leader as "a gentleman," "a scholar," and "a statesman," and said that Gotbaum and his wife, Betsy, "are both among my best friends today."

At the same dinner, another speaker—Felix Rohatyn, a partner in the investment banking house of Lazard Frères—described Gotbaum as "today probably my closest personal friend." Rohatyn was a member of the Control Board from 1975 until 1977, and was associated with MAC from its inception until last January—first as finance chairman and then as chairman, succeeding Ellinghaus. Rohatyn, the best known of the relatively obscure figures who emerged from the fiscal drama as folk heroes, is generally credited with having devised most of the intricate financial schemes that kept the city out of bankruptcy from 1975 on. A slight, dark, intensely articulate man, he had the ability to explain to local political reporters the convolute money crisis that had suddenly become the only City Hall story that mattered, and was duly—some thought outrageously—rewarded with press attention. "You made me a star!" he told some reporters with self-mockery not long ago. In his speech at the Gotbaum dinner, Rohatyn observed that he'd never met the guest of honor before the summer of 1975, although, he said, "I'd seen pictures of him picketing Citibank—a very, very scary kind of experience." The pictures that Rohatyn was referring to had illustrated news reports in May of that year, when local labor leaders' strategy for dealing with the growing money crisis was to attack the city's bankers as public enemies. Gotbaum led an estimated ten thousand union troops in his march on Citibank. The bankers, in their turn, vigorously denounced overweening union leaders as the source of all the city's troubles. Meanwhile, Abraham Beame, then the mayor of the city, prematurely getting into the Bicentennial spirit, was attacking as the enemies of the people "the Tories of our time" who, he said, sought to "dictate our destiny from bank boardrooms" and from "union halls." At the dinner, Rohatyn recalled that when he was introduced to Gotbaum, in July, 1975, the union leader's hair was "kind of askew." Then, he said, "we had an extraordinarily enlightening night, which ended at five in the morning with Victor pounding his shoe and being very vocal and intimidating." Later, he recalled, the shoe went back on, and, in a series of meetings in bank boardrooms and union halls, and also in midtown hotels and in the Governor's office, the communal efforts to save the city proceeded many times again until the early-morning hours. Rohatyn said that not only had he never known any labor leaders before he got involved with the city crisis but he had never met Ellinghaus or most of the corporation heads with whom he was soon collaborating. Indeed, he said, he didn't recall ever having met a politician; certainly he had never met a mayor or a governor.

Rohatyn's fellow-speakers at the Gotbaum dinner included both Mayor Koch and Governor Carey, and the two men had also been present three days earlier to praise the guest of honor at the other dinner—Rohatyn himself. In his response to the Mayor and the Governor on that occasion, Rohatyn thanked Koch for his "understanding efforts" to make the city "a better place." He recalled that when Carey first asked him to help with the city's problems, the situation had been reminiscent of "the beaches at Dunkirk," and he marvelled that in more than three and a half years of working together the Governor had often given him public credit "that he had every right to claim for himself," and that they had never had a single dispute. Toward the end of his speech, Rohatyn apologized to anyone whose feelings he might have hurt along the way. He observed that in public life "everyone feels continually threatened and reactions are therefore very harsh," and he went on, "I think maybe the greatest need in public life today is for some Christian charity among the participants and for a willingness to give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt." When he finished, there was a prolonged ovation, and, as one of those present later reported, "everyone got quite emotional."

At the two dinners, there were a large number of the same people, representing giant banks, corporations, labor unions, and the political world, who had worked together in what Rohatyn called "the New York experience" and

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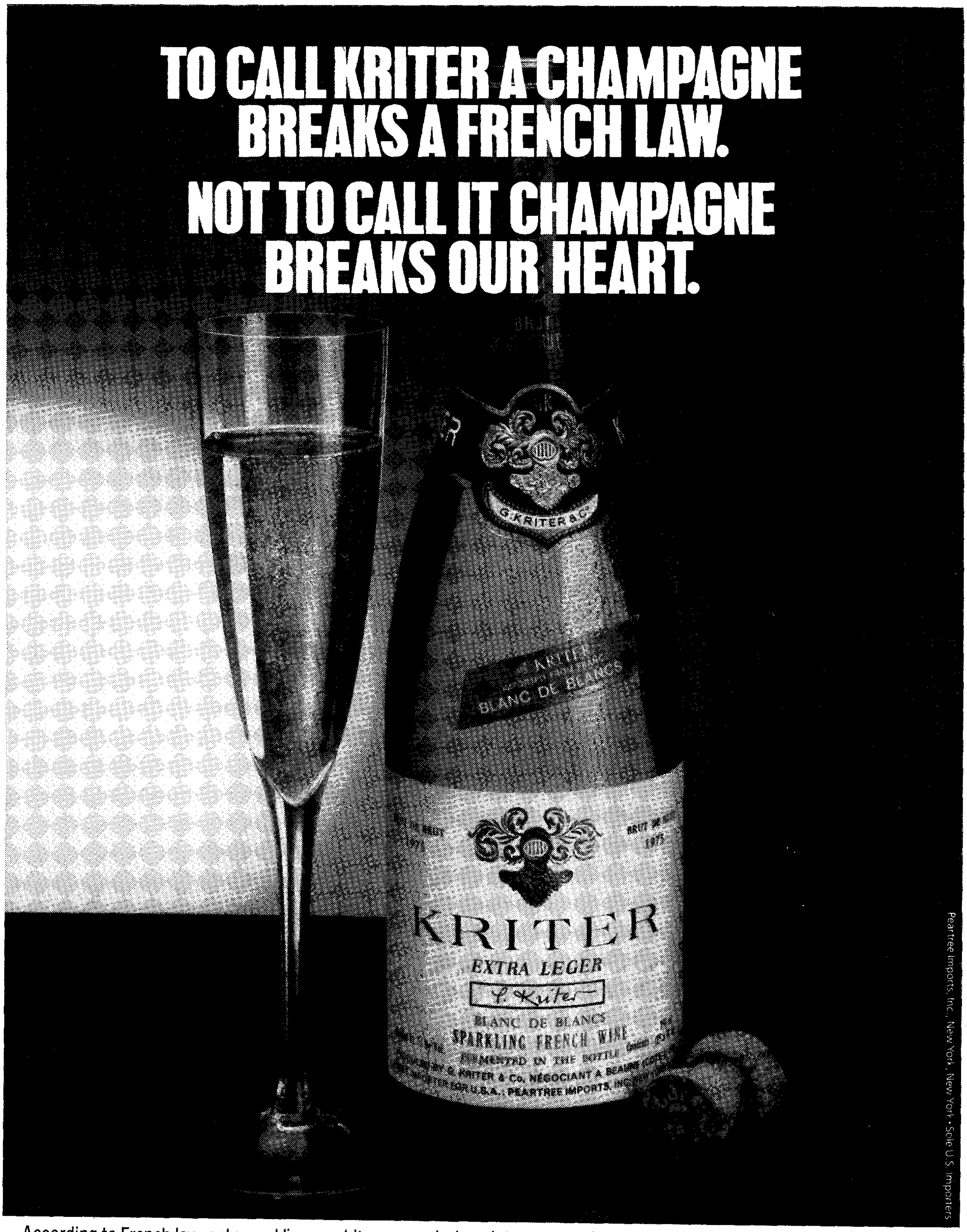
"our fragile coalition," which had kept the city from going under. Even former Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, who had originally opposed any federal help for New York, was present to honor Rohatyn. At both affairs, as the guests moved around the rooms, before and after the speeches, there were frequent comments that such gatherings could never have occurred four years earlier, when so many of those present had never met. Old battle stories were exchanged, a favorite being that about the occasion during the wage-freeze negotiations at the Hotel Americana, which was also playing host to a jewelry salesmen's convention that week, when Ellinghaus, returning to the talks after midnight, had been stopped and frisked, because someone had held up a diamond dealer earlier in the evening. Another popular recollection was of the time Gotbaum, the ferocious picketer of banks, had commented that Chase Manhattan chairman David Rockefeller had really turned out to be "quite sensitive and quite understanding." In some areas of the two rooms, the atmosphere was that of "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times," even of "We . . . shall be remembered; we few, we happy few, we band of brothers." To those who have not been in combat, such camaraderie can be wearing, and it was noted at both dinners that Koch did not seem to be having as good a time as some of the other guests. It was a New York experience in which he had played little part until late in the game. Until the beginning of 1978, he was a Manhattan member of the city's delegation to the House of Representatives, a group that was considered quite unhelpful when things here were at their worst. (Queens Representative Benjamin Rosenthal reported in September, 1975, that when he went back to his district his constituents kept asking him, "What are you people doing? Where have you people been?" Said Rosenthal, "I think it's a fair question.") However, as Koch joined in the standing ovation at the Rohatyn dinner the Mayor knew something that no one else there knew: on his way in, he had assailed the guest of honor in a way that Rohatyn would later describe as "immensely hurtful" to him and to his firm.

During the period when Rohatyn was on the MAC board, not only his services but those of Lazard Frères and a number of its other partners were provided to the city without charge. Helping bring New York through was not always treated as a philanthropic enterprise by others who were called in on the case. After the law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison completed the legal work that was required to establish the Municipal Assistance Corporation, between June and September of 1975, its bill was half a million dollars, and that fee was recognized to be far below what it would have charged a private client for the vast legal work involved. Rohatyn recently estimated that Lazard Frères' bills to MAC during the time he was involved with the state corporation could have come to two and a half million dollars. After he retired as chairman, last January, he felt that it was unfair to expect his partners to continue on the old basis. At a meeting of the firm, there was discussion of whether to withdraw. The prevailing view, according to Rohatyn, was that Lazard should continue the relationship, since its long experience would be uniquely useful in helping the corporation handle problems that might arise in connection with the six billion dollars in MAC bonds that are now outstanding and the future sales of three-quarters of a billion dollars' worth of such bonds over the next two fiscal years. It was agreed that the retainer asked for should be less than the firm's usual rates, and that a codicil would specify that Rohatyn would receive none of this amount. At a MAC meeting in mid-February, a resolution on this basis was introduced by George Gould, president of the investment trust called the Madison Fund, who had succeeded Rohatyn as chairman. The proposed annual retainer was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Present at the meeting was a MAC director whom Koch had appointed, Andrew Steffan, who had been a member of Koch's fund-raising committee in his 1977 campaign. Also in the room, as observers, were representatives of Koch's deputy mayor for finance and of the city's comptroller. No objections to the arrangement were raised then or two weeks later, when it was unanimously passed by the MAC board.

Rohatyn had been a strong supporter of Koch in the 1977 election. However, last December, when the new city administration revealed the major elements of its revised program for meeting the projected annual budget deficits during the next three years—a pro-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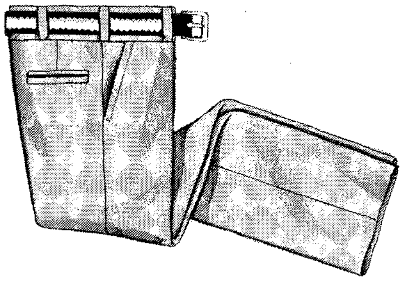

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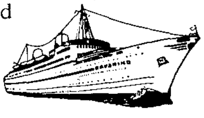

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gram that it was required, under the loan-guarantee legislation, to submit to the United States Treasury—Rohatyn told a group of reporters that he thought Koch was making a mistake in delaying the deepest cuts in expenses until 1980, apparently in the belief that in that election year Carter, in order not to lose New York's votes, would find more money for the city somewhere. In 1974, Matthew Troy, who was then both chairman of the City Council Finance Committee and the Queens County Democratic boss, dared to criticize aspects of Mayor Beame's proposed budget as unsound. Beame saw to it that a few months later Troy was removed as Queens County leader. Koch does not have the political clout to remove any Democratic boss outside Manhattan, his own borough, where he had Miriam Bockman, a member of his reform Democratic club, installed as county chairman in September, 1977. However, like Beame, Koch did not conceal his resentment of the criticism of his budget. Just before he went into the Rohatyn dinner last month, he told a *Post* reporter that the selection of Lazard Frères as MAC's financial adviser without competitive bidding represented "certainly a moral conflict of interest." There was little doubt that the charge was directed at Rohatyn, as the central link between Lazard and MAC. On being asked if he was going to accuse Rohatyn of moral myopia to his face that evening, Koch said that he was not. "This is Felix's Bar Mitzvah, and you don't say mean things to the Bar Mitzvah boy," he told the reporter. He then went inside to join the parade of speakers loudly praising the former MAC chairman.

The following night, after the publication of the *Post* story, a very angry George Gould went to Gracie Mansion to protest the Mayor's statement and to tell him that the legislation setting up MAC specifically exempted its contracts with financial advisers from competitive-bidding requirements. Koch repeated his charge, adding that when he referred to a moral conflict of interest he had not meant to impugn anyone's integrity. Two days after the *Post* story appeared, Lazard withdrew from its arrangement with MAC, saying, "The privilege of public service does not carry with it the obligation to be subjected to needless abuse." However, the firm said that it would oversee a sale of MAC bonds later in the month on an unpaid basis. In a sense, Koch could claim that he had saved the city money. Governor Carey took public issue with Koch, saying that if he had been on the MAC board he would have voted for Lazard Frères. In a statement that seemed to promise future strains between the Mayor and the agency that the city relies on to raise its day-to-day cash, Chairman Gould said that his plan was to have "a professional relationship with the Mayor to the extent that's necessary." When Rohatyn was asked if he and Koch could ever again be on their former good terms, he said, "A relationship is a delicate thing, and it is rather difficult to put it back together."

THE Mayor's move against Rohatyn and its sequel were of concern not only within the five boroughs or within this state, or even within this country. An account of the affair, entitled "Biting a Helping Hand," took up the better part of a page in the March 17th issue of the London *Economist.* After dwelling at length on Rohatyn's "notable public service" to the city, the magazine described Koch's remarks as "both ill-timed and needlessly offensive, apparently calculatingly so." It speculated that the Mayor had acted as he had because he resented having to answer to MAC and the Control Board, although the continuing existence of these oversight bodies is required by the federal-loan-guarantee legislation. "He also resented the favorable publicity given to Mr. Rohatyn, and seemed determined to be done with him," concluded *The Economist.* "Mr. Koch's attack succeeded in its objective. But he has hardly served New York."

Back home, accounts of the affair in the *News* pointed out that a few weeks earlier the city had asked Lazard Frères to consider serving as its financial adviser—an assignment worth an estimated half-million dollars a year—but that the firm had had to turn the proposal down, because it would have conflicted with its MAC duties. The contract went instead to Dillon Read, which has already received over three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars on account. The *News* also noted that two contracts totalling two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for serving as professional counsel to Koch's Department of Sanitation had recently been awarded without competitive bidding, one of them to the firm in which Steffan, Koch's former fund-raiser, is a vice-president. In fact, competitive bidding is not much practiced here in the choice of financial advisers. Investment firms, which naturally have an elevated view of their skills, like to compare the situation to that of a patient facing brain surgery who is required to put his life in the hands of whoever submits the lowest bid. The headline over the *News* editorial on the Rohatyn matter was "A CHEAP SHOT," and it accused the Mayor of having "mugged" Rohatyn and his firm. "Ed Koch would be a lot better mayor if he would learn to use his brain before shooting off his big mouth," said the *News*. It called the event "a pretty shabby episode," which would hardly encourage others to involve themselves in public service, and quoted Victor Gotbaum as saying that the incident threatened the newfound public confidence in the city. In contrast, the *Times* report on the controversy did not mention Koch's lack of concern for the principle of competitive bidding when other firms were involved. In an editorial note, the *Times* suggested that although the Mayor might have been wiser to moderate his rhetoric, his stand against MAC and Lazard for not having resorted to competitive bidding was "a reasonable position."

The *Times'* amiable attitude toward Koch on this issue and the hard time the *News* gave him by comparison represent a curious turnabout in local newspaper history. The *News'* surprise endorsement of Koch in August, 1977, when he was one of seven contenders in the Democratic mayoral primary, was considered the crucial development in his campaign. (Part of Koch's problem with Rohatyn may date back to the spring of that year, when the *News*, naming five men it would like to support for mayor, listed Rohatyn fourth and Koch last.) With *News* backing, Koch went on to win first the Democratic runoff and then the election. Since he took office, however, the *News* has been the one local daily that has regularly found fault with his low boiling point and his occasional junior-high-school-level behavior. ("When somebody hits me, I hit back," he warned a community group recently.) It has questioned whether his reliance on confrontation-style politics amounted to good government. This development at the *News* was particularly surprising because the local elements with which Koch has had the most turbulent relations—municipal-union officials and leaders of minority groups—are figures with whom the *News* had displayed little rapport in the past. Indeed, to many observers the significant aspect of the *News* editorial on the Rohatyn-Koch dispute was not that it attacked Koch but that it respectfully quoted Victor Gotbaum, formerly a prime target for *News* abuse, whom the paper once referred to as "the scourge of the city." In contrast to the *News* editorials, the columns of the *Times* during Koch's

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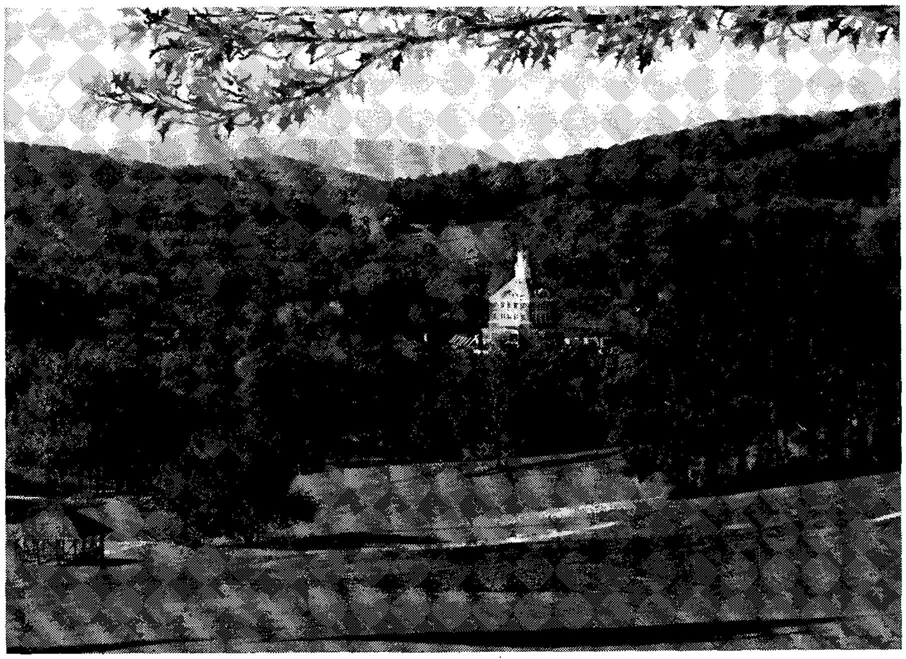

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first sixteen months in office have often seemed to find the new Mayor's mobile face, outspoken manner, and slangy one-liners delightful, and have treated with indulgence his occasional rhetorical excesses—which have caused deep distress in, among other areas, local black circles. According to one theory, the *Times* is endeavoring to build up a sure winner at City Hall whom it can endorse in the 1981 municipal elections. If there is such a scheme and it should work, it would be the first time since 1969, when the *Times* editors supported John Lindsay in his successful race for reëlection, that, despite the *Times'* presumed great influence over thinking New Yorkers, it has backed a winning candidate at any stage of a mayoral campaign. In 1973, it endorsed Herman Badillo, who was then a Bronx member of the House of Representatives and is now Koch's deputy mayor for policy, in both the Democratic primary and the subsequent runoff, which Badillo lost to Beame. In that year's general election, also won by Beame, the *Times'* choice for mayor was State Assemblyman Albert Blumenthal, who came in third in a field of four and has since given up his Assembly seat and moved out of the city. And in 1977, rejecting Koch, the editors supported Mario Cuomo, currently the state's lieutenant governor, in the Democratic primary and also in the runoff and in the general election.

Some of the *Times'* recent fascination with Koch has verged on the comical. The morning after St. Patrick's Day, for example, its illustration for this annual frolic of local Irish-Americans showed neither the marchers nor any of the important Irish-American politicians who were on hand, including the Governor and the state's junior senator. Instead, the picture at the top of its front page featured Mayor Koch, in the reviewing stand, wearing a sweater. The *Times* quoted him as saying that he had bought the sweater in Ireland on his way back from the funeral of Pope John Paul I, thus neatly touching two of the city's politically vital ethnic bases with one sweater. (The St. Patrick's Day celebration is the first of the long string of ethnic festivals that tie up traffic here every few weeks until the mid-October finale, when the parade of local Italian-Americans simultaneously marks the landing of Columbus and the onset of cold weather. There was speculation that during the next months the *Times* front page would show the Mayor in lederhosen on Steuben Day, brandishing a Polish sausage at the Pulaski Day parade, and wearing a large button reading "Kiss Me, I'm Italian!" in October.) The week before St. Patrick's Day, a *Times* front-page picture of Koch waving his arms as he confronted a crowd of striking school-bus drivers and announced that he would not be intimidated by them was larger than its picture showing Presidents Carter and Sadat and their wives arriving by train in Alexandria during this spring's Middle East negotiations. (Of the two outings, Carter's worked out better. The Mayor was not intimidated, but nine weeks after the strike began, on February 15th, nearly all the hundred and thirty-two thousand children here, thirty-three thousand of them handicapped, who are usually dependent on school buses were still having to get to school as best they could.) A picture that took up three columns at the top of the *Times* front page on March 23rd illustrated a story whose headline was "CARTER TO PROPOSE A $10-BILLION PLAN ON HEALTH FOR 1983." The announcement of the program had been made by Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Joseph Califano in a speech at the dedication of a new health center at New York University Medical Center—a private institution, which has no formal connection with city government. Nevertheless, the three-column photograph beside the story about Carter's new health plan was a group picture in which Califano was partly hidden and the central figure was Koch, shaking hands all around. And on March 31st a *Times* account of a hearing of the House Subcommittee on Census and Population concerning the taking of the 1980 census here was not accompanied by a picture of the regional director of the Census Bureau or—what would have been especially appropriate—one showing the chairman of the subcommittee, Bronx Representative Robert Garcia, who is the only voting Puerto Rican member of Congress, and whose appointment as chairman had been considered a particularly significant victory among local minority groups, because they are fearful of being undercounted next year. Instead, the layout featured likenesses of a witness who wasn't even quoted in the body of the story: three sizable pictures of the Mayor of New York looking bored, raising his eyebrows in elaborate disbelief, and laughing impishly.

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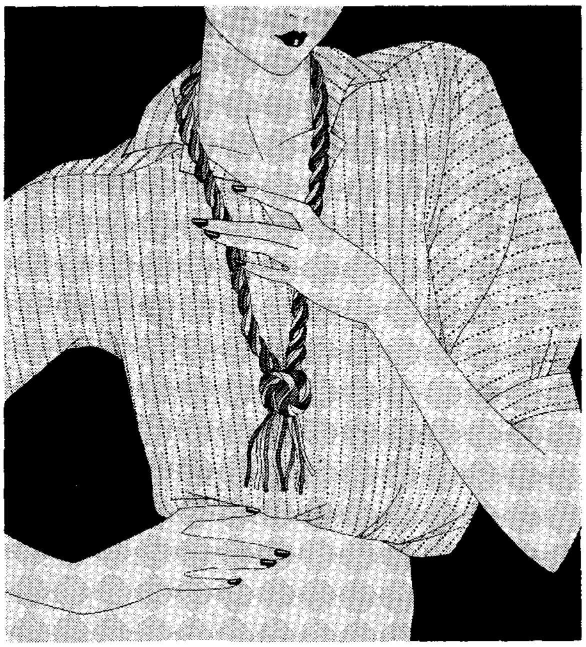

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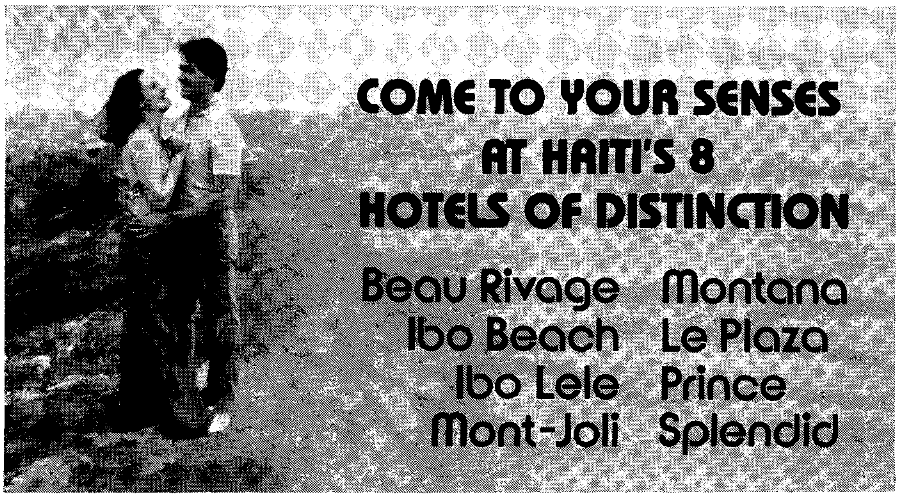

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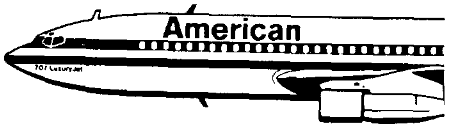

years. The federal-loan-guarantee bill specifies that either house of Congress may then cancel the guarantees. There is no sign that Senator Proxmire can be intimidated by Mayor Koch, and, considering the Wisconsin senator's past enthusiasm for cracking down on the city, there will almost certainly be a move, at least in the Senate, to challenge New York once again on its fiscal responsibility. The city's best hope is that the response of most members of Congress will be that of so many local citizens just now: they don't want to hear about it. If the city should be pushed to the wall again, numerous veterans of past battles won't be in the fight. Not only is Rohatyn out of the picture but many of the corporation leaders and financial figures in the historic alliance feel that they have done their part. Able successors, eager to involve themselves prominently in the city's problems, may be hard to come by; after all, no one knows whom Koch might decide to zap next. On the labor scene, several of the local municipal unions have had a change of leadership since 1975. Gotbaum remains in charge of District Council 37, but reports have it that his ambitions are now turned toward the job held by Jerry Wurf—head of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, of which District Council 37 is a subsidiary. At last month's dinner in Gotbaum's honor, many of his remarks sounded as if they were meant to be heard beyond the ballroom. "I became a very big man in the process of the fiscal crisis," he said. But he complained that the very people who were calling him a statesman went right on denouncing the workers he represented as "bums who really don't want to work." Shouted Gotbaum, "Attention must be paid!" While others that evening were stressing the solidarity of the assembled company, Gotbaum was making it clear that he was ready to move away from the three-and-a-half-year alliance. He pointed out that while, in its name, he had persuaded his members to act responsibly, members of the policemen's union, for example, had swarmed through the streets, blocking traffic, and had been rewarded with a better deal from the city.

Gotbaum's statements were a reminder of what is ahead next year. To some, 1980 stands for the Presidential election and the census. Another critical event here will be the biennial contract negotiations with the local municipal unions, which could throw out of whack the city's financial plan on which the loan guarantees depend. In 1978, the basic four-per-cent annual raises negotiated with the unions were far below many agreements reached elsewhere. With the recent large national settlements, such as that won by the Teamsters, no local union leader could settle now for anything so modest—let alone give up significant gains already won—and stay in office. On the other hand, Koch, who ran for mayor on a get-tough-with-labor platform, is still indignant because last year he demanded that the unions surrender sixty-one separate fringe benefits and he won out on none of the sixty-one. "The next time, the unions are going to find me tough. The next time, I won't be pushed," Koch said last December, with what the *Times* described as "anticipatory glee." Thus, there is the prospect of a very ugly scene on the local labor front next spring, at a time when the city will be hoping to get back to the public bond markets, and there could be challenges in Congress to the loan guarantees it must have to survive.

The possible end of the fragile coalition causes no distress among some New Yorkers who from the beginning have mistrusted its rather romantic implications. In the opinion of such critics, this kind of coziness allowed the banks to put things over on the unions, or the other way around, and permitted both these elements to put things over on the politicians and, in consequence, to do in the ordinary citizen. In this view, only an adversary relationship is appropriate among such parties; anything else is against nature. On the other hand, some of the alternative rescue schemes favored by such opponents also had their romantic aspects. In 1975, a critic of the Emergency Financial Control Board concept suggested that the city could solve its fiscal problems by having all welfare recipients grow vegetables on the roofs of city buildings. As the old alliance breaks up, and angry voices rise—Mayor against unions and vice versa, Mayor against bankers, Governor against Mayor, union versus union—some new partnership, not preoccupied with the growing of vegetables, will have to evolve if New York is to cope with the crisis that, despite the rosy views of some urban philosophers, continues in this city.

—ANDY LOGAN

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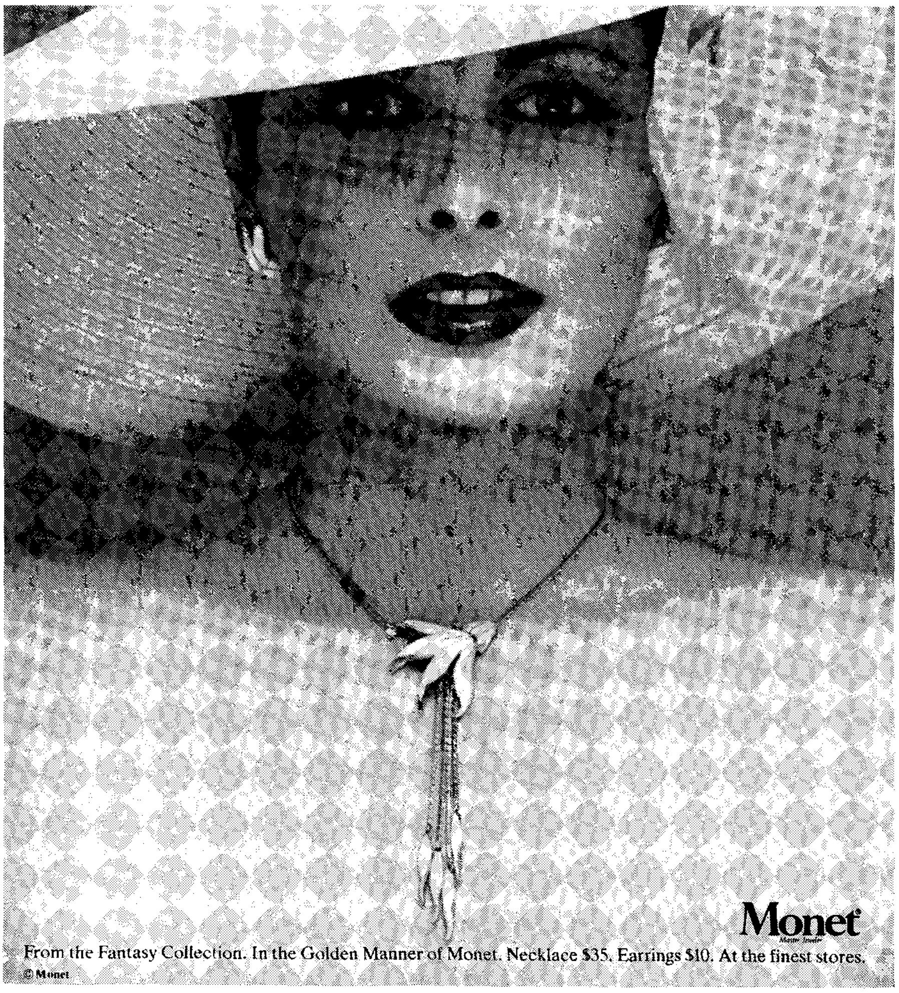

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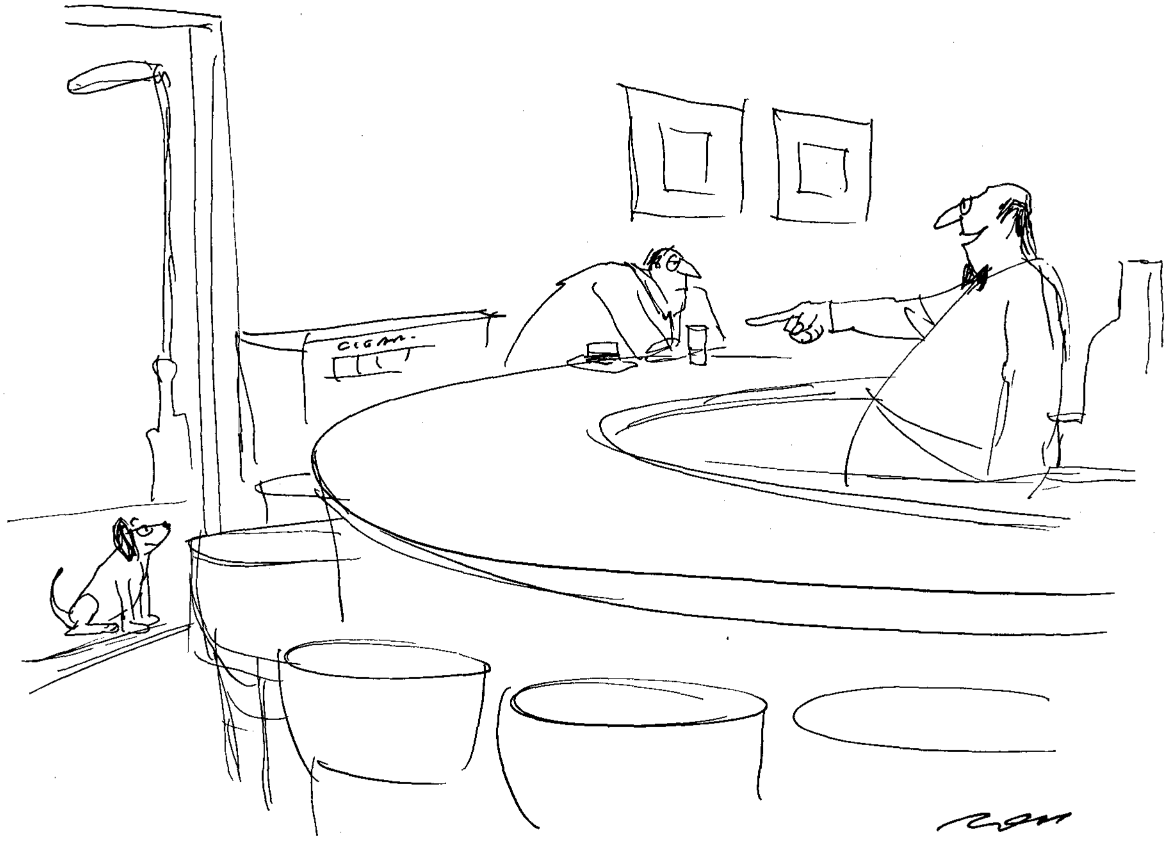
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Black-and-White Apple

ISAAC, the undersized and festive hero of Woody Allen's "Manhattan," is played by Woody Allen. The character has two ex-wives. He is practically underwater with alimony demands. He has visiting rights to his child, a small boy for whom he buys too expensive toy yachts when his offspring, being Manhattan-bred, begs for acquisitions. In the most wry way, to anyone who knows the Manhattan of potholes and poverty and rudeness, the picture is a fable—written by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman—about a city of smooth rides and riches and thoughtfulness. The picture gives us a view of New York as from a chauffeur-driven car. Harlem is invisible, as though covered by a carpet from Sotheby Parke Bernet. A friend—an American woman—said to me as the audience came out, "It makes you want to go to London." That is, in fact, one of the points of the picture. Again and again, there are references to the civilization of England and the Continent. They are the subtext. The text has to do with a most charming notion of love between people, though the love is often betrayed, and of love for Manhattan. What a pleasure to see a film in black and white, incidentally, reflecting the fact that Manhattan is a town of little color apart from the red-light signs saying "DON'T WALK." Never was there a city of so many injunctions.

And what a pleasure, too, to see such an intelligently hilarious film. It is reared on the American references we all know: Bogart, for one; its Gershwin score, for another; and, most important, its doting Manhattan humor. Woody Allen is a Manhattan treasure, though he is travelling beyond that. He did in his imperially funny film "Interiors," which some people of less wisdom than he abused for its "seriousness" and Europeanness. The "seriousness" derived from thought, from amplitude of mind about beloved European accomplishment. The "seriousness" spoke eloquently of an exuberant love of past and foreign achievement. Underneath that, of course, there was invaluable sense and wit. Woody Allen is one of our most majestically comic citizens.

In this film, the man he plays—Isaac—is conceived as if to make a quiet nonsense of all the people who complained that in his last film, the aforementioned "Interiors," he didn't declare his Jewishness. In "Interiors," it was of no moment. But "Manhattan" is a fond and specific narrative of a city where Jewish intellectualism is characteristic. Isaac, aged forty-two, is having an affair with a seventeen-year-old girl of some unkindness (Mariel Hemingway), called Tracy. She clearly does a great deal of the blessed hair-washing that has been bred by TV advertisements. She is a girl incapable of travel in her head, of knowledge of the past, of dwelling in other cultures. Isaac has beautiful manners. He suffers a good deal from Tracy, who has good bones, as they say, and is never going to hanker after a face-lift. He sweetly lets her do the arithmetic of their comparative ages when he is trying to explain to her that he will be practically a geriatric case by the time she is grown up. There is a touching moment when he lifts her swooping glossy hair off her forehead to talk to her. He has always had terrible luck with women. Years ago, he wrote a short story about his mother called "The Castrating Zionist." One of his ex-wives (Meryl Streep) is now living with another woman, of all things. Isaac doesn't think much of this as a setup for his son, but he is polite about it. The ex-wife has floppy blond hair, too, and is writing an autobiographical book called "Marriage, Divorce, and Selfhood." Movie sales are spoken of. Her girlfriend (Karen Ludwig) is a grumpy woman with dark curly hair who doesn't speak much but would, at anybody's guess, be truculent if Isaac were to oppose the selling of the film rights of the certainly overbearing book. She would be truculent, probably, to the extent of pouring boiling oil onto Isaac's head. The books in progress in this film are enough to ruin hardcover publishing in New York for good. An impossibly languid, tall Wasp man called Yale (Michael Murphy) is going to finish his book on O'Neill when he has finished buying his Porsche. Allen's cameraman, Gordon Willis—extraordinarily talented, now almost a member of what marvellously seems to be becoming the Woody Allen repertory company—un-



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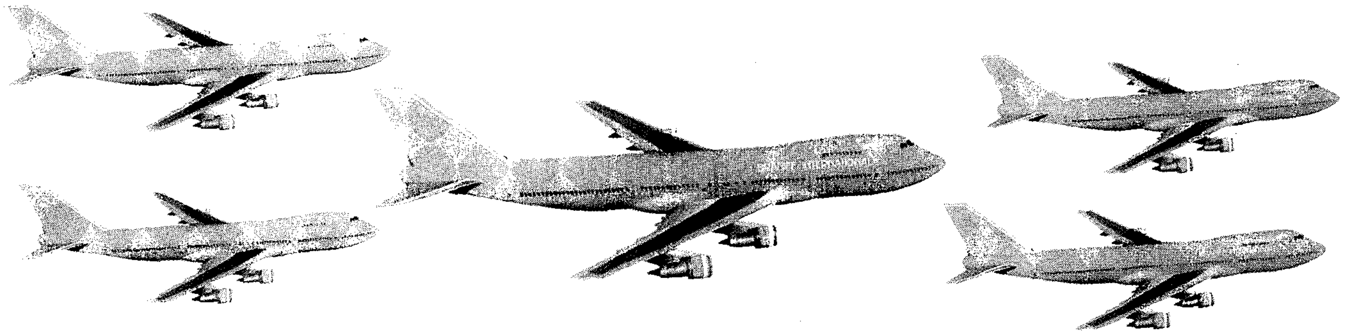

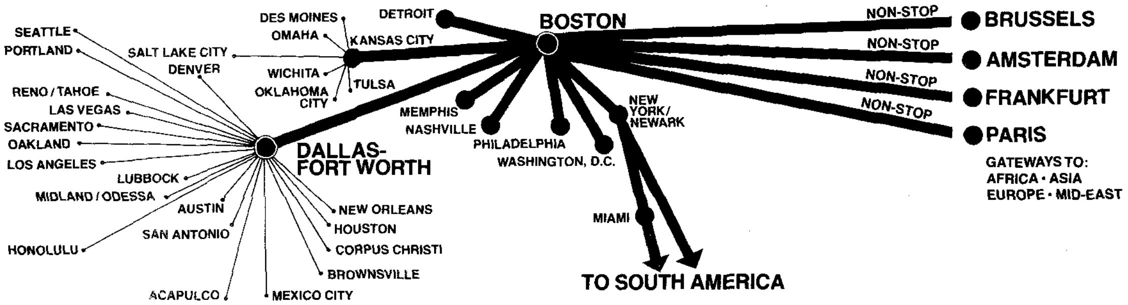
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doubtedly photographs Yale straight on, but one has the sense that the character is being seen from the legs up. He bespeaks generations of Ivy League and orange juice and squash racquets, and has not much care for anyone. Isaac, on the other hand, will not cease defending his friends. The friends include his son and Mozart. They most definitely do not include his son's mother, whom he is resolute in regarding as having treated him horribly. He stands by Ingmar Bergman as a genius. He encourages Tracy—who has bought him a harmonica, which he turns over and over as if it were an indecipherable Sanskrit sandwich become stone—to go to London to learn acting. His true intellectual fellow is the fast-talking character played by Diane Keaton, a hapless but determined and clever girl whose analyst clings to her and telephones her at three in the morning. Isaac, quitting his job in TV, for very upright reasons, moves into a cheaper apartment, in a sequence that condenses all the jokes that have been made in the last couple of decades about Manhattan housing problems, though the jokes in this film, unlike most of the kind, are not knowing. Isaac keeps his dignity in spite of being confronted by sullen workmen twice his size and with the faces of gargoyles. He is not a complainer about trivia. When he has to give the Diane Keaton character a glass of water that he correctly says is brown—rusty pipes—you feel that his mind is on his dependable ally Mozart, or on worries about whether his son is going to have the chance to grow up to love Willie Mays and Groucho Marx and Marlon Brando as much as Isaac so excitedly does.

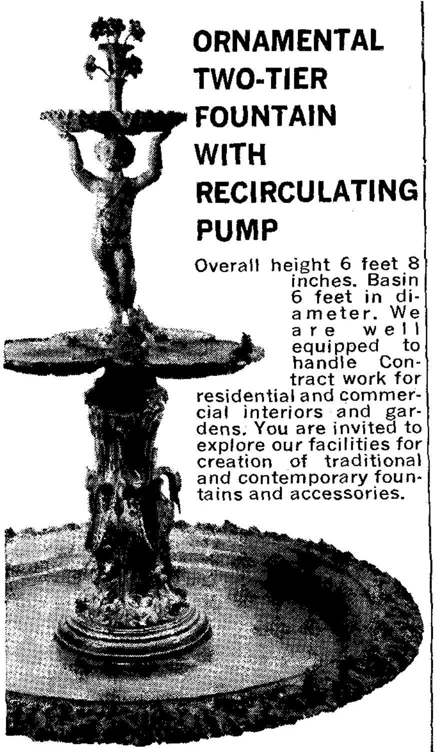
The script celebrates devotedness. It also celebrates the still existent enthusiasm of New York City, which used to be talked about by visitors as being like Benzedrine, and it is endearingly in love with late-night television. It abhors culture-vultures. There is a marvellously funny study of concealed fidgetiness at a classical concert. "Manhattan" is, among other things, a questioning of the bogus, and a definite putting down of the foot about pill popping, cigarettes, and liberated ex-wives writing exposés of their marriages at the cost of baffled children. The son in this film is much buoyed by the companionship of his incomparable father.

THE Joseph Strick film of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is very reduced Joyce, as far as the words are concerned. But I don't know what else any shortish film that had been made of this most complex work of words could be. The picture is perhaps also hampered by the obligation of the cinema to be a "visual medium," which is so much playing with definitions, as though the telephone were to be called a "verbal medium": is one misusing the telephone "medium"—forfend the word—if one sneezes on it? Given the folly of that obligation, Strick has done wonderfully well. He effected something fine in his film of "Ulysses" (1967), and that was a much more difficult task to bring off than "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Two things about this film are peripherally striking to someone who is English, as I am. There is the appealing performance of Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus, a parched-looking boy wearing spectacles. One thinks often of the bespectacled Joyce himself, who spent ten years on his innovative and crucial book. And perhaps thinks of Samuel Beckett, Joyce's great friend, who shares his Irishness, his conviviality: Beckett has for years suffered from poor eyesight and lately underwent a perilous eye operation for cataracts.

And then there is the background of the Anglo-Irish troubles, which weigh so much on English hearts at the moment. Americans coming back from "Yurp"—Kingsley Amis's word—ask with concern whether it is frightening to be in England now. The answer is no. As to the notices in English pubs about not leaving a bag unattended, and the attentiveness the English have learned to use in hotels and railway stations and when starting cars, they are simply a matter of caution, not fear. There is no cause for panic. The situation is one that has developed over hundreds of years. In Belfast, the religious situation that has to do with the influx so long ago into a Catholic nation of Scottish Protestants has conjoined with the later and English-based economic situation, which has favored the Protestants. The usual confusion of economics and religion.

As we know from Professor Richard Ellmann's "James Joyce," Joyce loved Ibsen. The spirit of Ibsen "blew through him like 'a keen wind.' " That keen wind cuts through the film. We feel Joyce's vivacity of thought, the Ibsen-style fustiness he had to deal with, the clear air of his originality. "The figure of Ibsen . . . occupied for Joyce in art the place that the figure of Parnell had taken on for him in na-



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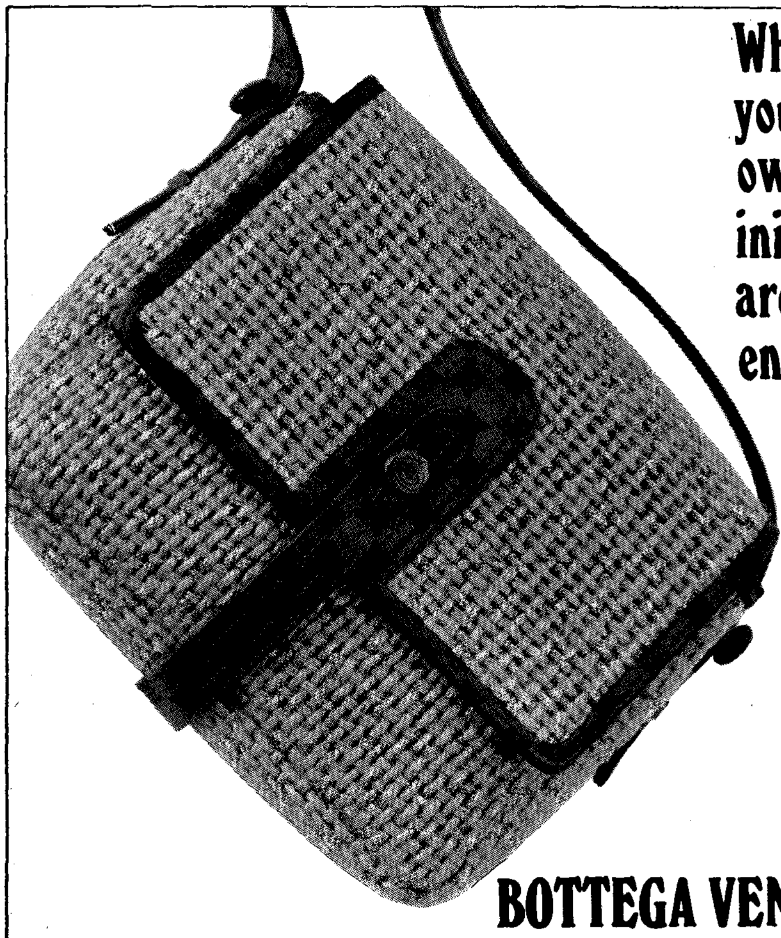

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tional life" (Ellmann again). The film gives us the sense of a boy beleaguered. From an early age, Stephen Dedalus is determined to break through the prejudice of an Ireland that persecutes the Protestant Parnell for being an adulterer. Stephen is surrounded by false decorum, and by pompously repeated remarks when he is pining for the new: Simon Dedalus, carving at the dinner table, offers the pope's nose, as he has obviously offered it unendingly before, week in, week out. Strick makes us feel surrounded by worn-out church pews and stuffy turns of mind. There is indeed need of a keen wind. There is also need of pity and blitheness in this place where the out-of-step and forward-looking are so railed at by the bigoted. Simon Dedalus, eloquently played by T. P. McKenna, is forced by the nature of the times to keep up a bourgeois front in spite of going bankrupt. Stephen Dedalus, punished again and again at school by canings on the hand, bides his time. He will use "silence, exile, and cunning."

Impatient people now say that they can't get beyond twenty pages of "A Portrait of the Artist." Others have absorbed it into their bones, as people like Ezra Pound and H. L. Mencken did at the time of the struggle to get it published. It is, of course, a signal piece of work. It uses the full vocabulary of the English language. In Joseph Strick's film—cast mostly with Irish actors, including the exemplary McKenna, and photographed in Ireland by Stuart Hetherington and blown up from sixteen-millimetre—one is aware all over again of the book's innovative mixture of Irish and English, gibberish and baby talk, and of Joyce's bracing ear for still current English-Irish idiom. The fire-and-brimstone sermon at Belvedere College is delivered by Sir John Gielgud as if it were Shakespeare. Stephen Dedalus—played as an older boy by Bosco Hogan, looking very like the English actor Tom Courtenay, who is perhaps best known here for his obdurate part in "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner"—seems more and more petrified in the church pew. His teeth grit as the threats of holy punishment thunder. He is very clearly a portrait of the artist to come: civilization's lay soothsayer, following the way of writers in paying heed and saying little. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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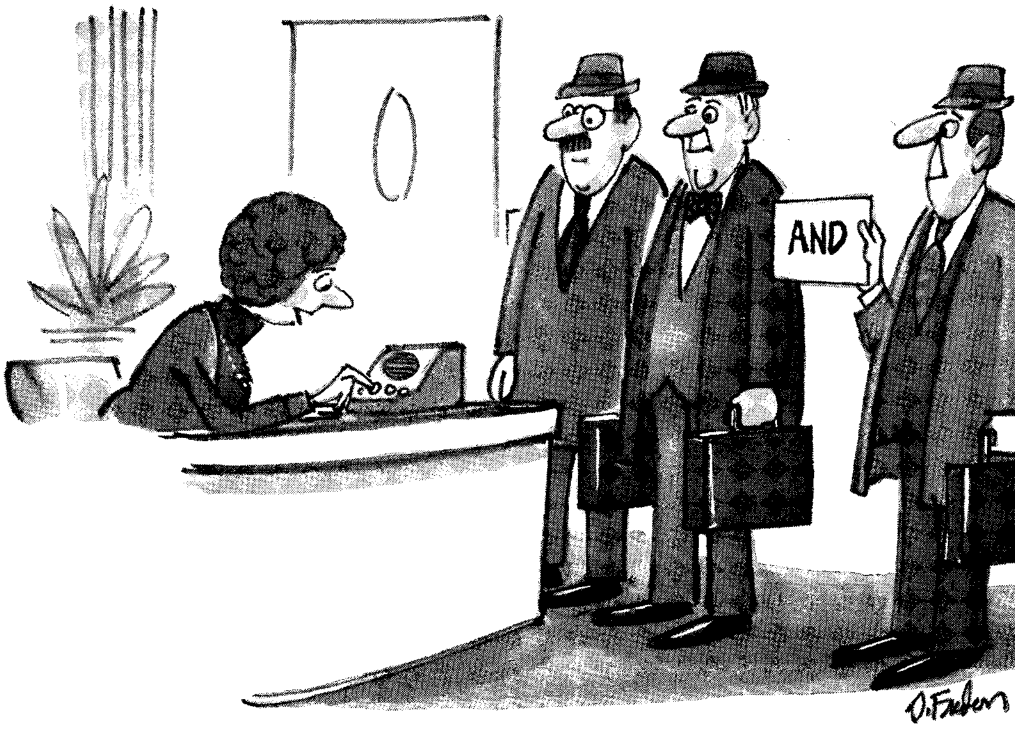
BARGAIN

AROUND Boise, last December was a fierce month for armed robberies. An increase in armed robbery, of course, like an increase in cases of serious depression, has long been accepted as a natural concomitant of the American celebration of Christmas, but Boise was having more than its seasonal share. The month began spectacularly with the robbery of the Statehouse branch of the Idaho First National Bank. The Statehouse branch is only a couple of blocks behind the state capitol, on the edge of a residential district that is gradually giving way to new state office buildings. It has the look of a new suburban branch—a squat building, red brick inside and out, with a drive-in window and blond-wood counters and recessed lighting and some large plants and a place for displaying the pictures of local artists and, like all branch banks in Boise, no guard. At about five-forty-five on December 1st, just before Friday closing, two men wearing wigs and masks walked into the bank, and ran out a minute or two later with fourteen thousand dollars in cash—having won the tellers' coöperation by means of a pistol that was fired once during the robbery into the Statehouse branch's well-scrubbed floor. For the rest of the month, it seemed as if a resident of the Boise area could hardly pick up the *Idaho Statesman* without reading about another resident's having been forced to hand over money to someone holding a gun. One night, both the Waremart grocery store and a Shakey's Pizza Parlor were robbed at gunpoint. Kentucky Fried Chicken was robbed. The Circle K store was robbed. Stinker gas stations in Nampa were held up three times within a few weeks. One night, two masked men held up a state liquor store and then finished off their evening by robbing the Sheraton Downtowner. A branch of the Citizens National Bank was robbed. The Red Steer was robbed. The Sun Ray Dairy was robbed. The Poco a Poco restaurant and the Waterbed Warehouse were robbed on the same night. Taco John's was robbed. The Stinky Mart was robbed. "Years ago, we'd have maybe one armed robbery a year here," Chuck Palmer, the sheriff of Ada County, said, after the robberies had slacked off a bit. "Why, it was an event. We'd put up roadblocks. In December, we were averaging two or three a week."

Boise, one of the fastest-growing metropolitan areas in the country, has a lot more people than it did when Sheriff Palmer began his law-enforcement career twenty years ago, and, as it happened, more than the usual number of them were unemployed last winter. Toward the end of December, Boise detectives were quoted as saying that the string of armed robberies might have been brought on partly because the usual pressures of the holiday season had been intensified by hard times—tempting a few ordinarily respectable citizens to stop in at their local convenience store for more than just a carton of milk and some lunch meat. A remarkable number of people were stopping in at their local branch bank with the same notion. On December 29th, Boise, which in the early seventies was still averaging only about one bank robbery a year, had its third bank robbery of the month. It was a robbery that finished off December with a certain symmetry. Again, the bank robbed was the Statehouse branch of the Idaho First National Bank. Again, two men struck quickly just before Friday closing. In fact, despite some differences in disguise and weapons there was reason to believe that the robbers were the same men who had been there precisely four weeks before. They were carrying a sawed-off shotgun as well as a pistol this time, and they eventually used it. A teller's husband, arriving at the bank to pick up his wife, spotted the two men running from the building. They jumped into a van and drove off. He followed in his pickup truck—until he was dissuaded by two shotgun blasts that peppered the cab of his pickup and barely missed him. The bank robbers escaped again. This time, they had twenty-two thousand dollars of Idaho First's money.

Within a day, Boise police, acting on a tip, picked up two men on suspicion of having committed both of the Statehouse-branch robberies. One of them, Dale Shideler, was not the sort of person whose arrest would cause any stir—except for the fact that his father was the retired police chief of Garden City, a town that adjoins Boise. Shideler was unemployed at the time of his arrest, and had never been known for an intense commitment to steady work. Publication of the name of Shideler's alleged partner in crime, though, brought some exclamations at breakfast tables of people who had thought that they were inured to violent surprises over toast and coffee. Gary States, Shideler's first cousin, was known not as a criminal but as a photographer. The son of a policeman himself—his father, confined to a wheelchair after being wounded in the line of duty, holds a desk job at the county sheriff's office—States had tak-



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en wedding pictures for the sheriff's niece and for a number of other young couples in Boise. His advertisement in the Yellow Pages described his specialty as "Creative Outdoor Portraiture in Natural Color." States was one of the photographers around Boise who had tried to break out of the formal family portraits taken in studios or living rooms ("Let's put Mother right here, shall we? And let's have a big smile, Mother") to pose people in natural settings—a young couple looking into each other's eyes while standing next to a stream, a woman leaning against a log cabin, with the foliage in the background starting to go fuzzy in soft colors. Sometimes he finished the portrait by laminating it on a thick plaque made to look like a piece of wood more or less gouged from a tree—both the picture and the plaque shooting off in irregular borders. States's photographs hung in the living rooms and dens of some prominent Boise families. Having entered the business in his thirties, after a somewhat wild youth, States had in five or six years built a reputation as a competent and imaginative commercial photographer—at least until a divorce and some money problems and whatever else was preying on his mind seemed to drain off some of his friendliness and dependability. He was also known as a talented photographer of the Idaho outdoors. A huge coffee-table book that the Idaho First National Bank published in 1974 as a celebration of the state's scenic wonders—"Idaho: A Pictorial Overview"—contains a dozen or so pictures by Gary States. A display that combined his commercial and scenic photography was a familiar sight at the Western Idaho State Fair and at places around Boise that display the work of local artists—places like the Statehouse branch of the Idaho First National Bank.

JIM HARRIS, the prosecuting attorney of Ada County, is a young man who was elected to that office last year after campaigning as a law-and-order Republican against an opponent who campaigned as a law-and-order Republican. In Idaho, that alignment on issues of crime and punishment is not considered unusual. Having been the chief deputy prosecutor for several years, Harris ran on the record of the office, pointing out that its major crime unit had compiled a ninety-five-percent conviction record the previous year without resorting to plea bargaining. Robbing a bank at gunpoint is, of course, a major crime, as is firing a shotgun at another citizen. In Boise, a man convicted of such offenses could expect a sentence of ten to twenty years in the state penitentiary.

In the case of States and Shideler, though, justice seemed to be tempered with bungling. At first, they confessed nothing to the police. Finally, in a long informal talk with Shideler's father and Sheriff Palmer, who had known both of them as children, they owned up to both of the robberies. The talk, having been too informal to include anything as official as a Miranda warning, was not usable in court. Anything that flowed from it would also be inadmissible, being what is described in law as "fruit from a poisonous tree." The search of States's van and Shideler's house had not turned up evidence that was conclusive, and had apparently not been conducted in a manner that made it invulnerable to suppression motions by a good search-and-seizure lawyer. "I went through the folder," an assistant prosecutor who was assigned to the case said later, "and I thought something must have fallen out. When I found out that was all we had, I wasn't sure we could get past the preliminary hearing."

The defendants seemed eager to make a deal, and the prosecutor agreed. What the attorneys for both prosecution and defense agreed to recommend to the judge was a guilty plea on just one felony—the second bank robbery—in return for what amounted to short sentences and long periods of probation. Fifteen thousand dollars was recovered for the bank, and restitution of the balance was made one condition of the probations. Given what had transpired, everyone seemed to have made the best of a bad situation. The bank had recovered a good deal of its money and seen the robbers apprehended. The robbers had the promise of lighter sentences than they might have expected. The police and the prosecutor's office had cleared the case. Everything might have worked out smoothly, one of the people involved said later, except for the sudden inclusion of one other party with a stake in the bargain—the general public.

AS stories about armed robberies began to turn up almost daily in the paper, the editors of the *Idaho Statesman* had been among those who began to suspect that the ranks of armed robbers must have been joined by some ostensibly respectable amateurs. The arrest of Gary States seemed remarkable evidence of that. Some of States's photographs had been displayed in the *Statesman* building. A couple of people on the staff had hired him to

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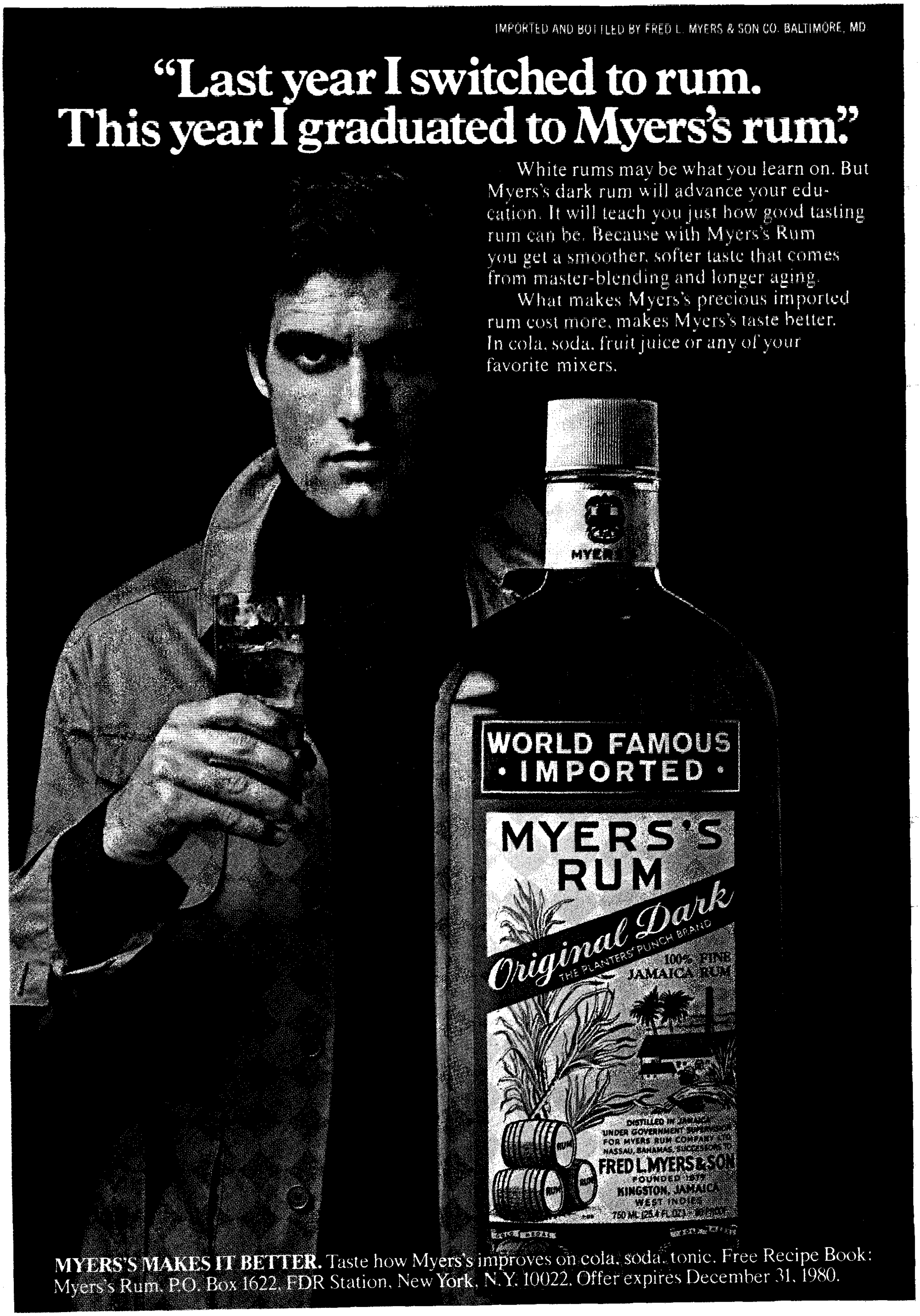
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take their wedding pictures. After the bargain between defense and prosecution had been made—three weeks before the actual sentencing was to take place in Boise criminal court—a *Statesman* reporter named Paul Brinkley-Rogers called on Gary States to see what could be learned about what makes the operator of a small business turn to crime.

Brinkley-Rogers learned more than he had expected to. One difference between amateur and professional armed robbers, it appeared, was that amateurs were more talkative. States portrayed himself as a hardworking man who was edging toward bankruptcy—hounded by creditors, he said, that included the Idaho First National Bank. Acknowledging that robbing a bank was "morally wrong," States offered a lot of reasons for considering it at least morally neutral. He mentioned Watergate and corrupt politicians and corrupt policemen. He mentioned daily thievery among white-collar types and welfare recipients. "After a while," he told Brinkley-Rogers, "you ask, 'Where's mine?' " According to States's figuring, robbing a bank was essentially an impersonal act that hurts nobody. ("A bank is a money-making concern, and it has insurance to cover thefts.") The *Statesman* interview revealed States as a tormented man—a man who had sought help from a psychologist, a man who screamed with frustration into his pillow at night, a man who would have presumably been in serious trouble whether he robbed a bank or not—but his most dramatic regret seemed to be that he had not thought to hide his van out in the country after the second robbery.

For an amateur, States had a lot of specific advice on bank robbery. ("You've got just thirty seconds in there. When they pull that money out of the teller drawers that's what sets off the alarm. The trick is to get everyone to take out the money at the same time.") He also offered the opinion that a man with financial problems was silly to hit a Seven-Eleven store when, for the same risk, he might come away from a bank with twenty or thirty thousand dollars. From what States told Brinkley-Rogers, the risk seemed worth taking. The first robbery had cleared up three-quarters of his indebtedness, he was quoted as saying, and he expected his sentence to be only about six months in a county-jail work-release program that would permit him to run his business during the day and on weekends. No mention was made of a probation period that included restitution, and, perhaps because of a misunderstanding about which robbery was being discussed, the *Statesman* piece said that none of the stolen money had been recovered. As an interview that concentrated on States and his motives, the article did not go into the sort of case the prosecutor had—or, as it turned out, didn't have—against the two defendants. It was the story of an ordinary citizen who had turned to crime, and it made for what Brinkley-Rogers, a former *Newsweek* correspondent who grew up in England, calls "a good yarn." It occupied the entire front page of the *Statesman's* Sunday "Insight" section. In the upper right corner was a large picture of Gary States—an impressive-looking man, wearing a turtleneck, standing with his arms folded and his expression conveying no remorse whatever. Most of the space below the fold was taken up by two large outdoor scenes, under the caption "The Photography of Gary States."

THE public reaction to the Brinkley-Rogers article was mixed in that there was no way to be certain whether the wave of outrage that passed over Boise was directed more toward the prosecutor or more toward the *Statesman*. The city's bankers managed to make their feelings known to both parties. Boise residents wrote the *Statesman* demanding to know why a thief had been "glorified" in a full-page article, why the *Statesman* had made a folk hero out of a common criminal instead of the citizen who had risked his life in the chase, why bank robbery was being offered to the readership as a sensible solution to a cash-flow problem. At parties or service-club luncheons, *Statesman* editors tried to defend their story as an attempt to portray a human being—a flawed human being—rather than presenting the bank-robber caricature that the public found more acceptable. In return, they were accused of turning their newspaper into a how-to sheet for bank robbers. Apart from what was said in the piece, its length alone infuriated some citizens. "He was presented like one of those 'Portraits of Distinguished Citizens' they run," a law-enforcement officer said. "In fact, there was a 'Distinguished Citizen' article in the same paper, and States took up four or five times more space." Copies of some of the letters to the *Statesman* were sent to Jim Harris, and Harris received plenty of his own. Boise citizens were still not aware of the weakness of the prosecution's case, and even if they had been it is unlikely that many of them could have considered a man who

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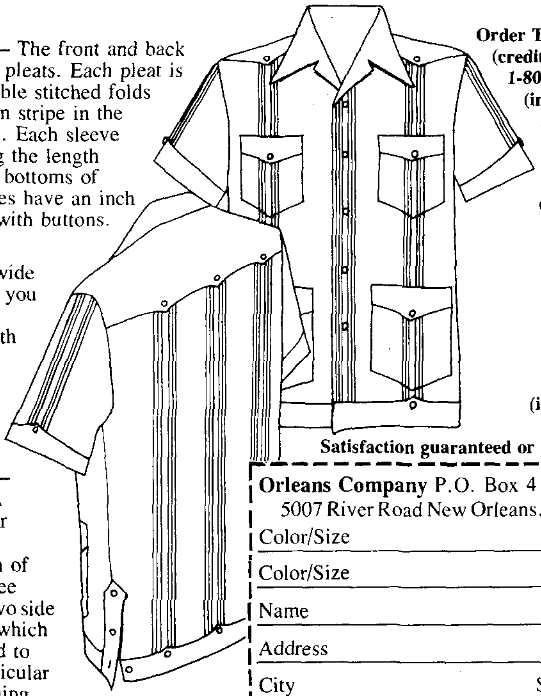

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bragged about his crimes in the newspaper as anything but simply guilty.

The judge who had been scheduled to sentence States and Shideler called in all attorneys to say that he would not be bound by the arrangements for sentencing they had worked out among them—States having shown himself to be, among other things, a calculating and remorseless criminal. The judge gave both defendants the opportunity to revoke their guilty pleas, and Shideler promptly entered a new plea of not guilty. While States tried to decide what to do, Harris told the defense attorney that, States having broken an agreement to keep the bargain private, the prosecutor's office would no longer be bound by the sentence portion of it. In reply to exhortations to get tough, the prosecutor said he would use everything he had against States if the case came to trial. The problem was that he didn't have any more than he had two months before—except, of course, Gary States's confession on the front page of the "Insight" section of the *Statesman.*

IDAHO has no precedent for the use of a newspaper story as a confession, but Harris expressed confidence in being able to get it admitted—for use against States, if not Shideler—in the same way a confession to a cellmate can be admitted. If States decided to go on trial and the *Statesman* interview was not admitted, people around the *Statesman* newsroom said, those in Boise who believe that criminals are always being set free on technicalities might have the opportunity to see a man found not guilty of a crime he had boasted about in the public press. If it was admitted, though, States might face a sentence on four felonies and the use of a firearm in committing a felony and, possibly, a new charge of conspiracy. Apparently, he decided not to take a chance: He renewed his plea of guilty to the second bank robbery.

Jim Harris asked that States be sentenced to fifteen to twenty years. At the mitigation hearing, States argued that he was not a "tough old con" but an ordinary human being who had succumbed to the sort of pressures facing other ordinary human beings. He said he had been misquoted and misrepresented in the *Statesman* piece. He talked about his mental state and his financial problems. His psychologist testified that before the bank robbery States had twice attempted suicide. "He made a mistake, but he's not a criminal," States's ex-wife testified. Harris argued that despite all of the talk about States being an average citizen and an amateur "he deserves punishment for precisely what he is—a bank robber." The judge sentenced Gary States to twenty years in the state penitentiary.

Harris and the *Statesman* were both off the hook. The *Statesman* printed an editorial and a "Dear Reader" letter from the managing editor defending its actions from what it called "a good deal of unjustified criticism." The original interview, the *Statesman* said, did not glorify States but merely presented his words objectively. Although the *Statesman* assured its readers that it was neither for nor against States, the managing editor claimed that a story about the weakness of Harris's case had been held so as not to tip off States on which way to plead. The managing editor even implied that the Brinkley-Rogers interview had been a sort of exposé, written to raise questions about why States was being treated so leniently. The *Statesman* pointed out more than once that without its story States might be serving a six-month work-release sentence in the county jail instead of twenty years in the state penitentiary.

THE rate of armed robberies in Boise is no longer what it was last December, but it is much higher than it was for the equivalent period last year. Last year, Ada County reported fewer than a dozen armed robberies of houses—thieves forcing their way into a private home, tying up and maybe even pistol-whipping the owner—but there were ten in the first three months of 1979. A couple of days before States appeared to enter his plea again, another Idaho First National Bank branch was robbed. Branch banks in Boise still have no guards. The display in the Statehouse branch is now some heavy landscapes that are each identified by a business card saying "Original paintings by Gena." The display at the American Bank of Commerce still consists of photographs by Gary States. —CALVIN TRILLIN

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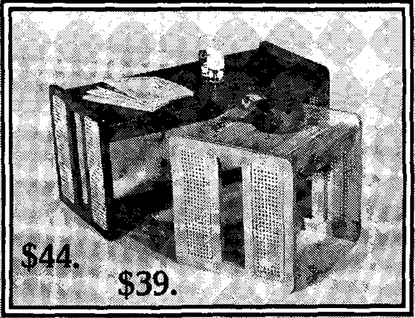

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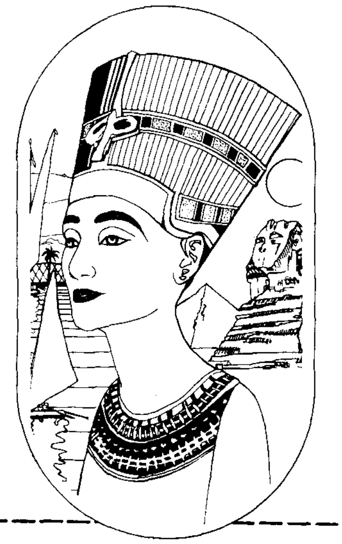

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THE AIR

The Big Parade

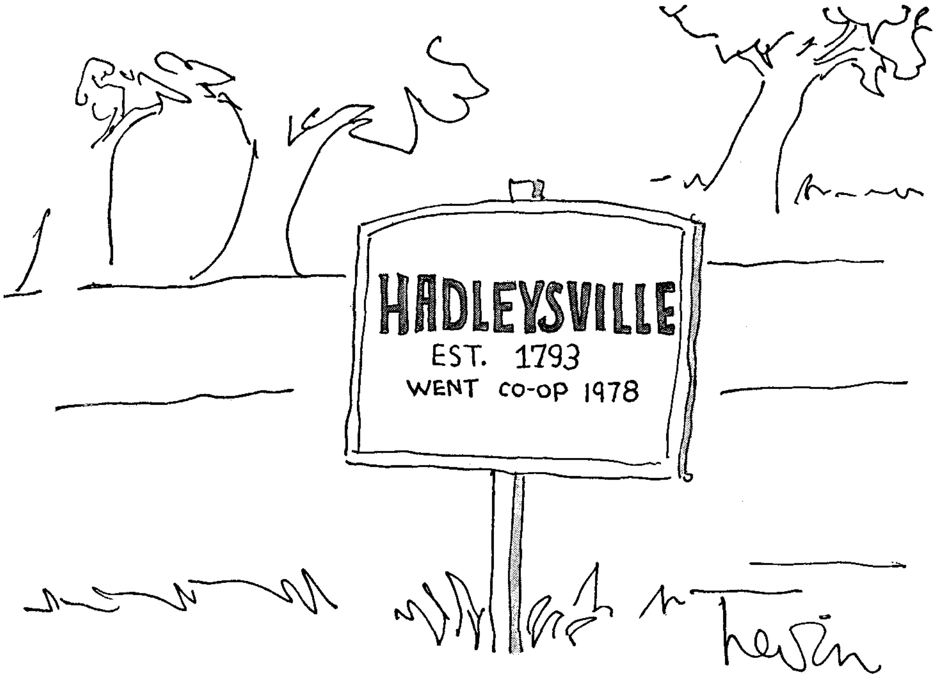
THE Oscar ceremonies have come and gone, drawing the usual enormous television audience, and afterward evoking the usual round of learned exegesis from various quarters. For instance, Mr. Vincent Canby, the *Times*' estimable cinema scribe, has found in the latest awards ceremony a sort of medieval, or perhaps Oriental (or perhaps medieval Oriental), parable wherein television is the devouring beast and the movie industry is the main dish—thus ending up as "a large lump in the belly of the python called television." On the other hand, Miss Glenda Jackson, the actress, while detecting no indications of pythonlike engorgement in the event—or being too ladylike to mention them if she did—discovered a certain "public hanging" tone in the ceremonies, whereby, so she thought, members of the television audience were placed in the position of voyeurs observing the pain or embarrassment of the losers. Clearly, the Oscar ritual lies very close to what Mr. William Gass once described, though in a different context, as "the heart of the heart of the country," with many of those who watch it seeing in it whatever they choose to see, be it a snake or a gallows or pie in the sky.

Still, I appreciate Mr. Canby's vision of the gobbling up of the mighty motion-picture industry by the apparently even mightier process of television. Television has been widely observed to have taken over many of the native ceremonies of American life—notably politics and sports—and surely countless citizens share Mr. Canby's feeling about the monster in our midst whose appetite is so gargantuan that it must relentlessly consume everything within sight. In fact, it's hard to challenge the basic truth of such a view, for obviously something has been happening to ceremony and ritual since television came on the scene; in the cases of sports and politics, for example, it is clear, first, that things were one way *before* television and now are usually a different way *with* it, and, second, that this difference generally follows the pattern of a supposedly traditional or once venerated ritual's having been subsumed by television and then reshaped and redefined according to television's forms and needs and time requirements. Thus, the Oscar ceremonies, like the national political conventions, have become increasingly fine-tuned and overdirected, until the point of both events often seems to be no more (and no less) than their televisability—having all the participants there on schedule and looking right, and saying the right kind of thing for the right length of time. In this regard, I can't say that I really agree with Miss Jackson's observation—at least, not on the basis of historical Oscar scholarship—for it strikes me that year by year, as Mr. Canby's python has ingested more and more of the Academy Awards into its gullet, there have been fewer and fewer opportunities for voyeurism on the part of the audience. In the first place, show-business celebrities, major as well as minor, are much better trained at bringing off public ceremonial than they used to be. Gone is that Hollywood parody of a golf-club Labor Day trophy dinner, with its cheery, blowsy atmosphere of booze, smoke, bad jokes, and overstuffed gowns. These days, the actors and actresses, as if dressed in crinolines and little velvet suits and balancing teacups on their knees, sit there, no longer sprawled at tables but row by row in the Chandler Pavilion, staring straight ahead or now and then making discreet conversation with their companions. In the second place, if by chance an embittered and rejected nominee for Best Supporting Actor should be pushed—like the Phantom of the Opera—beyond the limits of reason to the point of attempting to saw off a chandelier above the assembled multitude, or of biting a veteran producer on the arm, it seems certain that the TV cameras (which at the Oscar ceremonies appear to be operated by the same men who work the sidelines at a football game and always know when to avert their lenses from the sight of an injury) would never give us a look at it but instead would cut quickly to a commercial, and then back to Johnny Carson, who would make a spur-of-the-moment, mordant, and quite funny joke about the poor fellow who was already en route to the Chandler Institute for Insane Best Supporting Actors.

The truth is, though, that if Mr. Canby's simile of devourment seems accurate in a number of ways, in certain other ways it is probably a bit misleading, because what it implies is that television is some sort of *deus ex machina* that has landed from who knows where upon our peaceful planet and has begun to work its will rapidly and inexorably upon the sacred institutions of American life—for instance, taking the fun out of political conventions, and messing around with the baseball schedule, and either banalizing or overproducing the Oscars. This view of technology as the proverbial beast or monster that threatens to get out of control and destroy (or eat up) its master has a certain surface logic to it, in the sense that technology does seem to change one's life—sometimes for the better and sometimes for the worse—and that the people who are supposedly in charge of it don't always know what they're doing, as has been amply demonstrated of late in the matter of nuclear-power-plant safety. But, alas, although it would probably be reasonably comforting, at least to the few remaining Calvinists in our midst, to believe it was technology that brought human incompetence and arrogance to our planet, there seems little real evidence either that these are novel aspects of man's nature (recently called into being by mechanical invention) or that mankind's enduring penchant for creating monsters—be they Medusa or Dr. Frankenstein's monster or The Thing from Outer Space—indicates anything but its enduring attempt to "distance," and thus somehow deal with, its own fears about itself. Television has certainly marched into American life with what seems to be an imperial authority, yet what seems not merely interesting but moving is the degree to which it is essentially responsive to the dynamics and sensibilities of our society. Obviously, this isn't so in every particular. Obviously, despite the prattle of network philosophers to the effect that television gives the public what it wants, in all too many instances its gifts to the public are either shoddy or badly chosen, like the anniversary present from a husband who is too busy to go out and get one himself and asks his secretary to run around the corner and pick up something that will do. In the main, however, what we have on television is not a version either of exactly what we are or of exactly what we want but at least a general version of our society which conforms fairly closely to its essential beliefs and dynamics.

Thus, the Oscars. To all appearances, this is a theatrical event, for it takes place in a theatrical enclosure and involves theatrical (i.e., show-business) participants. But think of the ceremony as what it perhaps more closely resembles: a parade or procession—a ceremonial parade. The other day, as it happens, for no reason except that I was having the room repainted, I began leafing through an old and eccentric volume that I must have picked up years ago for ninety-five cents at some collegiate secondhand bookstore. It is thin, and is bound in what presumably was once royal blue, and its title is "Record of Events Connected with the Death and Funeral of Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria, and the Accession of His Majesty King Edward VII," and what it mainly contains in its fifty-nine pages is an account of the parades and processions with which the British commemorated two of the events that seemed important to the nation at the time. The book has no great significance, and certainly not much literary distinction, but its contents struck me in passing, and I briefly mention them here, for they spoke (and in such an assured, matter-of-fact voice) of not so very long ago and how things were done so very differently from the way we do things now. Mind you, I am not talking specifically here about honoring royal death or accession but of a ritual or fashion of honoring what seems important, for the makeup and manner of these parades were surely typical at least of Europe in its imperial age. Consider these mighty and unwieldy processions that were held not out of quaintness or nostalgia but as a matter of course, being drawn from the sensibilities of the period: essentially, they were huge *linear* events, wherein the audience remained stationary, aligned on either side of the great avenues, while the participants—the important persons of their era—passed by and displayed themselves. And who were these important persons? Sovereigns, in the first rank; then Royal Highnesses; then Serene Highnesses; then military grandees; then troops; then military animals; then military machines. At Queen Victoria's funeral, for instance, the relatively modest Burial Procession at Frogmore (the last of five Processions in a space of four days) consisted of such elements as the Grenadier Guards, the Highlanders, the Royal Servants, Canon Dalton, the Bishop of Winchester, a Gun Carriage drawn by eight horses of the Royal Horse Artillery, four Sovereigns, one Queen, twenty-five Royal Highnesses, four Serene Highnesses, several Dukes, various Excellencies, visitors from abroad such as Count de Filcaho, Flugel-Adjutant Kraemer, the Munshi Abdul Karim, C.V.O., the Dean of Windsor and the Choir, and a battery of Royal Horse Artillery and eighty-one guns that were fired preceding a rendering by the Choir of the anthem (an endearing choice) "Man That is Born of a Woman." Well, that was in February, 1901, and while it is often hard to tell whether or not we have greatly advanced in time from that era, we commonly appear to be in a very different place. At any rate, we still have parades, but they seem to have changed greatly in form as well as content. In fact, we have parades constantly, and I don't mean those folkloric, almost anachronistic parades on St. Patrick's Day and Armed Forces Day and the like but the real parades of our era—the parades that the populace wholeheartedly turns out for: the Emmy ceremonies and the Grammys and the Tonys and, of course, the big one, the Oscars. For, as has been well noted, our important persons are no longer sovereigns, or even heads of state (who are presumably tainted by too much secularism or bloodshed or boringness), but the figures of the entertainment world. And our processional avenues are no longer the streets of our great cities but the airwaves above the continents and oceans, through which images of the paraders are now displayed—in some ways closer to the audience than those dimly glimpsed figures in the gilded horse-drawn carriages, and in some ways farther away—to the citizen-bystander, who probably attends the ceremonies as raptly, or as beerily, as before. Thus, though television appears to have changed our folk customs by transforming, for example, the Oscar ceremonies into the self-important, slickly sentimental TV package they were a few weeks ago, what seems more interesting is the way *we've* changed (and also stayed the same), now goggling en masse at Raquel Welch, wafting by in a blue satin jump suit, instead of, say, Her Imperial and Royal Highness the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, gliding by, doubtless, under thirty-five kilos of taffeta and rubies. Nowadays, at our electronic parades, nobody plays those dreary national anthems—unless you count the primitive sports events where anthems appear to be played, though somewhat in the nature of mantras, in order to calm the athletes. Instead, through the airwaves, the studio orchestras transmit the new "Internationale" of pop music; indeed, at the Oscars five such "anthems," from five currently important "nations" (or categories) of pop music, were played, as nominees. And these days our important persons, presumably in consequence of the same post-religious anxiety that was already evident in the Victorian era (in essence, to the effect that since one can't count on God to provide suitable rewards in the Hereafter, man had better rustle up something down here on earth), receive awards of minuscule statuary instead of medals, which (in keeping with the spirit of our superficially pacifist and only clandestinely martial epoch) are given for entertainingness on the screen rather than for valor on the field of battle—and whose recipients are revealed to the public by means of a "secret casket" (or envelope) that is first guarded by an accountant and then entrusted to a movie star or a TV celebrity.

But in the end, as is perhaps the nature of parades, the one thing that



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has remained more or less the same, through the passage of time and the advent of television, is the desire, at least on the part of the parade's governors, to have the parade *run right.* Thus, in 1901, after Queen Victoria's death, the great warships of the British fleet—about forty of them, accompanied by eight warships from foreign fleets—passed in their own procession from Cowes to Portsmouth, each ship first having been moored in exactly the right fashion ("Battle Ships and Cruisers moored with six shackles, Gun Boats with four shackles"), and then proceeding in exactly the right order of line, firing the right kind of guns ("Minute Guns") at the right moment ("3 o'clock P.M.") from the right place ("the side of the Ship furthest from the Procession"), with all the ships' bands instructed to play "the Funeral Marches of Chopin and Beethoven only." Not altogether dissimilarly, seventy-eight years later our own Personages and objects of national reverence waited at their carefully prescribed moorings in the Chandler Pavilion to float by on the stage, in the proper order, and fire off their well-timed salutes, and speak the words on the prompting machine only, and in general display themselves according to the present strict standards of media etiquette. Happily, however, one gathers that the veil of royal primness has not yet completely descended on our new nobility, for there is testimony that after the recent Oscar ceremonies—backstairs, as it were, out of sight of the crowds and in the presence only of the servants—the Grand Duchess of Fonda noisily berated the Marquis of Cimino for the "racist" quality of his movie "The Deer Hunter," which she had not yet seen. The Marquis's reply has become blurred in the mists of time (and the servants have mainly kept their lips zipped), but doubtless it was in keeping with the intrinsically mythic nature of the evening, and future generations—whose processions will doubtless take place on computer consoles, in the form of regal groupings of numbers—may make of it what they can.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Not Without Honor

Ernst Krenek, born in Vienna in 1900, has in some two hundred and thirty compositions traced the musical history of the twentieth century; he has set down in notes (and in words, too, when basing compositions on his own texts) the autobiography of a very intelligent, keen-minded, ever-curious man; and he has given to the world a large quantity of adventurous, interesting, and beautiful music. The first two assertions are standard commentary on Krenek; the full truth of the third was revealed during an eight-day Krenek Festival, from Palm Sunday to Easter, organized by the Music Department of the University of California at Santa Barbara. There were twelve concerts; some fifty Krenek compositions were performed. The earliest of them was the First String Quartet, Opus 6, of 1921, and the latest "The Dissembler," a monologue for baritone and chamber orchestra, Opus 229, completed last year. Orchestra pieces, band pieces, choruses, chamber music, instrumental solos, songs, a chamber opera, and a television opera were done. Only Krenek as a composer of full-scale operas (he has written nine of them) was unrepresented. Admission to all the events was free. A carefully edited program book contained all the texts, with translations, so that charged poetry by Karl Kraus and dense, charged poetry by Krenek himself could be conned in advance of concerts at which it was sung. Lecturers from America, Austria, and Germany came to talk about particular aspects of Krenek's work. Six of the concerts were held in the excellent Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall, on the campus, and six in the Lobero Theatre, in the town. The Santa Barbara Museum of Art housed an exhibition of Krenek's musical sketches and of his precise, elegant watercolors. Krenek was present, active from early morning till late at night, conducting, playing, rehearsing, coaching, talking, and answering questions that arose as we traversed—and he, hearing some early works for the first time in many years and some recent works for the first time ever, retraversed—the last sixty years of music's history and the œuvre of a musician who both reflected and helped to shape them.

The reflective aspect of Krenek's musical personality is the better known. His career is commonly divided into five periods: atonal, neoclassical, neoromantic, twelve-note, and serial. In his "Self-Analysis," published in 1953, he remarked, "It is quite possible that the unusual variety of my output has baffled observers accustomed to more homogeneous phenomena. It is my impression that this confusion has surrounded my work with an unusual obscurity—almost anonymity." In that long essay, he discerned two opposed forces affecting his music:

> From an early stage of my career, I have been attracted by the idea of pure, uncompromising creation, independent from the trends of the day, or at times explicitly opposed to them. . . . At the same time I was constantly tempted by the achievement of practical results in terms of "this world," whose current problems were a permanent challenge to me. . . . This presupposes a fair degree of adaptability, which proves to me that I have not really the makings of either a crusader or a hermit.

The adaptability has on occasion called forth scornful comment. As a student, I heard Egon Wellesz—another Vienna-born composer, Schoenberg's pupil, and fifteen years Krenek's senior—say, "Poor Ernst, always a year behind the avant-garde." Twenty years later, when Krenek had added a master's command of total serialization and of electronic composition to his expressive resources, Pierre Boulez said much the same. There may be chronological truth behind the gibes, but three other things need saying, too. First, a vanguard position affords no automatic guarantee of musical merit. (Mozart is not derided for his enthusiastic adoption of musical devices he discovered in Mannheim; nor are Berg and Webern for walking Schoenberg's twelve-note path. The imaginative use made of inventions, not their novelty, is what matters in music.) Second, Krenek's atonal, neoclassical, and neoromantic periods lasted only a few years each; the opera "Karl V.," completed in 1933, begins a forty-five-year "period" of steady, consistent development, unbroken by any willful or violent adoptions of a new manner. (Moreover, boundaries between those earlier periods cannot be hard-drawn: one of the things the Santa Barbara festival made plain was an adumbration of each new manner in works of the preceding period.) Third, it is now evident that Krenek's adoption of the twelve-note system was not like the donning of a modish new suit but was an emotional and musical necessity prescribed by his ear and his imagination before his analytical mind began to wrestle with it. By embracing the method, he was sacrificing, not courting, public favor. Perhaps a fourth point should be added: that Krenek *has* been a pioneer. "Karl V." is the first completed twelve-note opera (I put it that way because Schoenberg began "Moses und Aron" and Berg began "Lulu" at much the same time), and Krenek had no precedent for using a twelve-note method on so vast a scale; the finale of the Sixth String Quartet (1936) anticipates serial procedures that came to prominence only in the postwar years.

The Santa Barbara festival was not ordered as a dryly didactic demonstration with works done in chronological sequence. Compositions new and old appeared side by side; songs, choruses, instrumental solos, and chamber and orchestral music were built into enjoyable, varied programs whose diversity of forces would hardly be possible in the commercial music world. But, to simplify discussion—and with apologies to the admirable orchestras, ensembles, and soloists consequently left unnamed—let me draw out two particular strands from the rich fabric: the sequence of Krenek's seven string quartets, all of which were played, and a series of five song cycles. The former illustrates in closeup Krenek's musical development, and the other carries his autobiography.

The First Quartet was composed in 1921, while Krenek was still a student of Franz Schreker at the Berlin Hochschule. It brought his name before the public when it was introduced (without Schreker's knowledge) at a German Musicians' Festival in Nuremberg. The piece, which owes nothing to Schreker's ripe musical style but much, it would seem, to his strict contrapuntal training, suggests a young modernist's musing on the matter and the form of Beethoven's Quartet in C-Sharp Minor. The first three notes enounce that key, but the harmony then becomes assertively polytonal. Beethoven began with a fugue; Krenek ends with one, appending a reminiscence of his opening. His themes are athletic, exuberant expansions of the B.A.C.H motif. Bartók, whose first two string quartets and Allegro Barbaro had appeared by the time, may have inspired the forceful gait of the music and the vigorous string writ-

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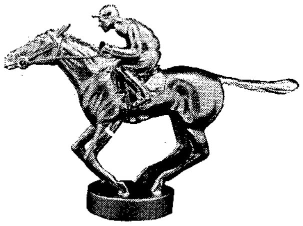

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ing. The Second Quartet (also 1921) is even more Bartókian in its insistence on rhythmic energy. The work is less compact than its predecessor: invention doesn't flag, but the movements do seem to last a long time.

The Third Quartet (1923) bridges Krenek's first and second periods. It is dedicated to Hindemith and was first played, at the 1924 ISCM Festival, by the Amar-Hindemith Quartet (who recorded a movement of it). It is a shapely, engaging piece—an excellent, closely argued discourse (sometimes the Britten of the Bridge Variations is foreshadowed), with a poignant adagio. Krenek began composing it on a train, between Frankfurt and Berlin. The fourth movement of the Fourth Quartet (1923-24) was also begun on a train, between Vienna and Winterthur—on the journey that took Krenek decisively into his Swiss, neoclassical period. The neoclassical goal is reached in a finale that owes something to Stravinsky and something to the "Jupiter" Symphony, but the approach to it rambles through six oddly assorted movements. This incoherent yet striking work remained until recently unpublished.

The Fifth Quartet (1930) is a happy product of Krenek's next, neoromantic, Viennese period. The hit opera "Jonny Spielt Auf" had brought him fame and fortune. He settled in Vienna, "charmed," in his words, "by the city, the country of Austria, and the style of its life, as if I had never known them before." And, in the words of Grove, "he gradually drifted into the stylistic backwaters of a kind of neo-Schubertian romanticism." Backwaters are pleasant places. The Fifth Quartet is Schubertian, and attractively so—the central movement a long set of leisurely variations, the finale a fantasy that flows on as if by free association. The envoy of "Alice" comes to mind:

> A boat, beneath a sunny sky
> Lingering onward dreamily
> In an evening of July . . .

But then it is time to end. With swift, sure strokes, the composer pulls through an unexpected harmonic channel and brings the quartet back to the E-flat whence it started.

Soon those backwaters were troubled: outwardly by Nazi clouds gathering in the west and scudding toward Vienna, and inwardly by the composer's newly restless, questing spirit. The large result was "Karl V.," commissioned by the Vienna State Opera but withdrawn after it had been put into rehearsal. I saw it in Munich in 1965; it is at once a grandly, nobly humane political vision and a grandly energetic muster of newfound forces. The sense of struggle in Krenek's handling of the unfamiliar twelve-note material makes the subject the more vivid. The Sixth Quartet represents mastery of the new method; I think it the strongest and most beautiful of the seven, and one of Krenek's finest works. There is something Beethovenian in the seemingly inevitable cut of the themes and the indelible impress they leave; in the force and eloquence of the arguments; in the rapt adagio that begins the work; in the heroic concluding fugue, on four subjects, which is never merely ingenious but moves through passages serene, strenuous, and transfigured to reach the affirmatory unison close.

In 1937, Krenek first visited, and in 1938 emigrated to, America. In 1944, in St. Paul, he composed his Seventh Quartet, "dedicated in gratitude to the vivifying spirit of my American students." It is an exuberant, joyful discourse for the four instruments—Krenek's Opus 135, as it were.

The seven quartets were played, not in sequence, by the Thouvenel String Quartet (Eugene Purdue, Michael Rosenbloom, Sally Chisholm, Jeffrey Levenson), formed on the Bloomington, Indiana, campus and currently resident in Midland, Texas—a young, expert, alert ensemble, very well balanced, lithe, musical, sweetly and truly tuned. When the festival was over, the quartet set about recording a Krenek cycle, and I look forward to the publication of the discs. All seven works meet without question that simplest of a critic's criteria: Do I want to hear the piece again? The Third and the Sixth are compositions that deserve a regular place in the string-quartet repertory. The First, the Fifth, and the Seventh would be strong inducements to attend any recital that billed them. And although the Second and the Fourth seemed, at first hearing, imperfectly fashioned works, they were interesting and rewarding to hear. One of New York's concert-giving bodies—the 92nd Street Y, the Metropolitan Museum, Abraham Goodman House, or the Frick Collection—should invite the Thouvenel to play the whole cycle here next year, which is Krenek's eightieth-birthday year.

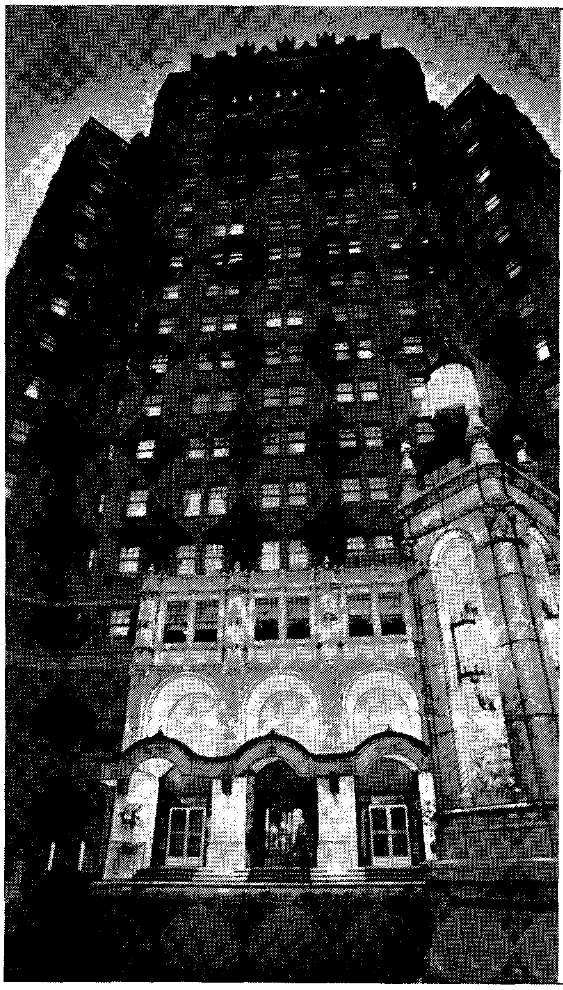
IN 1929, Krenek sang of his native land in "Reisebuch aus den Österreichischen Alpen," a travel diary in the form of twenty songs to his own texts—picturesque, lyrical, funny, reflective. The work was written in a burst of twenty days, in Vienna, on his return from an Alpine tour; it is one of Krenek's most spontaneous compositions. The verbal and musical images are keen and are surely matched. Schubert and his "Winterreise" provide the model. The underlying theme is one that runs through Krenek's work (it had been movingly sounded in the opera "Leben des Orest," which preceded the "Reisebuch"): Where, both spiritually and physically, is "home"? If one's native land is politically or culturally intolerable, where can one live and work and be content? A resolute "I set forth, to discover my home," in an unclouded E-flat, begins the cycle. Scenery, natives, and tourists are viewed with a sharp yet tender, a sympathetic yet sometimes satirical, eye. At one point, "Southland," that country of untroubled, classical beauty, is glimpsed in the distance: "Not my home, yet sometimes it seems to me as if I would rather have been born there." The final song starts uncertainly (and prophetically) with twelve-note melodies before rediscovering the E-flat home key.

"Durch die Nacht" (1931) is a darker cycle, a setting of seven lyrics by Karl Kraus, the untranslatable Austrian poet whose independence and purity of mind and insistence on purity of language were an inspiration to Krenek. Musically, the cycle shows a twelve-note way of thought forcing itself upon the romantic idiom. So does the cycle "Gesänge des Späten Jahres," composed later that year, to Krenek's own poems. These songs are darker still; the last of them ends with an apparently deliberate allusion to the Farewell in Mahler's "Song of the Earth." In both cycles, the words and the music mourn what is being lost, are shaken by foreboding of more terrible destruction—and yet affirm that not *all* is or will be lost forever. The following year, in an essay in the magazine *Anbruch*, Krenek wrote:

> Man's wealth of happiness and sorrow, the fact that from time immemorial he has been lost in the impenetrable chaos of life on earth, his heroic and vain attempts to brighten the hopeless obscurity, the beauty and nobility of the human heart, the indestructible greatness of nature—these are the subjects we want to turn to . . .

And these are subjects that his music, so often called merely smart or cerebral, has sung and continues to sing.

In the last of the "Gesänge des Späten Jahres," there is a passage now glowing, now crystalline, to the words "One day, I will perhaps arrive in places that mine eyes have not yet seen, where the images of childhood will be exalted to luminous essence . . . where in incorruptible splendor fantasies will



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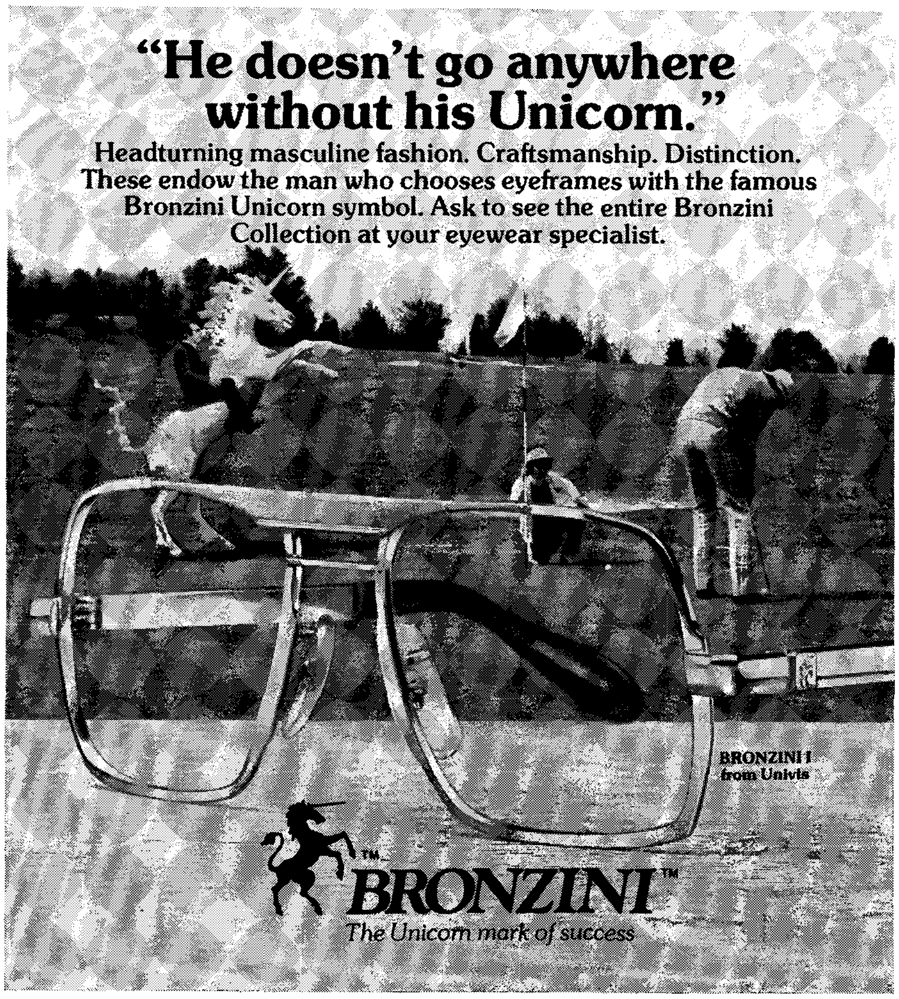
surround me, and I will dare to trust the radiant vision without fear of disillusionment." This touches again on the northerner's romantic dream of clear, classical skies untroubled by cloudy speculation, fever, and fret. In America, the Pacific coastal ranges sometimes play a role analogous to that of the Alps in Germanic art: although California has no classical past, it, too, is a land where lemon trees bloom, where golden oranges glow in the dark foliage. Krenek, as I said, emigrated to America in 1938. In 1945, he became an American citizen. (Křenek was respelled Krenek.) In 1944, he had composed "The Ballad of the Railroads," a cycle of ten songs to his own English words. In content, this takes up from the last song of the previous cycle. The composer writes in a program note, "The highly emotional text reflects the sentiments of the exile who is about to find a new home at the shores of the Pacific where at Christmas the gentle breezes wave through the palm trees." Images of childhood return. The music is vivid, but the verses are unskilled:

All night I hear the trains from far away
Roam by the house like animals of prey.
With heavy breath they labor up the hill,
They howl in triumph when they reach
  the peak—
My heart stands still—
They roar down the curve, and away
  they sneak.

Krenek's latest cycle, "Spätlese," to his own German text, gathers up the strands of his life and work in a composition both moving and masterly. The poems, it seems to me, are Krenek's best (and untranslatable into English; in the title itself, ideas of "late harvest" and "late reading" are combined). There are allusions, verbal and musical, to earlier songs. The content is autobiographical:

Late harvest, still on the vine,
while the young wine is already
  fermenting . . .
Late writing, ridiculed as a poor
  imitation of the swift present,
late recognized as model of an unknown
  future . . .

In another song, a late guest, "esteemed but uninvited, honored but not in demand," enters—as Krenek himself reëntered the postwar Darmstadt scene—where "the boys are squatting fiercely around the new wine," and "he who won't sprain his throat will win no laurels." There is neither rancor nor arrogance in the tone but a mature, mellow confidence, as in work that has been well done and will one day, like the fine *Spätlese* waiting patiently in the cellar, be appreciated.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The final "Warte . . . warte" is another echo of Mahler's Abschied.

The "Reisebuch," the "Gesänge des Späten Jahres," and "Spätlese" were sung by Michael Ingham and played by Carolyn Horn (who have recorded the last two cycles for Orion, a company with a good deal of Krenek in its catalogue). He can sound like a young Fischer-Dieskau; she is a pianist who seems instinctively to find the full meaning of a phrase. Everything they did was expressive. Other outstanding festival performers were Constance Navratil (soprano in several songs and chamber pieces), James Ostryniec (oboe), Joe Kucera (percussion), and Ernst Krenek (conductor and pianist). At the final concert, on Easter Day, the University Singers sang the Mass "Gib uns den Frieden" (1970); the Santa Barbara Symphony, under Lawrence Christiansen, gave the American premières of two substantial orchestra pieces, "Auf- und Ablehnung" (1974) and "Fivefold Enfoldment" (1969), and then wound things up with the charming, chipper, neoclassical Kleine Symphonie (1928).

IN Krenek's latest piece, "The Dissembler," written for Mr. Ingham and performed by him in the opening program, the protagonist dons a series of mental masks (playing, in turn, actor, scientist, philosopher, judge, tarot-reader, preacher, jester), drops them, makes a personal avowal of faith, and slips away with a light "All this was just pretense." It is a witty, brilliant, and disturbing piece, a flickering reflection of Krenek's own versatility, his cleverness, his skill, and his habit of cool, quizzical self-perception. Krenek as commentator has sometimes seemed not to take himself quite seriously. That as well as his facility and prolificness may have told against him. But during the festival programs, carefully chosen from the huge œuvre, a "real" Krenek in all his richness, variety, and, it can now be added, consistency of aspiration could be discovered. Nearly twenty years ago, Stravinsky said (in "Dialogues and a Diary"), "Krenek will be honored one day even at home."

—ANDREW PORTER

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For a trip to Seven Springs, the bride wore a brown pantsuit with beige wedding cake featured a water fountain and was served by Mrs. Janet O'Rourke and Mrs. Mary Shirey, sisters of the bride.
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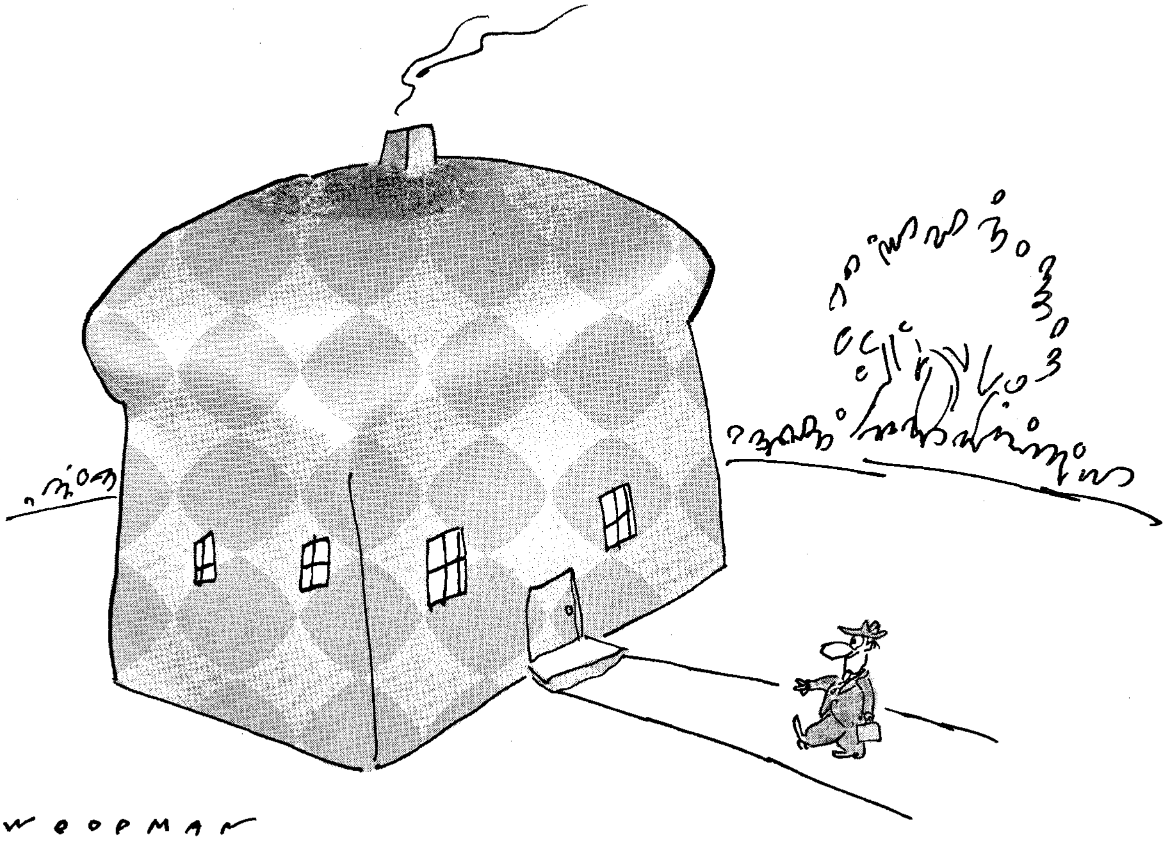
BOOKS

Dissent

NEAR the beginning of Vladimir Bukovsky's "To Build a Castle: My Life as a Dissenter" (Viking; $17.50), the author presents a parable—a parable that summarizes his life. "In Siberia, I once heard of a method for hunting bears," he writes. "Somewhere near the bear's usual track you place some bait in a pine tree . . . Then you suspend a good, solid, heavy block of wood from the nearest suitable stout branch, blocking the bear's path to the bait but swinging freely . . . Sniffing the bait, bruin shins up the trunk and comes face to face with the block of wood. Being what he is, he . . . simply shoves it aside and crawls on. The block of wood swings away and comes back, thumping the bear in the ribs. Bruin loses his temper and gives the block a harder shove, and naturally the block comes back harder as well . . . Eventually the block of wood knocks him unconscious and out of the tree. This is an approximate description of my relations with the powers that be: the longer the stretch [in prison or mental hospitals] they gave me, the more I tried to do when I was let out; and the more I did, the longer the next stretch they gave me. However, times were changing and my possibilities were growing, and it was difficult to say which of us was the bear and which the wooden block . . ."

In December of 1976, Vladimir Bukovsky, his mother, his sister, and a seriously ill nephew were brought to Switzerland in a Soviet plane and exchanged, under the supervision of the United States Ambassador, for the Chilean Communist leader Luis Corvalán. Bukovsky was then thirty-three and had spent twelve years of his life in Soviet prisons or mental hospitals. During his brief, intermittent periods of freedom, he had done much, in almost impossible circumstances, to alert the West to Soviet abuse of psychiatry and psychiatric confinement as a means of silencing dissidents. Bukovsky is now studying biology at King's College, Cambridge. Yet his book, which is sometimes ironic, sometimes detached, sometimes written in cold fury, but always compelling, is not a story that ends in a triumphant burst of freedom. Like Solzhenitsyn, Bukovsky did not want to leave his land and his language. He wanted to make that society a fit place for free men to live. "To Build a Castle," like "The Gulag Archipelago," will stand as a dissenter's testimony and a warning about the present state of Soviet life.

There was no "logical" explanation for Bukovsky's having become a dissenter. Unlike Soviet Jews who, for professional or educational reasons, wish to emigrate but cannot obtain permission to do so, and are therefore dissenters whether they like it or not, Bukovsky could have had the best that Russian life has to offer. All he had to do was to follow the system. His father, a writer, was a dedicated Communist, and a passionate believer in the collective farms; he wrote often in the press about the virtues of the collectives. In the end, his son became an embarrassment to him, and relations between them became increasingly difficult. But it was natural that at age eight Bukovsky should be inducted into the Young Pioneers, which—as the translator of the book, Michael Scammell, points out in a footnote—is a Party-supervised version of the Cub Scouts. (Throughout the book, Scammell has provided extremely helpful footnotes, which explain some of Bukovsky's references and put others in context.) In the Soviet Union, the most promising young people are selected for the Pioneers, and so come under Party supervision at an early age. At the induction ceremony, Bukovsky recalls, the children were given red scarves to wear, and swore that they would always "stand fast for the cause of Lenin and Stalin." In due course, one becomes a member of the Komsomol (the equivalent of the Boy Scouts), and then, if everything goes according to plan, a member of the Party.



In Bukovsky's case, everything did not go according to plan. The Young Pioneers were expected to set examples for their classmates and to censure those who misbehaved or got poor marks. Because he was one of the best students, Bukovsky was made chairman of the Pioneers in his class. Once, at age ten, he was called upon by a teacher to reprimand another student:

> I had a bright idea: this boy's name was Ulyanov, the same as Lenin's, and I began telling him that he was bringing disgrace to our leader's name, that with

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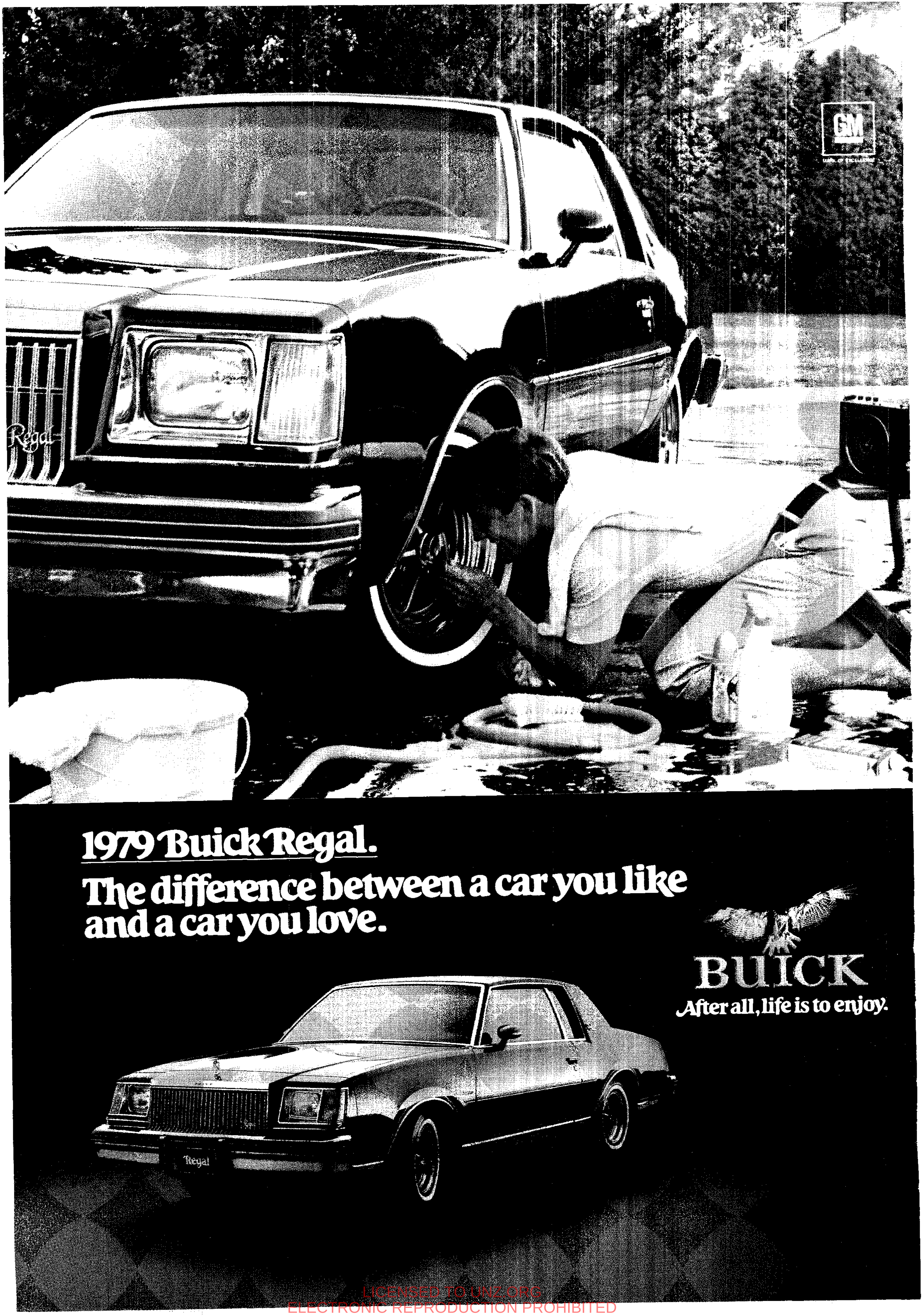
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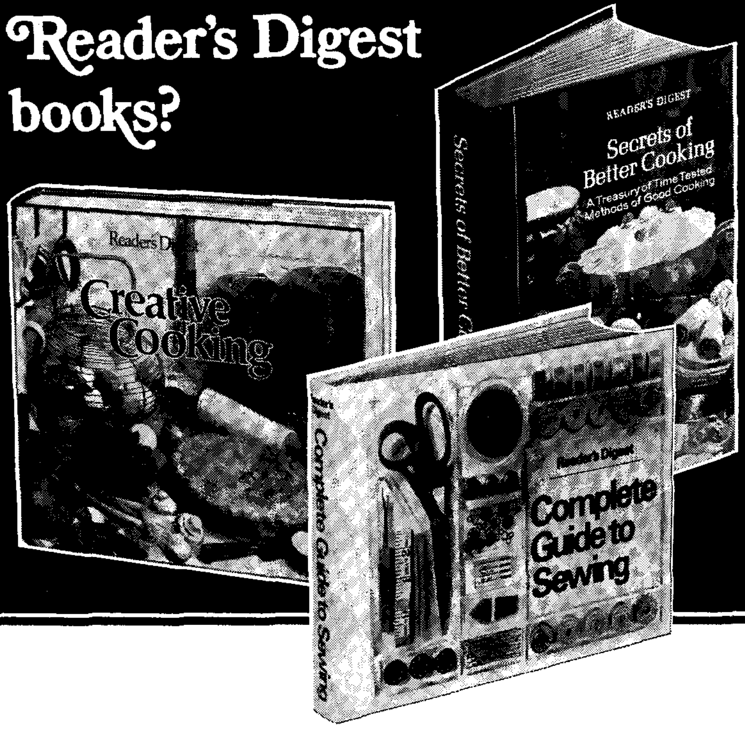
a name like that he ought to be studying the way Lenin studied, and I added something to the effect that Lenin himself would have been most upset if he knew of this boy's behavior. I must have been very eloquent and convincing, and also offensive, because all of a sudden he turned red, scrunched up his face, and burst into tears.

"You bastard!" he said. "You swine!"

The teacher found all this excellent, but the incident was so traumatic for Bukovsky that he resigned his post and refused to wear the red scarf. At about the same time—during Stalin's anti-Semitic campaigns of the early fifties—a group of boys began beating up a Jewish classmate, knowing they would not be punished. Bukovsky did not join in the beating, but neither did he try to stop it. The next day, he avoided the only other Jewish boy in his class. "Whether I felt shame or disgust, I do not know," he writes. But he was to recall these incidents as shameful; and at the age of fourteen, when he was expected to join the Komsomol, he refused.

After Stalin's death, Bukovsky tried to learn about the history of the Communist regime. Since Soviet citizens were not allowed to read back issues of *Pravda*, his principal source was Lenin himself: "Here was the entire Revolution, the entire Civil War, still living in Lenin's notes and comments! And knowing our later history, it was easy to see where it had begun." Around the time of the Hungarian uprising, Bukovsky joined a secret organization. To this day, he is not sure what its goal was, but the members, who, like him, were teen-age boys, instructed each other in how to recruit new members and what to do under interrogation. Although the organization never achieved anything, the methods Bukovsky learned were valuable later. As an adult, however, he came to believe that all secret organizations—even that boyish one—end in tyranny: "You cannot achieve democracy by going underground."

When Bukovsky was in the tenth grade, his troubles with the Soviet authorities began in earnest—the first swing of the wooden block. He and some schoolmates started a literary magazine that specialized in parodies of Soviet life. "It was all just a joke," he writes. But the joke led to a furor that cost the principal of the school his job and subjected Bukovsky's father to a Party reprimand and Bukovsky himself to an audience with the Moscow City Committee of the Party, which decided that it would be "premature" for him to enter a university before



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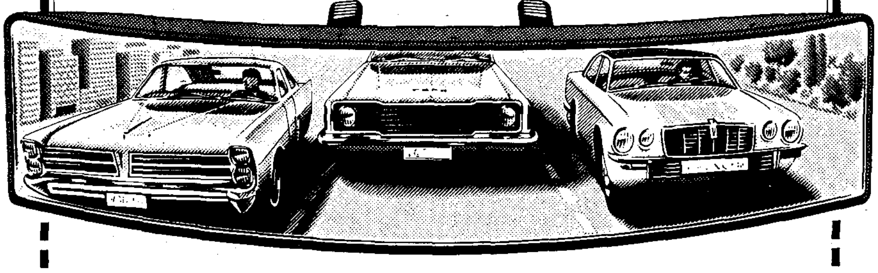

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he had lived for a while in a workers' collective, where he could "straighten out" his mind. Bukovsky had no intention of working in a collective; he took the university examination without asking for permission and passed it. Khrushchev was in power, and for a while, at least, there was a reflorescence of Russian literature. *Samizdat*—the private copying and distribution of writing that was formally forbidden—had begun. A corollary to this was the reading of modern poetry publicly, and soon illegally, in Mayakovsky Square, in Moscow. In this "*samizdat* culture" Bukovsky saw "the only possibility of living, the only alternative." In 1960, he started organizing poetry readings. Within a year, he had been beaten up and threatened by the K.G.B., and in 1963 he was arrested and imprisoned.

Most of "To Build a Castle" has to do with Bukovsky's life in prisons and psychiatric hospitals. The images are so graphic and the writing is so strong that at times the book is all but unbearable to read. What kept Bukovsky sane and alive was a remarkable physical constitution, his spiritual determination, and his intelligence, which he applied to manipulating the system. The Russians, it seems, are eager to preserve legal and bureaucratic forms. The Soviet constitution spells out the rights of citizens, and does not exclude prisoners. In reality, prisoners' rights have little meaning except that they provide an opportunity for endless formal complaints—most of which lead nowhere, but all of which must be responded to. While Bukovsky was in prison, he organized veritable factories for these complaints, in which both the political prisoners and the ordinary convicts became involved. They would send hundreds, even thousands, of complaints to the appropriate authorities, and occasionally, through sheer volume, were able to effect a small but vital change in their welfare, such as getting a rest day when they were assigned to forced labor.

The cruder forms of physical torture practiced under Stalin have now given way to the physical and psychological tortures practiced in the psychiatric institutes. In 1963, Bukovsky had his first experience with these "special hospitals." Physically, they are prisons, in which the political inmates are confined with psychiatric patients of every description. Occasionally, the political inmates would have interviews with psychiatrists: "To get a discharge the doctors bluntly demanded that you acknowledge your sickness and condemn your previous behavior." Bukovsky describes the "remedies for violence" used in the psychiatric institutes, and notes that there were Soviet doctors whose psychological theories seemed tailor-made for the K.G.B. For example, the Moscow psychiatrist Andrei Snezhnevsky introduced the notion of "creeping schizophrenia." This was a slowly developing form of schizophrenia which was said to be socially dangerous even though its outward signs could be detected only by Snezhnevsky and his school. "Creeping schizophrenia" was a common diagnosis for the dissidents, and many who entered the special hospitals with this diagnosis never got out alive.

In February of 1965, Bukovsky was discharged into the care of his mother as a "convalescent paranoiac." But he was soon leading demonstrations against trials of dissidents, and in December he was back in a special hospital. This time, his case began to attract international attention, and after eight months he was released. But in 1966 a new decree was issued by the government which, in effect, prohibited the preparation or dissemination of any comment, written or oral, against the regime. This provoked a new round of dissent. (The physicist A. D. Sakharov publicly joined the dissenters. Bukovsky expresses his regret that in the Soviet Union there were no Sakharovs among the psychiatrists.) Again Bukovsky was arrested, and was sentenced to three years in prison. While in prison, he was often in solitary confinement—in "the box," as it was known. He kept his sanity by building an imaginary castle. Planning the castle, furnishing it, choosing guests to invite to dinner, filling out the library—all this "was enough to occupy me for my entire spell in the box, and still there were plenty of problems left over to solve the next time," he writes. "Even now, with my eyes closed, I can retrace that castle in every detail. Someday I shall find it—or build it."

After reading Bukovsky's book, one is confronted with the question what, if anything, we as citizens of democracies are to do in response to such abuse of Soviet citizens by their government. That Bukovsky is alive and studying biology in Cambridge is, of course, a consequence of diplomacy. But diplomacy in our society ought to be an expression of the will of individual citizens. We cannot escape our responsibilities simply by delegating them to the State Department. Scientists appear to have a peculiar part to play in this. There is no other area in which coöperation with the Soviet Union has

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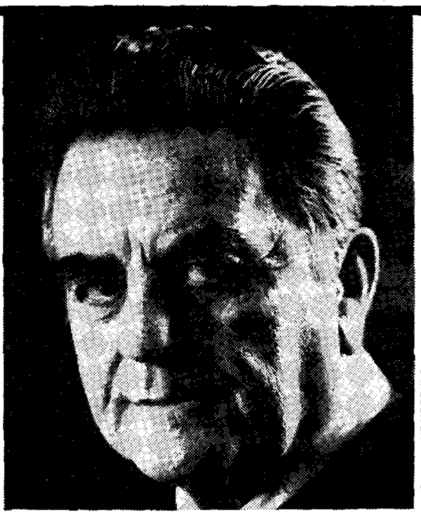

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been as successful on a personal level as in the exchange of scientists and of their ideas. Scientists in the West have learned a great deal that is valuable from their Russian colleagues, and, on an individual basis, have developed affectionate relationships with many of them. But, especially after the trial of Yuri Orlov—who in 1978, having attempted to monitor the observance of the Helsinki accords, was found guilty of "anti-Soviet agitation" and imprisoned—many scientists have come to feel that this coöperation must take a new form. Robert Marshak, a distinguished physicist who has been a leading figure in the development of Soviet-American scientific exchange, recently suggested, in an editorial published in the journal *Physics Today*, that Western scientists cancel visits to Soviet laboratories and conferences in protest against the imprisonment of Orlov. Marshak quoted a letter written by an American to a Soviet colleague: "I am a scientist, not a lawyer, and independent of the apparent logic of the law a scientist knows when the answer comes out wrong. In my view, as I have told you before, Yuri's actions were not wrong; but his arrest was wrong, the conduct of his trial was wrong, and his sentence was also wrong." After the Orlov trial, Marshak himself, along with several of his colleagues, refused to attend a Soviet conference. And in March of this year some twenty-four hundred American scientists publicly declared that because of the imprisonment of Orlov and other dissidents they would curtail—and in many cases end altogether—their professional coöperation with the Soviet Union. In the words of Marshak's editorial:

> Above all, the Soviet government must realize that the alienation of scientists and intellectuals throughout the world and in their own country is too high a price to pay in our increasingly interdependent world.

Part of that price is the sense of revulsion and outrage one has after reading a book like Bukovsky's.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BOUNDARIES, by Roberta Silman (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $9.95). The story of a Jewish widow and a Nazi's son who fall in love—but they could be summed up just as well as two admirers of Chekhov and Cézanne; as a pianist and a potter; as a slender, thirty-eight-year-old mother of three in Westchester and a sturdy, middle-aged art teach-

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er on Long Island; or as a woman mourning her husband's death two years before (in a plane crash) and a man haunted by the memory of his twin brother's death thirty-two years before (in a Hitler Youth training camp). The conjunction of this man and this woman may seem incredible to the reader—not because they should be mortal enemies (as the woman's friends and family feel at first) but because they are so perfectly matched in their enormous portions of courage, patience, and bad luck. (Deaths and accidents plague their romance from the start.) But Roberta Silman is a graceful and patient writer, and she is able to make the man and woman agreeably unpredictable as they approach each other, back away, and approach again, unable to believe that they have found a happy end to their unspeakable loneliness.

HERLAND, by Charlotte Perkins Gilman (Pantheon; $8.95). "A lost feminist utopian novel," says the book jacket; Ann J. Lane tells us in her excellent introduction that it was first published in 1915, in *The Forerunner*, Mrs. Gilman's socialist-feminist magazine. When three adventurers (young American men) fly their airship over, and then land in, Herland, that neatly landscaped country has been enjoying freedom from men—and from war, poverty, and slavery—for two thousand years. (A complicated explanation of all this involves earthquakes, volcanoes, and parthenogenesis.) One of the three visitors, a well-balanced sociologist, tells the story of their extended stay in Herland, which includes awkward and funny question-and-answer sessions about his native land, as well as adventures with his companions, a macho millionaire and a mild-mannered poetical doctor. Mrs. Gilman is perhaps best known for her story "The Yellow Wallpaper," of 1892—a largely autobiographical account of a woman driven out of depression into madness by her doctor-husband's "rest cure." "Herland" investigates the social sources of such unhappiness, and, like other utopian novels, it is most interesting and amusing for its insight into a society that the author despairs of reforming.

GENERAL

THE SITWELLS: A FAMILY'S BIOGRAPHY, by John Pearson (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15). This history of Osbert, Sacheverell, and Edith Sitwell (and of their parents,

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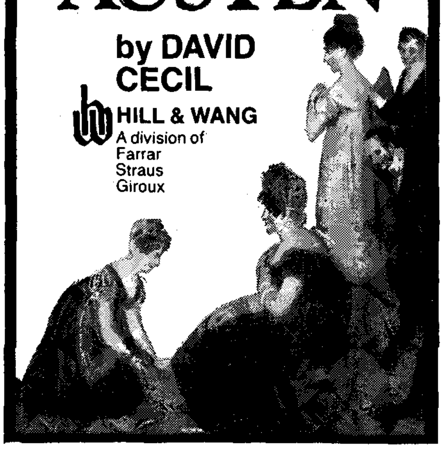

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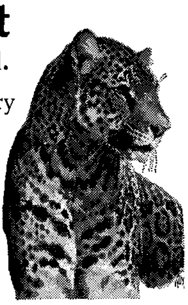

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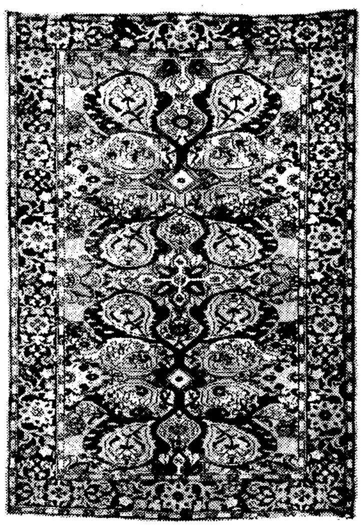
Sir George and Lady Ida) is impressive for its thoroughness, its literary workmanship, and the even-handed way in which it treats some of the most intractable and consciously picturesque personages of our century. The young Sitwells, emerging from a hothouse childhood in the years before the First World War, resolved among themselves that, rather than live their lives as English country aristocrats, they would strike out on their own and "leave a mark of some sort or kind." This amounted to a declaration of war against the arbiters of established English taste in the arts and letters; as they developed—Edith as a poet, Osbert as a satirist and prose writer, Sacheverell as a poet and travel writer—they embraced, and tried to preëmpt, the avant-garde. They were in the thick of most of the notable artistic contretemps; they worked prodigiously, both at their métiers and at their self-advertising; and they fought fiercely with all comers, from the Bloomsbury coterie to Noël Coward, Gertrude Stein, Aldous Huxley, and D. H. Lawrence. The book focusses, quite naturally, on Edith and Osbert, for they were the most prolific and the most contentious. (Sacheverell is less fully treated, for he was the quiet Sitwell; and besides, he is still alive.) The author refrains from any grand summing up, nor does he offer an evaluation of the "sort or kind" of mark that the Sitwells left. Posterity, he obviously feels, will see to that.

THE ARMADA IN IRELAND, by Niall Fallon (Wesleyan; $16.95). After the English fought off the Spanish Armada in the late summer of 1588, the defeated navy, harried by the British and battered by the weather, tried to escape by sailing a course north through the North Sea and then west around Scotland, bearing far enough into the Atlantic to avoid Ireland before heading south for Spain. But the North Atlantic weather turned unspeakable; the Spanish lacked accurate charts; their vessels were in disrepair and their supplies failing; and, one way or another, some twenty-six Spanish warships came to grief off or on the west coast of Ireland. Mr. Fallon has put into highly readable form everything that is known about the fate of the vessels and the men on board them. He is marvellously vivid about the landscape and the shoreline (his account of maritime perils may well deal a death blow to



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Irish yachting), and even more so about the people—Irish chiefs and peasants, English administrators, and Spanish victims of what was indeed a tragedy, since most of the wretched castaways were first robbed by the Irish and then executed by the English. It is the escapes that give the book variety. There were not many, but they are all tales of adventure and derring-do—stories of men on the run in an alien land, helped, for the most part, by some of the least civilized or anglicized of the Irish clans.

Public Nuisances, by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. (Basic Books; $11.95). A garland of diatribes and jeremiads by a writer and editor who has assumed the mantle, and some of the literary artifices, of H. L. Mencken. The targets of these polemical essays are nearly all prominent Americans of the left (John Kenneth Galbraith, Hubert Humphrey, Andrew Young, Walter Mondale, Bella Abzug, Ralph Nader), although Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger get their share. Mr. Tyrrell, who is editor of *The American Spectator* (formerly *The Alternative*), uses satire and humor as weapons, and if some of his humor is a little heavy-handed, a good deal of his satirical thrusting finds its way home. As is the way with public scolds, he does not tell us what or who could put the Republic to rights; he just lets fly with the abuse and figures it may do some good.

About The New Yorker and Me, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (Putnam; $12.95). A discursive diary for the year 1977, in which the author sets forth his reactions to events both journalistic and private.

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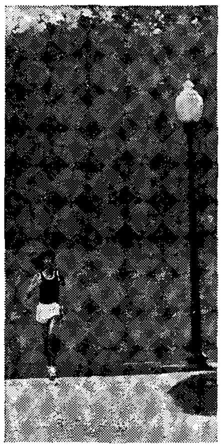

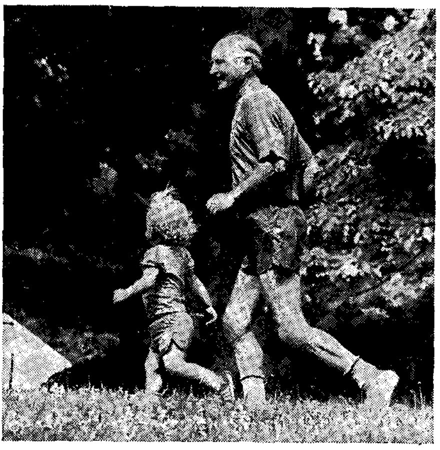
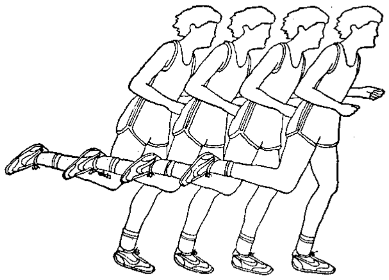

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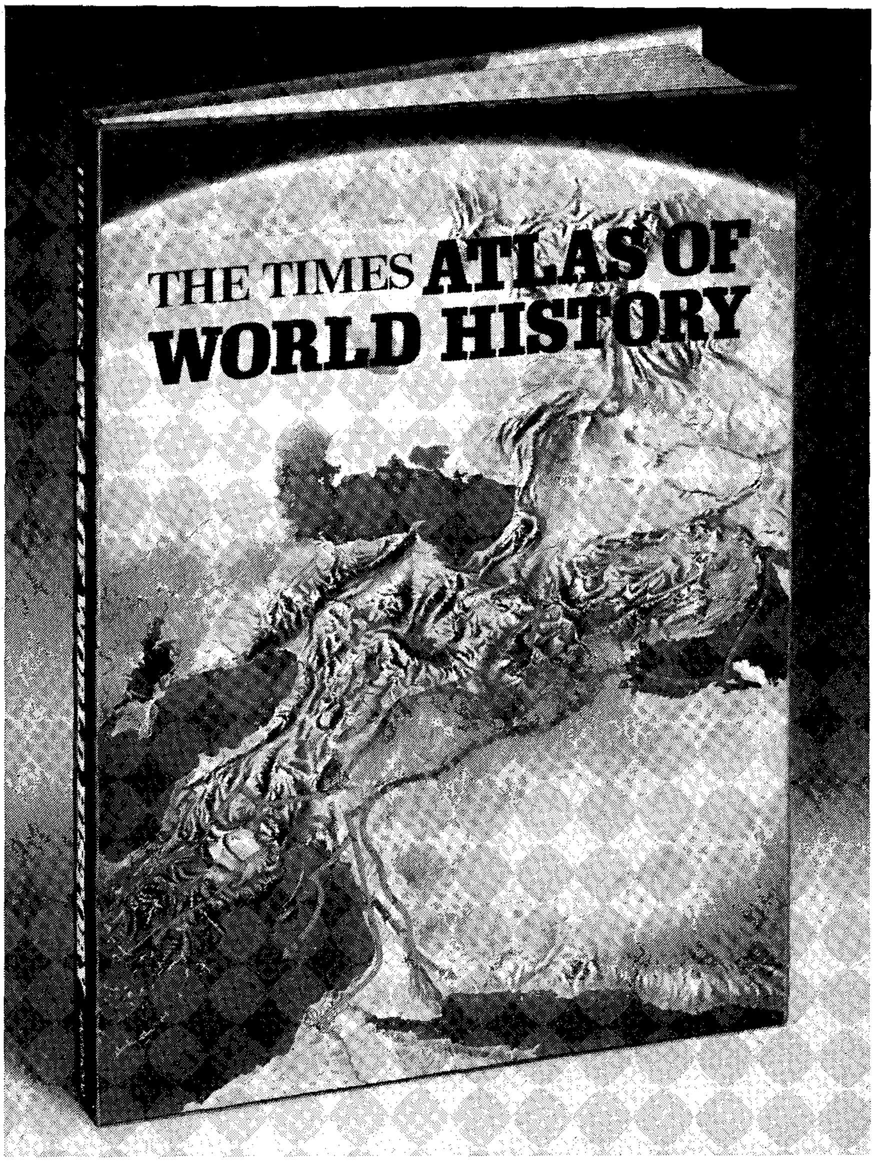

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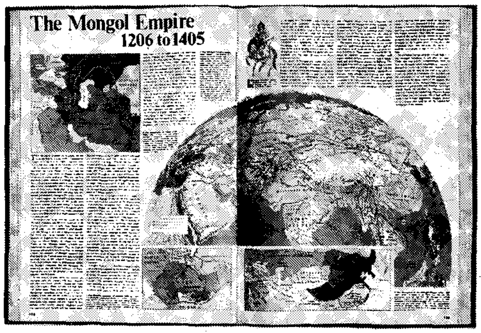

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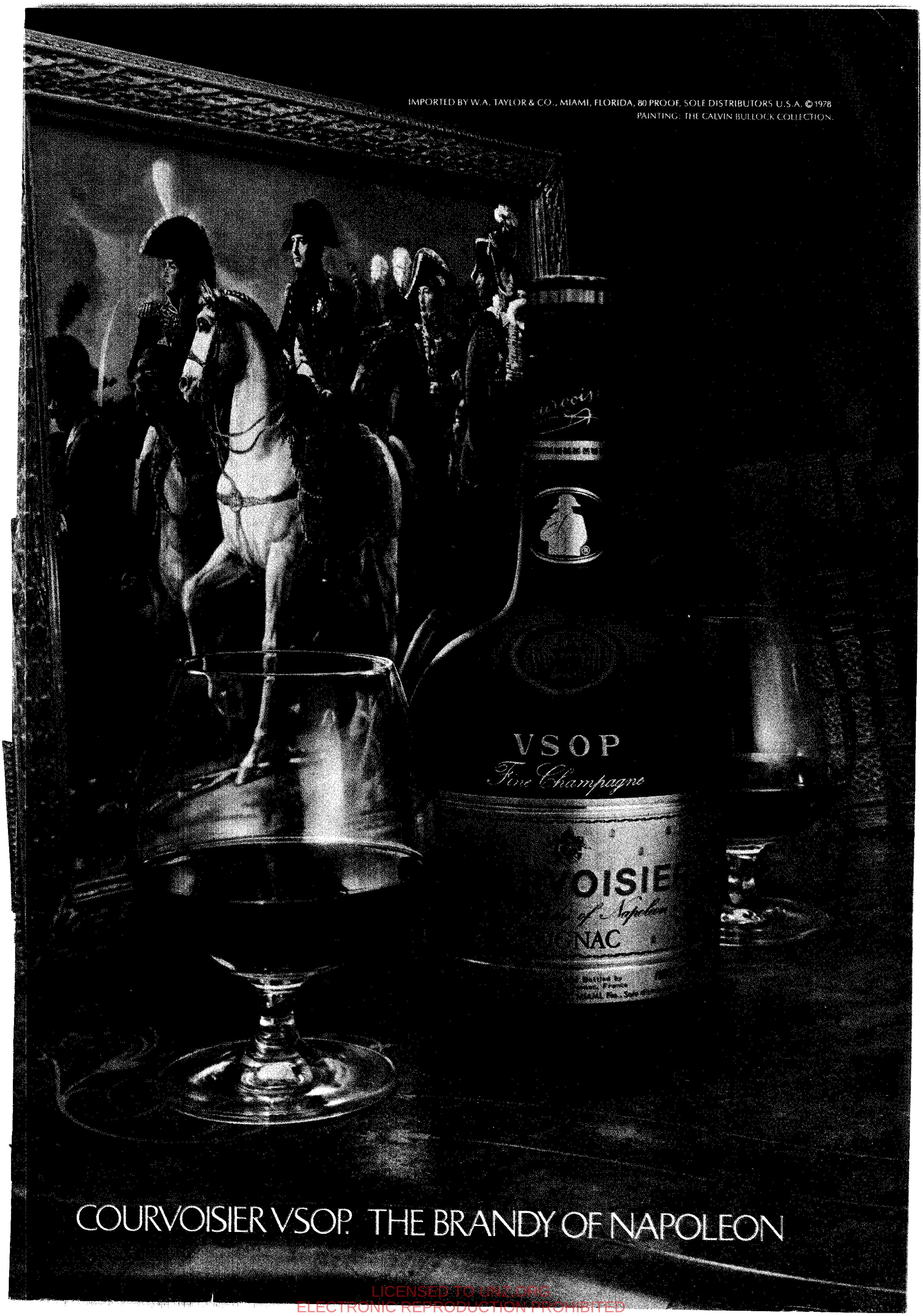IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA, 80 PROOF, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS U.S.A. ©1978
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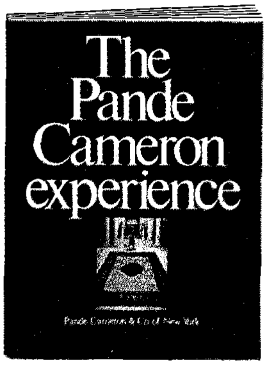

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